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CONTENTS.

Art is Long and Time is Fleeting.— "Teresa,"	31	"Holly-Eve."—E. M. Lynch,	389
"Benevolent Assimilation" through the Laity.—M. J. Riordan,	539	Holy Door, The Opening of the, (Frontispiece.)	
Betrothed.—Mrs. E. W. Latimer,	610	Holy See and the Jews, The.—Elizabeth Raymond-Barker,	394
Biology, A Half-Century in.—James J. Walsh, Ph.D., M.D.,	466	Hunt Ball, The.—Dorothy Gresham,	684
Birth of Christ, The, (Frontispiece.)		Human Body, The Glory of the.—Rev. Henry E. O'Keefe, C.S.P.,	691
"Black but Beautiful,"	158	Humanism," "The New.—Rev. Joseph McSorley, C.S.P.,	752 ✓
Brothers of the Christian Schools, The. (Illustrated.)—Max Mendel,	737	Insanity Increasing? Is.—William Se- ton, LL.D.,	321
Canyon of the Colorado, The Grand. (Illustrated),	305	Italy, A Son of.—Anne Elizabeth O'Hare,	763
Catholic Crisis in England Fifty Years Ago, Reminiscences of a.—Rev. C. L. Wahworth,	506	Jerusalem to Nazareth on Horseback, From. (Illustrated.)—Ethel Nast,	449
Child with Mary His Mother," "They found the, (Frontispiece.)		Jesuit, The First.—Rev. Joseph McSor- ley, C.S.P.,	371
Christian Religion, The Future of the. —Rev. William L. Sullivan, C.S.P.,	146	Lancaster," "Time-Honored. (Illus- trated.)—Rev. H. Pope,	632
Christmas in Rome. (Illustrated.)— Grace V. Christmas,	341	Life of our Lord Jesus Christ, The. (Illustrated),	290
Christmas Proposal, A. (Illustrated.) —Edward F. Garesché,	363	Marriage and Divorce in their Legal Aspect.—J. David Enright, A.M., LL.B.,	673
Church in the Early Years of Henry VIII., The.—Rev. George McDerm- ot, C.S.P.,	821	Mr. Mallock on the Church and Science. —Rev. George McDermot, C.S.P.,	527
Church of England, The Crisis in the. —Rev. H. G. Ganss,	437	Murder in the Name of Science.—Rev. George M. Searle, C.S.P.,	493
Columbian Reading Union, The, 142, 285, 430, 574, 717		Natural Selection, Divine Action in.— William Seton, LL.D.,	625
Consent of the Governed," "The.—E. B. Briggs, D.C.L.,	794	Nature Worship a Christian Sentiment. —Rev. Joseph McSorley, C.S.P.,	212
"De Profundis Clamavi ad te, Domine," (Frontispiece.)		Nature Worship a Pagan Sentiment.— Rev. Joseph McSorley, C.S.P.,	580
Dr. Mivart on the Continuity of the Church.—Rev. James J. Fox, D.D.,	725	Negro Catechists, A Catholic College for.—Very Rev. John R. Slattery,	1
Dutch Guiana, The Bush Negroes of. (Illustrated.)—Rev. Charles War- ren Currier,	227	New Year's Tale of the North, A. (Il- lustrated.)—Katherine Hughes,	481
Editorial Notes,	139, 283, 428, 716, 858	Old London, Street Names and Shop Signs of. (Illustrated.)—Emma Endres,	593
Editorial Suggestion for the Year 1900, An,	570	Pater, Walter: A Study.—Rev. A. D. Malley,	602
Education of our Priests, The,	51	Père Genettes.—Miriam Coles Harris, The.—Dr. A. A. Müller,	641
Episcopal Doctrine of the Eucharist, The.—Dr. A. A. Müller,	178	Pius IX., A Romance in the Land of.— Mrs. Alexander,	651
Ethics of Realism, The.—Rev. Thomas J. Hagerty, A.M., S.T.B.,	352	Porto Rico and the Portoricans. (Il- lustrated.)—Mark W. Harrington, Evangelization of Cities, The,	161
"Facing the Twentieth Century,"	118	Prosperity in Ireland, How America may open up an Era of. (Illus- trated.)—J. Murphy,	39
Father Hecker's Maxims for the Apos- tolate of the Press,	410	Regents have more Power, Should the ? Religion, How we Abuse.—Rev. Joseph McSorley, C.S.P.,	802 81
Father Salvator's Penitent,	382	Rotten Row, London, (Frontispiece.)	
Flight of an Angel, The.—Minnie Gisl- more,	328	Sacred Eloquence, A Master of.—Rev. Walter Elliott,	552
Fountain-Swimmer of Damascus, The. (Illustrated.)—Mrs. Clara B. Ewald,	547	Saint Vincent de Paul and the Sisters of Charity. (Illustrated.)—Rev. Wal- ter Elliott, C.S.P.,	13
French Literature, Reaction in.—Rev. Augustine David Malley,	70	School Laws in New York State.—Rev. Thomas McMillan, C.S.P.,	834
Ginoux de Feron, Anna, (Frontispiece.)			
Holland Art Village, A. (Illustrated.) Eliza Leybold Good,	514		

Seminarians as Soldiers. (<i>Illustrated.</i>) <i>Miles Christi</i> ,	385	Total Abstinence and the non-Catholic Missions.— <i>Rev. T. F. Burke</i> ,	359 ✓
Shakespeare Name, The.— <i>Neal H. Ewing</i> ,	572	Turn of the Century, On the,	433
South African Republic, The. (<i>Illustrated.</i>)— <i>Rev. George McDermot, C.S.P.</i> ,	89	Tyrol," "The Flower of the. (<i>Illustrated.</i>)— <i>Mary F. Nixon</i> ,	664
Supreme Court and Sectarian Institutions, The,	859	What the Thinkers Say,	141
Talk about New Books, 132, 261, 420, 557, 698, 841		Whither Thou Goest I will Go. (<i>Illustrated.</i>)— <i>Claude M. Girardeau</i> ,	101
✓ "The Daly Bible," The Story of. (<i>Illustrated.</i>)— <i>Lida Rose McCabe</i> ,	809	Wogan's Wolf-Dogs, The Revolt of.— <i>P. G. Smyth</i> ,	193
		World's Modern Pilgrimage," "The. (<i>Illustrated.</i>)— <i>Special Correspondent</i> ,	773

POETRY.

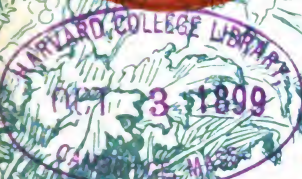
Ahnena Khieve.— <i>Lamonti D'Cresona</i> , 623	Nuptials of Sorrow, The.— <i>J. O. Austin</i> ,	793
Autumn Ecstasy, An. (<i>Illustrated.</i>)— <i>Frank X. English</i> ,	Old Cathedral, The. (<i>Illustrated.</i>)— <i>Arthur Wheelock Upson</i> ,	29
Children of Cana.— <i>Minnie Gilmore</i> ,	Pass-word, The.— <i>F. X. E.</i> ,	762
Conversion.— <i>Lucy Gertrude Kelley</i> ,	Ronkonkoma.— <i>John Jerome Rooney</i> ,	592
De Profundis.— <i>Mary Grant O'Sheridan</i> ,	Royal Babe, The.— <i>Caroline D. Swan</i> ,	358
"Domine, Exaudi Vocem Meam,"	Snow-Flakes.— <i>Rev. William P. Cantwell</i> ,	384
Forgiven.— <i>Minnie Gilmore</i> ,	St. Agnes, the Roman Virgin and Martyr.— <i>T. S., C.S.S.R.</i> ,	696
Home.— <i>Clara Conway</i> ,	"Watching unto God."— <i>Kate Hunt Craddock</i> ,	505
Hope.— <i>W. A. Maline</i> ,	Worshippers, The First. — <i>Mary F. Nixon</i> ,	289
Hope Eternal.— <i>Thomas B. Reilly</i> ,	Wyoming Sundown, A. — <i>Arthur Wheelock Upson</i> ,	690
In Memoriam: To Father Isaac T. Hecker. (<i>Portrait.</i>)— <i>W. L. S.</i> ,		
Memory, A.— <i>Rev. William P. Cantwell</i> ,		
Night-Shift, The.— <i>James Buckham</i> ,		

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Arnold, Matthew,	557	King's Mother, The,	132
Blue Lady's Knight, The,	423	Letters of a Country Vicar,	274
Breviarium Romanum,	136	Liberalism, What is?	424
Cardinal Newman, Personal Reminiscences of,	854	Ludwig II. of Bavaria, The Romance of,	559
Carmel in England,	705	Map of Life, The,	709
Carvel, Richard,	132	Marriage Process in the United States, The,	426
Catechism Explained, The,	277	Mary's Children, Home Truths for,	561
Catechism Simply Explained, The,	850	Meditations, Manual of,	559
Catholics of Ireland under the Penal Laws in the Eighteenth Century, The,	704	Meredith, Janice,	423
Characteristics of the Early Church, The,	263	Natural Religion,	852
Child of God, The,	262	Nineteenth Century and other Poems, The,	268
Christian Education,	137	Old New York, Nooks and Corners in,	563
Christian Era, General History of the,	706	Oliphant, Mrs., Autobiography and Letters of,	700
Church, The,	263	Oxford and Cambridge Conferences,	850
Cuba, To-morrow in,	715	Patrology, Manual of,	269
Daily Thoughts for Priests,	557	Philosophy in France, History of Modern,	855
Dante Alighieri, The Life and Works of,	698	Plato and Darwin,	262
Education, Method in,	423	Ralstons, The,	422
English Catholics under Charles II., The Condition of,	853	Retreat for Reception,	561
Four Gospels, The,	279	St. Francis of Assisi, The Little Flowers of,	562
Fra Girolamo Savonarola,	275	St. Louis,	713
General History, Outlines of,	272	Saviour Jesus Christ. The Life of our,	706
Heronford,	849	Séigné, Selected Letters of Madame de,	261
Holland and the Hollanders,	261	Songs of the Settlement and other Poems,	268
Holy Gospel according to Saint John, The,	562	Soul Here and Hereafter, The,	271
Jubilee Manual, The,	561	Student's Standard Speller, The,	424
Jubilee Retreat, A Series of Ten Sermons for a,	561	Sunken Bell, The,	701
Killowen, Idyls of,	266	Texts Explained,	562
		Via Crucis,	420

✻ OCTOBER, ✻ 1899. ✻

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CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

A CATHOLIC COLLEGE FOR NEGRO CATECHISTS.

BY VERY REV. JOHN R. SLATTERY.



ST. JOSEPH'S Society for Negro Missions now numbers twenty-one priests, who labor in seven States: Alabama, Arkansas, Delaware, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, and Virginia. They have a seminary, apostolic college, churches, schools, industrial institutes, and orphanages. At present St. Joseph's Seminary has thirty-one divinity students on its roll, and its feeder, the Epiphany Apostolic College, over sixty students. The former sent out seven priests during the scholastic year 1898-99, and the latter in June, 1899, advanced fifteen graduates to the seminary. With the spread of missions a new departure has become necessary for the missionaries, arising from the need of helpers who will live in the various missions and take, as far as possible, the place of the missionaries while absent. In a word, Catechists, officially and publicly appointed, are now in demand. To understand this let us recall the

RELIGIOUS STATUS OF THE NEGRO RACE.

Of this people 144,536 are given as Catholics in the official report for 1898 of the venerable Commission in charge of the Negro and Indian Fund. This is a very small percentage indeed of eight million American blacks. On the other hand, the various Protestant sects in their official reports claim less than four millions. "Of the eight millions in this country a very large proportion belong to Christian churches; one million six hundred thousand are reported to be members of Baptist churches, about the same number are enrolled in the Methodist

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VOL. LXX - I

churches, and besides these there are Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Episcopalians, and others" (*Negro in America*, by Thomas J. Morgan, D.D.) Hence, four millions may be looked upon as beyond the pale of any religious denomination. Furthermore, in the South negro Catholics, like white Catholics, are bunched, if we may use the term.

Maryland (Diocese of Baltimore) has	37,000	Negro Catholics.
Louisiana (New Orleans and Natchitoches) has	83,000	" "
Kentucky (Louisville) has	6,000	" "
Alabama (Mobile) has	3,425	" "
In these four States,	129,425	" "

In other words, Louisiana has more than one-half the negro Catholics in the United States, and Maryland more than one-fourth, both together six-sevenths of them. That is to say, of every seven negro Catholics in this country four live in Louisiana and two in Maryland. Thus there are left a trifle over 12,000 Catholic negroes in the other Southern States, and 3,000 in the Bahama Islands (Diocese of New York), which belong to Great Britain.

Again, it is noteworthy that the States in which negroes are most numerous are the very ones having the fewest Catholics of that race; as, for example:

Virginia (Diocese of Richmond) has	650,000	Negroes, of whom
	1,200	are Catholics;
South Carolina (Charleston) has	690,000	Negroes, of whom
	800	are Catholics;
Georgia (Savannah) has	900,000	Negroes, of whom
	1,300	are Catholics.

To reach these millions, as yet alien even to the sight or voice of a priest, is the work appointed to St. Joseph's Society for Colored Missions. It is of the true nature of the apostolic vocation to make use of the people themselves for whom the vocation is divinely granted. As the farmer needs the earth, the astronomer the heavens, the sailor the sea, so does the missionary demand the people, the Josephite the negro. But quite unlike the earth or sky or waves are the negroes. For men are they, able to co-operate, not alone by their presence and submissiveness, but also by their action in personally working with the missionaries as well as in their influence over their fellows.

NEED OF NEGRO WORKERS ON THE MISSIONS.

No wonder, then, that the common experience of the missionaries of St. Joseph's Society proves that to win and convert the negroes an indispensable means are the blacks themselves. Appeals, therefore, have come to St. Joseph's Seminary from different fields of labor, urging that negroes should be trained for the work both as priests and catechists. Now, from their foundation, St. Joseph's Seminary and its feeder, the Epiphany Apostolic College, have had as students negro boys as well as whites in preparation for the apostolic priesthood to labor among the blacks. At present there are three negroes in the seminary, and four more in the college. The colored boys, very few in number, are at once introduced among a disproportionate number of whites. Some of them rise to the occasion and equal and even outrank the whites, *v. g.*, two of four negro seminarians won the A. M. at St. Mary's Seminary, of whom one carried off prizes in both years of philosophy, gaining eight out of ten all round in his studies.

The College for Catechists now under review will tend to increase the number of priestly vocations among negro youths, although primarily intended to establish a system of negro catechists. Moreover by its means the bulk of the negro youths will be trained apart. In this matter we have before us the example of the Protestant sects, which, although throwing open their universities and colleges to the negro race, have, however, almost all their negro students in separate institutes.

CATECHISTS ON THE FOREIGN MISSIONS.

The need of native catechists and priests has been recognized always in the Catholic foreign missions of Asia, Africa, and Oceanica. We have been in correspondence with Eastern missionaries as well as with the superiors, general and local, of many missionary societies. It will help our readers to understand better our proposed College for Catechists if we give some of the results. The Very Rev. A. Lighthouse, Provincial of the Mill Hill Missioners to the Maoris, thus writes :

"The idea of training catechists is a good inspiration. If it were not for the catechists on our missions in New Zealand and elsewhere, our work might not only be a trying one but very unsuccessful in many cases. On missions like mine, for example, the priest is nearly always on the tramp from village to village. He visits the same villages about four times a year, sometimes more, sometimes less; it all depends upon distances. Now, every village has two or three catechists who conduct public prayers, morning and night, and on Sundays

read the Mass prayers, sing Vespers, and teach catechism. We choose men of good character only, and good speakers also. As a rule, they acquit themselves faithfully of this duty, for they consider it an honor to be appointed as a catechist. They have the good will of the people, who, with perhaps a very few exceptions, would not dare to stay away from Mass prayers and the instructions even of a catechist. So, you see, they are a great help in our work. Furthermore, as most of our people cannot read, the catechist reads the catechism out to them, night after night, until it is remembered. It does not, however, take long, as the Maoris have magnificent memories and intellects. Then when the priest comes round he explains the more obscure parts. The Maoris, on the whole, are very well posted in their catechism, children and all" (Whangaroa, Bay of Islands, New Zealand, October 10, 1898).

The Right Rev. J. U. Gendreau, Vicar-Apostolic of Western Tonquin, under date "Hanoi, Western Tonquin, September 4, 1898," sent us the synodal decrees on the question of catechism, which cover the practices of that part of Asia since 1670 :

"THE HOUSE OF GOD."

"Our first missionaries very soon saw the necessity of having some one to help them in their labors, especially in catechising the natives. In order to fill this want they chose young men whom they trained in piety and knowledge, so that later on these might perform the same offices as the clerics in the early days of the church. In this way was established our 'House of God,' where our catechists receive their training. All are supported from the common purse and none receive a salary. Moreover, these young men are in no wise bound by vow or contract, and any of them may return to the world whenever he wishes to do so. Applications are, as a rule, very numerous; but we accept only such as are promising subjects and belong to good Christian families. According to the Rules adopted in the Synod of 1795, each priest is supposed to bring up a certain number of boys of twelve or thirteen years of age. These boys are first taught Chinese, and when they are about fifteen or sixteen they are given in charge of a catechist, who initiates them in the rudiments of Latin and plain chant. At the age of seventeen or eighteen they enter the preparatory college, where they remain for six years. The fathers are urged to recommend only such subjects as are truly good and who can be really useful on the mission. Once their classics are finished, they are examined, and, if found proficient enough, are placed as catechists either with some native priests, or else employed in teaching the catechumens, according as circumstances demand. Each parish has ordinarily three catechists; one who acts as procurator, whose duty it is to look to the material needs of the mission, a teacher for the children, and a third who accompanies the priest on his missions among the Christians. Missionaries in charge of districts also have three or four catechists, whose duties are to preside at prayers, instruct the children, and help the Christians prepare for the reception of the sacraments. Hence, the true and devoted catechist has always enough to do. After five or six years' trial as catechists, those who have shown by their exemplary conduct that they are worthy of a higher state enter the seminary to make their theological studies for the priesthood. The catechists are, in a special manner, precious auxiliaries for us. I would even dare say that they are, under the missionaries, the principal agents of all the good done throughout the vicariate."

Passing from the Eastern missions, let us return to the missions in our own land. Arizona and New Mexico received missionaries about the same time as Western Tonquin. In far-off Asia we have seen catechists in vogue; so were they also in the Western world. We quote from a recent article by the learned Father Dutto :

"As a rule he (Rev. Eusebius Kino, S.J.) had a number of converted Indians, from the mission of Dolores or from those further south, to accompany him. These drove herds of cattle, sheep, and hogs, some of which were to be left in the care of the Indians at the different pueblos to multiply. His first visit to a new territory was usually for the purpose of exploring it and to impart the first notions of Christianity. On the second, the foundations of a mission were laid; that is, catechists (one or more Christian Indians) were appointed, who at the same time acted as mechanical and agricultural instructors. Thus the first steps were taken to insure not only a civilized mode of life, but also to provide a permanent support for the mission, with a resident priest whenever that might seem advisable or possible. In the meantime visits were frequently made for the purpose of confirming the catechumens and rendering them steadfast in their attachment to the Christian religion. Such were substantially the methods of evangelization followed by both the Franciscans and the Jesuits during the seventeenth century, all along the line from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific Ocean" ("Jesuit Missions in Arizona," by Rev. L. A. Dutto, *American Ecclesiastical Review*, July, 1899, p. 50).

The methods of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, in both hemispheres, have continued on to our day in the foreign missions of Asia, Africa, and Oceanica. Last spring, during our trip to Rome and other places of Europe, we interviewed the superiors of several missionary societies, viz.: The superior of the Foreign Missions of Paris; of the African Fathers in Lyons; the superior of the Procure of the White Fathers in Rome; the Right Rev. Vicar-Apostolic of North Uganda, Africa, who is a "White Father" of Cardinal Lavigerie, and whom we met at the Procure of his society in Rome. As there is at bottom a substantial oneness of view and practice among the various missionary societies in training catechists, and the differences are only in their development and details, a summary of our interview with Monseigneur Streicher, Vicar-Apostolic of North Uganda, will give our readers a fair idea of the way in which the Foreign Missions of Holy Church foster native catechists and priests :

The White Fathers in his vicariate have not as yet the seminary proper, only an apostolic college, in which the course of studies covers four years. The opening year is passed in studying the vernacular language; the next year in mastering

a language which is used by the better classes throughout Africa. It plays the same part in the Dark Continent that French had in Europe at the beginning of this century. The next three years the young negroes spend in poring over Latin and the Christian doctrine. When advanced enough, the boys begin to teach catechism, even while following their own studies; they give morning and evening instruction to catechumens; they also assist at the priests' instructions which follow their own. Of these instructions they take notes and have to rehearse them to one of their professors. To understand this, it is well to add that in Uganda the catechumens, to the number of 3,751 (*Missions d'Afrique*, January-February, 1899, Tables), assemble at appointed places at the beginning of the week, returning to their homes at its end, bringing with them enough food for the week. While thus assembled they are instructed partly by the students, chiefly by the missionaries.

At the Apostolic College the daily horarium is simple. They rise at five-thirty, and after fifteen minutes' prayer, vocal and mental, Holy Mass follows at six. Classes fill up the forenoon, and class divides the afternoon with manual labor of one hour and one-half. For catechetical work, however, several catechisms are in use during the four years' course. A very simple one of about forty pages in the vernacular is first mastered; next a larger and fuller, in preparation for the sacraments, and lastly the catechism of a Frenchman, Père Pacifique. It is taught daily till it is learned by rote. Last year (1898-1899) Monseigneur Streicher himself explained to the highest class St. John's Gospel. After finishing, the young men selected for that purpose by the authorities are sent forth as catechists, who numbered on January 1, 1899, in the vicariate, one hundred and one; and these teach schools as well as catechise. Every catechist is paid for his work, and should he marry does not lose his place. Every year for one whole month every catechist, married or single, has to come to the preparatory college for a retreat, fresh instructions, etc. While on the missions the catechists are entirely subject to the local missionary, who pays the salaries, gives daily lessons in theology, trains, corrects, and where necessary discharges them. Upon him also does the preparatory college depend for pupils. The seminary has not as yet been started, but Monseigneur Streicher looks forward to see it in work at no distant day. His present plans make no provision for Greek or philosophy,

while for dogmatic theology the Catechism of the Council of Trent, and in moral, the catechism of Père Pacifique, will serve as text-books, which competent professors shall explain and make practically applicable to the needs of the heart of Africa. The entire burden of the support, clothing, books, etc., of these boys falls upon the White Fathers. It must indeed be very heavy and trying for the generous sons of Lavigerie.

Among missionaries of our day, Cardinal Massajo, who had spent thirty-five years in Ethiopia, is one of the most eloquent and emphatic advocates for native catechists and priests. His memoirs, printed at Propaganda, Rome, fill eleven volumes folio. While he had in his journeys a number of native youths, a kind of walking seminary, he also left catechists at all mission stations, who taught the people. Some he kept longer under instruction than others—one lot as long as seven years. The teaching was chiefly oral, and conducted by Massajo and his assistants, while the only Bible they had was a Protestant edition. Without hem or haw, he attributes the success of his apostolate to the native catechists and priests.

Again, three of the bishops of Japan, writing February, 1891, to M. l'Abbé Marnas of Lyons, a priest devoting himself to the work of educating and supporting native catechists in Japan, declare:

“Aujourd'hui hélas! les catechists sont, en effet en nombre insuffisant dans tous nos vicariats. Les multiplier équivaut, dans une certaine mesure, à multiplier les missionnaires eux-mêmes.”

We know not a better way to close our references to the work of catechists in foreign fields than by giving the summary of it from the *History of the Foreign Missions of Paris*, by l'Abbé Adrien Launay:

SUMMARY OF INSTRUCTIONS TO CATECHISTS.

“The catechist on the missions is called to fulfil the duties of secretary, sacristan, physician, and teacher; he is, in a word, a necessary aid to the missionary, and one of the principal instruments of the apostolate. Without his assistance the most ardent zeal would be barren; with him, the work of the missionary is rendered comparatively easy. The priest is the head of the mission; the catechist is the arm, but an intelligent arm, one who knows how to adapt himself to circumstances. The catechist is in a position to know thoroughly the manners, customs, and weaknesses of his compatriots; and it is from him ordinarily that the missionary receives that information which enables him to act discreetly and to judge the people whom he may be called to guide.

“As the duty of the catechist is to teach others, he should be well instructed

in the doctrines of his faith, so that he may transmit them pure and unadulterated to the catechumens. His constant warfare will be against the errors of the infidels; hence he should be thoroughly acquainted with their writings; he should study their fables, stories, and superstitions. It were useful also to know the principal points of the pagan religion which bear a resemblance to the Christian religion. With this preparatory training he will the more readily refute the objections of the infidels by arguments drawn from their own works. He should be clear and precise in his explanations of the mysteries of religion, and be prepared to answer the difficulties which may arise in the minds of his hearers. . . .

"A man who possesses the requisite qualifications should not be engaged in this ministry unless he have a particular district in which he may labor under the direction of a missionary or an older catechist" (*Histoire de la Société des Missions Étrangères*, par A. Launay).

PROTESTANT NEGRO CHURCHES: THEIR CLERGY, THEIR MANAGEMENT.

In Eastern lands Catholic missionaries deal with pagans; we, however, who labor for the negroes in the United States are dealing with a people who cannot be classed as pagans even if in great part unbaptized. Whatever religious sentiments and ideals, training and education the American negroes enjoy, the vast bulk of them have imbibed from their Protestant white neighbors, whose slaves they and their ancestors had been for two and one-half centuries. The "African Methodist Church" has its bishops, ministers, itinerants, deacons, elders, exhorters, class-leaders, as well as congregations fully equal to if not more than one million and a half. Likewise the "African Baptist Church" has the same officers, except bishops, and perhaps a larger number of followers—all black also in every case.

In the hands of these negro churchmen are the finances of their respective congregations, which are never laggards in the support and maintenance of their clergy and churches, having a uniform yearly tax, besides Sunday offerings and special efforts, *v.g.*, lectures, concerts, bazaars, etc., not to speak of help from the royal generosity with which their Protestant white countrymen pour out money in supporting them.

The white Protestants, ministers, lay men and women, laboring for the negro race in our Southland are to be seen in the black people's universities, seminaries, colleges, normal and industrial schools. Not a corporal's guard of white ministers can be found in charge of negro churches. Moreover in those institutes are twenty-five thousand negro scholars—forty thousand, some say—of whom the seminaries alone have over a thousand preparing for the Protestant ministry. *Fas est et ab hoste*

doceri. If we have not as yet attempted on the negro missions the work of catechists, which has stood the test for two centuries on the Eastern missions, our Protestant countrymen have done so very successfully. In fact, what are all their efforts but the work of catechists? Even those of the ministers can be nothing more in our eyes than such, since the Catholic Church refuses to recognize any valid orders among them.

OBJECT AND METHOD OF TRAINING NEGROES.

It is, in part, to keep alive the faith among our Catholic negroes, scattered up and down, here and there, like the few grapes left on the vines after the vintage. It is, however, chiefly to meet and offset the influence among negroes generally of the Protestant negro preachers and elders, class-leaders and exhorters, that we need negro catechists, who should be solidly grounded in Christian doctrine and morals and thoroughly trained in a good course of studies. The influence of the Protestant negro clergy over their church members and people generally should not be pooh-poohed or set down as trivial. The priests in the negro missions have too often felt its strength. And we were not surprised to receive urgent appeals from our missionaries in five different dioceses urging that this long-thought-of college for negro catechists be started. True, in nearly every mission and station the missionary finds some one—an old “uncle” or “mammy”—who acts as catechist, baptizes the dying children, visits the sick, argues for his or her religion, announces the visit of the priest, and gets things to rights for his coming. But such help is precarious, without the proper fibre and, especially, without official standing. Catholic catechists should be put in a position which would make them in the eyes of their black countrymen as important officially as the Protestant negro ministers.

In the efforts about to be made for training catechists the following tentative plan will be followed till experience and time enable us to develop and improve it:

1. Negro candidates for the catechetical school will live under the watchful eye and care of the various missionaries, who after trying them for some time will send the selected ones to the school itself.

2. At this college for catechists the course of studies will include:

- a. Course in English, mathematics, kindred branches, Christian doctrine, and Latin, about three years.

b. Course of philosophy in last year of preceding course.

c. Three years' course of theology and Sacred Scripture. In the former the Catechism of the Council of Trent, and in the latter the Douai and Rheims Testaments, especially the four Gospels, will be used as text-books, the professors by their explanations making them text-books for the catechist's use in his future career among the negroes.

3. Throughout the whole course manual labor for about two hours daily will be a feature. All work about the house and premises shall be done by the students.

4. When graduating those fitted will be received as catechists by an appropriate ceremony, and then sent to the various missions for work, getting in return a fair salary.

5. Those of the catechists on the mission who persevere will be advanced step by step to the priesthood, while they who marry may remain as catechists. Mission schools will also be taught by these catechists.

St. Joseph's College for Negro Catechists will require a farm of a few hundred acres of land, from which should be raised most of the support needed. The buildings, large enough for a hundred inmates, should be simple and plain, so that the catechists on returning to their homes would not fancy it a disgrace to associate with their old companions. Again, the college must not create wants in the catechists ill-suited to the tobacco, rice, and sugar plantations upon which their fellows live. When visiting Booker Washington's institute at Tuskegee, Ala., we were struck with the plainness of the buildings, the meagreness of the food, and the simple appearance of the scholars. No doubt poverty plays some part in this, but at bottom the real reason seems to be not to wean the scholars from their native surroundings, for we must remember that Booker Washington receives from his white Protestant countrymen about one hundred thousand dollars yearly.

The foregoing pages are based upon a memorial which, in April, 1899, we submitted to the Sacred Congregation de Propaganda Fide. Armed with testimonials from Cardinal Gibbons to Cardinal Ledochowski, Prefect of Propaganda, and from Cardinal Vaughan to Cardinal Ciasca, then Secretary of Propaganda, we first discussed the question with these prelates, and then, at the suggestion of the Cardinal Prefect, embodied the scheme in a memorial. Our plan was received very cordially and a hearty "God-speed" was given us on our departure from Rome. Furthermore, we have consulted several arch-

bishops, bishops, and various priests, who one and all look upon this movement as a development of vital necessity for the evangelization of the negro race, several adding that a similar college for catechists for the whites is also needed. In fact, when in Rome, in an interview with the Very Rev. Father David, O.S.F., consultor of some Roman congregations and a high official in his order, he assured us that the Franciscans are thinking of establishing a school for training catechists in England in order to reach the masses of Englishmen.

Unless fortified by negro catechists and negro priests, we shall always be at a disadvantage in dealing with the negro millions beyond the pale of Holy Church. The negro looks with suspicion upon white men. The impression left from slavery; the many dishonest tricks upon them; unpaid wages; "store pay"; bad titles to land; unjust mortgages upon their crops; prisoners' stockades—these and countless other wrongs make the negroes suspicious of the whites. During two-and-twenty years we have been in the closest relations with the black race, have had their confidence in countless ways, are now steadily consulted by them in their little troubles, financial and otherwise; yet we are not afraid to say that there is no white man living has a negro's full confidence. We are told by those who know nothing of this poor people that they do not trust their own, that they prefer white priests. How that can be said in the face of the millions belonging to Protestant churches, every mother's son of whom, from bishop to the latest baptized infant, is black, goes beyond our comprehension. Chiefly is this true of negro priests. How can any one say the negroes do not want their own priests, since the experiment has never been tried, for we have had but two, one of whom is dead? And to our own knowledge, at every big marriage or funeral among the Catholic colored people of Baltimore, they want the colored priest. From all parts of the country they are ever inviting him. Human nature is human nature in a black man as well as it is in a white man.

In conclusion, the Third Council of Baltimore speaks with no uncertain sound in favor of negro catechists: "Finally, we must not pass over in silence that the establishment of catechists of both sexes would not be more difficult among us than in heathen countries, if missionaries would diligently attend to it. The aid of such co-workers should be made much of. For they will prepare the way for the sacred ministers by gathering together the negroes in the neighborhoods of

churches and by teaching them catechism and religious hymns, so that the hard labor of the priest will produce richer results" (Tit. viii. § 240).

The twentieth century looms up before us. Leo. XIII., our illustrious Pontiff, has blessed the opening age in proclaiming a universal Jubilee, and called upon the whole world to consecrate itself anew to God and Him whom He sent, Jesus Christ.

The various sects, too, look forward to the era before us; the Methodists of the British Isles are reported as about to raise a million pounds sterling for their Foreign Missions.

Let St. Joseph's College for Negro Catechists be the offering of our white Catholics to the cause of Christ and His Church in this land of ours.

Surely the Negro Race may hail the twentieth century in a happier, better state than the progeny of Ham have ever known in the annals of mankind. What they lack is the true Faith of Mary's Divine Son.

The nineteenth century brought them emancipation, right of ownership, education, citizenship. Let the twentieth century crown all by imparting to them the truths of our Holy Religion, in which glorious task, with God's blessed help, no small part shall be played by Saint Joseph's College for Negro Catechists.

St. Joseph's Seminary for Negro Missions, Baltimore, Md.



ST. VINCENT DE PAUL AND THE SISTERS OF CHARITY.*

BY REV. WALTER ELLIOTT, C.S.P.



ATHER HECKER once called the writer's attention to the uniform, almost invariable, rule of Providence in the establishment of religious orders and other great revivals of the Christian spirit, by which women have been associated with men both as the pioneers and as the perpetuators of the divine purposes. Not men only but men and women equally have from time to time reformed religion, advanced God's kingdom by missionary enterprises, and peopled it with new generations of saints. A glance at church history shows the truth of this view.

This rule held good in the wonderful revival of religion which was led and fashioned by St. Vincent de Paul and St. Francis de Sales in the seventeenth century. The Vincentians and the Sisters of Charity are related in the same close kinship as the first and second orders of the mediæval communities, and St. Francis de Sales would not be what he is to the church had he not been the founder and teacher of the Visitandines, the largest part of his priceless spiritual doctrine being his best thoughts given to his nuns.†

* This article is the sequel to the one on St. Vincent in the September number of this magazine.

† The exceptions to this rule are more in appearance than reality. Take, for instance, the Sulpitians. Women cannot be associated in their work of educating the clergy, but Jean Jacques Olier was placed in the closest supernatural association with saintly religious women, who were of essential help to him in founding his community. The Sulpitians made it possible for Mother Seton to establish the Sisters of Charity in America, and directed her and her successors in that great undertaking. Again, if we must admit that the martial spirit of St. Ignatius is hardly adjustable to the female character, yet saintly Jesuits have been the chief means of founding various religious communities of women, especially those devoted, like themselves, to Christian education. It is well known that St. Ignatius was very unwilling to have his fathers officially associated with communities of women. Yet St. Teresa bears witness that in all her travels through Spain she found in every Jesuit college men capable of directing her nuns in the contemplative life, and the Jesuit Baltassar Alvarez was one of her best assistants in the Carmelite reform. The Exercises of St. Ignatius are the yearly spiritual renewal of all or nearly all the orders of women. Over a hundred years ago the Jesuits of Maryland rendered inestimable service to religion in this country by the establishment, under incredible difficulties, of the Sisters of the Visitation near their college at Georgetown, D. C. But it still remains true that the normal relation of men and women in the great works of religion, as seen in history, is an official one.

As to St. Vincent, it is true to say that St. Francis alone knew women as well as he, and knew as well as he how to sanctify them. St. Vincent knew the good material among them and advanced it to the highest degree of perfection. He and his methods have made good women our angels. Bad women he reformed, not in particular cases but in great multitudes, saving the evil ones by means of the good ones. Even worldly-minded women could not escape him, for he got their money for holy charity as no man before or since ever did, and occasionally he secured their personal help.

Thus there are two men in the modern history of the female sex who are pre-eminently their Apostles, St. Francis de Sales and St. Vincent de Paul, the first being their doctor of holy living and the second the lawgiver of their charity to the poor. St. Francis is the doctor of holy living to all mankind, no less to men than to women. But there is a special attraction in his teaching for women who are yearning for the divine spouseship. In St. Vincent, however, the sex found its master organizer. And indeed, as we well remember Father Hecker insisting, an integral work for human kind must sanctify men and women equally if it is to be a mighty work, and an enduring one; it must train its heroines as well as its heroes.

But it is the peculiar glory of St. Vincent that his *corps d'élite* of heroic women, the female auxiliaries of his missionaries, the church's modern apostolate of love, were chosen from the so-called lower classes. The Ladies of Charity were destined to survive only in fitful, broken, variable forms of public charity, but the Sisters of Charity at once took root in the everlasting church, are almost as universal as that mother of all loving sympathy herself, and seem destined to continue their glorious career to the end of the world.

But what led to this was Vincent's organization of the ladies of the French nobility in the relief of the poor. He first began to organize his charity among ladies of the world in 1617, while he was curé of Châtillon-les-dombes, a large rural parish in the diocese of Lyons, to which he had withdrawn to escape the aristocratic surroundings of the Gondi family, of which he was chaplain. The rules he there drew up are so full of practical wisdom that they might stand to-day, and indeed for ever—brief and yet full, clear, easily observed and practical, yet breathing devout sentiment. The best of the ladies, both married and single, of the noble and gentle families of the neighborhood of Châtillon-les-dombes were drawn into the



THE FOUNDRESS OF THE SISTERS OF CHARITY IN THE UNITED STATES.

Elizabeth Ann Seton was born in New York City, of Protestant parents, August 28, 1774. She was the daughter of Dr. Richard Bayley, an eminent physician. At the age of twenty she was married to Mr. William Seton, a merchant of New York, and after nine years of married life was left a widow. She became a convert, and was received into the church on the 14th of March, 1805. Very soon after becoming a Catholic she was led by the Spirit of God to establish a community of Sisters. In this she received the hearty approval of the leading prelates of the church, being directed by the Sulpitian Fathers of Baltimore and other holy priests. She asked for a colony of the French Sisters of Charity, and not being able to get them, she adopted St. Vincent's rules and began the American community at Emmitsburg, Md. She died there in the odor of sanctity January 4, 1821. The success of her work is shown by the fact that in the diocese of New York alone nearly thirteen hundred Sisters wear her habit.

society, which elected its own officers, took charge of all the sick poor in the parish, visiting them in person and feeding and washing and caring for them in every particular. The ladies managed everything themselves, but under Vincent's general direction, we might better say his inspiration.

Hardly had this been accomplished when Vincent returned to the Gondi family in Paris, and immediately began the formation of the "Ladies of Charity, Servants of the Poor," as they were termed, in the capital, upon precisely the same plan he had adopted in the country.

Within an incredibly short time thirty such associations of charity in as many different parishes, and composed all of ladies of quality, were in active operation, begun and supervised by St. Vincent. True Christian socialist, he always began these societies of the rich for the relief of the poor immediately after preaching a mission in the parish church, and it is hard to say whether he benefited the upper class any less by teaching them charity to the poor, than he did the lower class by the eternal message of our Lord's pity for sinners.

The inception of Vincent's mighty work was thus taken among the titled ladies of France. That race of beings who were then and are yet the leaders in every frivolity, clean and unclean, of fashion and love, became under his sway the foremost of their sex, even of all human kind, in the offices of high and holy charity.

These ladies were the sisters of women who had totally forsaken the world to become Carmelites and Visitandines, and if the oblation of the contemplatives was well pleasing to God, hardly less acceptable was that of these noble visitors of the hovels of the poor and co-workers with the Lord's anointed high-priest of mercy to the miserable. Ardent love of the poor was the air these ladies were made to breathe.

Many of them were educated far beyond the average of their day, all were women of solid character and good common sense, and all were likewise wealthy, most of them, indeed, mistresses of vast fortunes, who lavishly spent large sums for the relief of human suffering, if we may use the word lavish in connection with the careful charity and systematic accountability maintained by St. Vincent in all his works of religion.

Of these ardent, enterprising, daring souls St. Vincent was the guide, even the inspiring angel. He harnessed their fiery zeal with his prudence and tempered it with his patience and his tact. In him God—they soon began to learn it—had placed at the head of their enterprises the most powerful and most saintly character of his time. He alone, after the death of St. Francis de Sales, was the most worthy to lead women who proved themselves capable of selling their diamonds and their carriages for the relief of the poor; and who begged for them by every kind of begging, from extorting hundreds and thousands of livres from dainty courtiers to picking up the greasy sous flung to them at the street-corners. History

shows no parallel to Vincent's success in using women of high society for the bodily and spiritual welfare of the lowest classes.

At one crisis this organization, counting over three hundred members, all of the highest classes, collected and spent nearly two million dollars, equivalent in our money to at least twice its nominal value. "But these ladies," says St. Vincent's biographer, "were not content with collecting money and becoming the never-failing support of St. Vincent; they went in person to see the poor in the Hôtel Dieu. This is what the saint held in highest esteem. 'To send money is good,' he said, 'but we have not really begun to serve the poor till we visit them.'" And he instructed them elaborately on this point. "When going to visit the poor," he said, "you should leave off your jewels and finery, and be dressed very simply, for the contrast of luxury on the one side and poverty on the other, makes the condition of the poor all the more painful." He also loved "to point out in detail the marks of profound respect which should be shown to the poor, saying that the men should raise their hats and the ladies incline their heads as before their superiors." He would have all feel as he did himself: the poor literally represented Jesus Christ to him. If he happened to be alone with a poor person, he did not hesitate to kiss his feet. "Our dear poor and sick," he said, "are our lords and masters, for our Lord is in them, and they in him."

The visiting of the great hospital, the Hôtel Dieu, by these ladies, conducted, as were all Vincent's undertakings, with as



MRS. SETON, AFTERWARD FOUNDESS OF THE
AMERICAN SISTERS OF CHARITY.

much tact as charity, and thoroughly systematized, resulted not only in the cessation of many abuses and the full development of the institution's capacity for curing the sick, but the very first year was the means of over seven hundred conversions to the Catholic faith. The Huguenots were yet numerous in France, and the Hôtel Dieu was the receptacle of the unfortunate of every race, including Turks and barbarians. Much the same may be said of the work of the Ladies of Charity in the prisons. Their motto was always and everywhere "God and the poor," the true faith of Christ and his tender charity.

Nor did these ladies parade about as if they had renounced their state of life as wives and daughters of the noblesse. No, they were just ladies of the world, only fully alive to the maxims of the Gospel. Of one who was, next to Mademoiselle Le Gras, Vincent's chief lieutenant, it is said :

"What was most attractive in Madame Goussault was the manner in which she united simplicity and affability with virtue. She did not pose as a reformer, but lived simply and uprightly. She thoroughly enjoyed an hour at backgammon, for she always condescended in what was not sinful. Hence she had only one regret after her stay at Angers, and that was that she had refused to allow her portrait to be taken. 'It is the custom,' she writes, 'everybody does it, and after death it is placed in the church near the tomb. Now I refused to have mine taken, and I am sorry, for it seems to me to have been false humility, and condescension would have been better.'" Yet Madame Goussault was a heroine of the highest order, and her deeds of charity would render her worthy of canonization.

As to the spiritual side of their lives, the very feeding-bed of all these fruitful plants of holy charity, St. Vincent sketched it with his masterly hand thus: "These ladies shall study to acquire Christian perfection suitable to their state, spend half an hour in meditation, and hear Mass daily. They shall read a chapter from the *Introduction to a Devout Life*, or *The Love of God* [the chief spiritual works of St. Francis de Sales], make an examination of conscience every day, and confess and communicate at least each week."

The high nobility of France was thus toned up to high religious fervor, and the women of the proudest feudal families in Christendom became the humble servants of the poor. "For more than eight hundred years," said St. Vincent de

Paul to them, "women have had no public employment in the church. See here how Providence calls on you, ladies, to supply this want: the support and instruction of the sick poor at the Hôtel Dieu, the nursing and rearing of foundlings, the spiritual and temporal care of the galley-slaves, the relief of the desolated frontiers and provinces of our country, the support of the missions in the East, North, and South, these are the labors you have undertaken and accomplished during the past twenty years." They might and doubtless did respond that it was by his courage, patience, genius of organization, and especially his supernatural sway over women's hearts, that they had been able to begin and carry on such stupendous enterprises of heavenly charity.

That all this was smooth sailing no one can imagine. The most peaceful of men, he yet was forced to fight, and in his own way did fight and win many battles with women before he prevailed. We give a notable instance. It happened once that Vincent managed, but only after a prolonged struggle, to prevent the appointment of an unworthy young nobleman to a "lucrative" bishopric, an appointment which the queen had already promised. Vincent succeeded with the queen only after incredible and persistent protest. When he called on the duchess, the young man's mother, he was received with great joy, because the lady was full sure of having obtained the prize for her son. "You come from the queen?" she eagerly asked. "Yes, madame," and then he communicated the rejection of her son, and added: "The queen counts on your religious principles, and does not doubt that on reflection you will thank her now for withdrawing her promise, and you certainly will in eternity." Upon which the noble lady snatched up a footstool and flung it at the saint. It struck him square in the face and cut a gash in his forehead, covering his face with blood. Without a word he wiped the blood off with his handkerchief and quietly left the room. As he started home he made this, his only comment: "Is it not a wonderful thing to see how far a mother's love for her son will carry her?"

Vincent must have seen from the beginning that his charities needed more for their full development than the Association of Ladies could give; his vocation was that of a great founder, and he needed a numerous and enduring and coherent organization. Their duties at home were often imperative and hindered their personal attention to charitable works; their number was

limited; their whole lives, except in such rare cases as Madame Goussault and Mademoiselle Le Gras, could not be dedicated to the poor, and, especially, their organization could not be otherwise than partial and temporary. Vincent carefully watched his opportunities, or rather followed his providences, and little by little selected devout country girls living at service in Paris, and made them the Ladies' helpers; in time they were destined to assume entire charge. At first they lodged with the Ladies, helped them in their visits to the sick and to the prisons, and—here was an important step—Vincent finally began to assemble them at St. Lazare and instruct them on the spirit of their work—on their vocation, as he soon began to call it. And this is the origin of one of the greatest religious orders of the Catholic Church.

God sent Vincent such choice souls for this new undertaking that we plainly see the divine hand in the selection of the foundation stones. We must refer the reader to Bishop Bougaud's work for the details, the study of which reveals the marvellous, and yet almost imperceptible, guidance of the Holy Spirit.*

For the organization of the Sisters Vincent needed a great woman, and God sent him Mademoiselle Le Gras. She was his chosen associate for more than thirty years, and these two were like two archangels for courage, for enlightenment, for love of God and man, for harmonious action, and were rewarded with perfect success. Not the least of Vincent's gifts was his knowledge of character, and, says his biographer, "he was not slow to recognize the treasure God had sent him [in Mademoiselle Le Gras], and he cultivated it like a master. He wrote to her almost daily, and heard her confession weekly. He never left Paris without going to see her, or excusing himself if he could not do so. He directed her retreats and gave her the subjects of her meditations. He solicited her advice on all matters, and in such an humble and respectful manner that no sign of superiority, much less of familiarity, ever appeared, leaving us a perfect and enduring model of the relation of director and penitent."

Louise de Marillac (such was her maiden name) was born of a noble family in Paris in 1591. At the age of twenty-one,

* We call the reader's attention to a book which is worthy to serve as a companion to the work of Bishop Bougaud. In 1884 the Benziger Brothers brought out an excellent translation of a then very recent *Life of Mademoiselle Le Gras (Louise de Marillac), Foundress of the Sisters of Charity*. Translated by a Sister of Charity. The anonymous author is probably of the same community.

having lost her father, she married Antoine Le Gras. He was not exactly of noble blood, though a gentleman of the court, and hence his wife could not be called Madame; this explains her prefix of Mademoiselle. After twelve years of very happy and very pious married life she was left a widow. Providence had already blessed her with the acquaintance of St. Francis de Sales, who had enriched her soul with many jewels of heavenly wisdom. But it was a soul from first to last very darksome, tending to doubtfulness of God's love, over-sensitive to its own faults. And her bodily health was never robust. During her whole life she bore the double burden of an ailing body (and at intervals one that was barely alive) and an anxious spirit. To these subjective trials family troubles of the most grievous kind were added after her husband's death, for Richelieu beheaded her uncle, Marshal Louis de Marillac, one of the foremost soldiers of France, and her other uncle, Michel, once chancellor of France, escaped a like fate by perishing miserably in prison. Louise loved both these men tenderly, and they loved and cherished her, and, besides, they were Christians of eminent virtue.

Overflowing thus with inner misery and overwhelmed with outer misfortunes, Louise, meantime, worked zealously with the Ladies of Charity and was guided by St. Vincent de Paul into happier spiritual conditions; these would last for shorter or longer intervals, to be succeeded always by conditions of interior distress, which again yielded to the influence of St. Vincent. And so he helped her to bear her burden, as she shared his heavy responsibilities in the relief of the poor and the foundation of the Sisters of Charity. Louise was a saint of that kind of heroism which must labor in the dark. She was like an artist whose gifts are of the highest kind, and whose eyesight of the worst. Absolutely no height of self-denial was beyond her aspiration, and the love of God was her very passion. But her providential union with St. Vincent in the formation of the Sisters of Charity turned all the waters of her sadness and all the aspirations of her heroic soul into the one



MLLE. LE GRAS.

absorbing purpose of her life, the solace of human misery for the sake of Jesus Christ. There were many great women those times, but to Louise Le Gras was given an honor in her association with Vincent de Paul only to be compared with that of Jane Frances de Chantal similarly placed with St. Francis de Sales. When Vincent had learned to know Louise well, he found in her that Lady of Charity fitted to be the foundress of the Sisters of Charity. What more could heart of woman crave?

This great soul went to her reward on the 15th of March, 1660, a few months before Vincent's death.

Every one now acknowledges that God favored the formation of this wondrous community with a Providential guidance altogether extraordinary. But even a cursory reading of this life (and particularly that of Mademoiselle Le Gras) shows that even in minute particulars God guided Vincent and his coadjutrix with special light. How otherwise explain the fact that these daughters of peasants so seldom failed, we will not say of success, but of remarkable success; that it was usual to send a handful of these country girls into a large town to take over the full control of a great hospital or asylum, deal with exacting trustees about funds and sometimes with suspicious and too often with indifferent ecclesiastics about canonical affairs, and yet never, or almost never, to fail? The spiritual training which Vincent and Mademoiselle Le Gras gave the sisters accounts mainly for this; and it was singularly patriarchal. His conferences to the community in Paris, where all were prepared for their work, were held frequently, and were the family reunions, we might say, of father and mother and children. Vincent, after a short prayer, proposed some virtue, and explained it very simply. He then began asking questions, giving each sister an opportunity to apply her mind, and inviting her to express her views, he commenting on them in the most naïve spirit. Everything was very informal, full of good sense, but aimed at the highest standard of perfection. This method set the sisters thinking for themselves upon spiritual things, and caused them to know as well by personal reflection and intelligent assimilation as by instruction the virtues of the Gospel, and the application of them to their state of life and its various duties.

Pretty nearly all his dealings with the community, even the most official, were carried on in this way. We quote a specimen from the *Life of Mademoiselle Le Gras* (pages 218-219). Having appointed a Sister Servant (as the superiors are called) for an

important undertaking, "a new mission in one of the largest cities of the kingdom, he informed her in full community that Providence had chosen her. 'What shall we give Sister Elizabeth for her journey?' he asked, while she remained mute with astonishment; 'each one must give her something. Let us see. What virtue can we give her?' The first sister who was interrogated wished for her companion the love of God; another, wished her love for the poor; Mademoiselle Le Gras, the cordial support of her sisters; and M. Almeras, invited to make his gift also, wished her 'gay patience.' 'See what riches, my daughter; of which I wish you the plenitude,' said St. Vincent; 'but what I wish for you especially is to do the will of God, which consists not only in doing what our superiors require, though this is a sure way to arrive at it, but still more in corresponding with all the interior inspirations that God will send us.'"

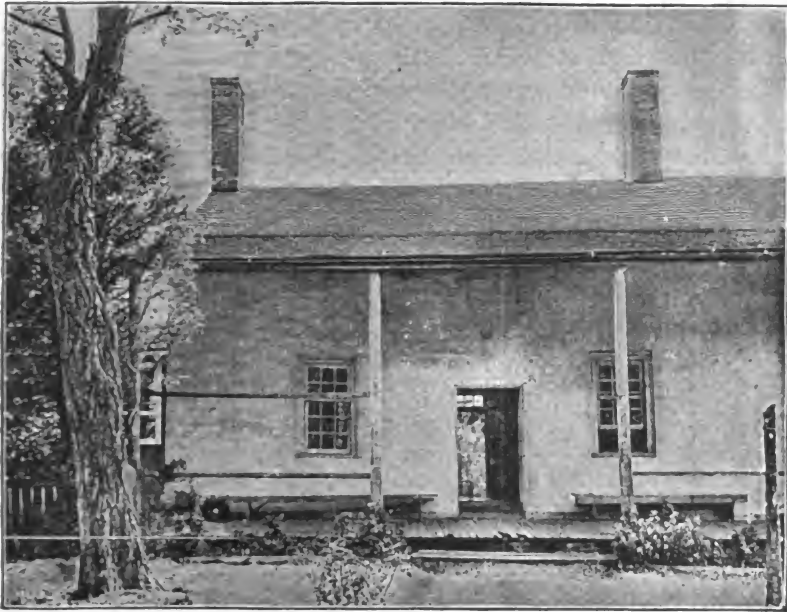
This reveals Vincent's confident trust in the ripeness of the sisters' personal holiness, and his desire that they should turn their glances inward for the Holy Spirit's guidance, never failing to use, however, the divine test of obedience to the external order of God in the approval of superiors.

He never ceased to exalt their vocation to them, or to insist upon its divine dignity. Mademoiselle Le Gras followed this up in his own spirit and caught much of the familiar style of the saint. We quote from her life (pages 291-292): "'Your spirit,' she said to the community, 'consists in the love of our Saviour, the source and model of all charity, and in rendering Him all the service in your power, in the persons of old men, infants, the sick, prisoners, and others. When I think of all your happiness, I wonder why God has chosen you. What could you desire on earth for your perfection that you have not? You are called by God to employ all your thoughts, words, and actions for His glory.' She insisted that although they were not and never could be religious, they should lead a life as perfect as that of the most holy professed in a monastery. . . . They ought to be strong-minded women in the right sense, finding no difficulty in labor; open-hearted, cordial, and meek with every one, having nothing constrained, much less affected, in their manners. St. Vincent recommended them, and Mademoiselle Le Gras repeated to them to keep the eyes modestly lowered, for an excess of modesty in this respect might hinder outsiders from the service of God, by frightening them, and thus prevent the good often effected by modest gaiety."

The result of all this discipline of holy love was the Sister of Charity as we know her to-day, and as men the world over know her to their heavenly and earthly comfort—womanhood according to the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

While Vincent and Mademoiselle Le Gras were thus enrolling and disciplining these peaceful cohorts of holy women, arming them with those weapons of love with which they were to win heavenly victories all over the world, Louis XIV. was beginning to form those great armies of men who were to make his reign so "glorious," and so bloody. Vincent began the conquest of the world with a few little groups of peasant girls. His second in command was a delicate and scrupulous widow lady who was always longing, as she was always waiting, to die for the poor. Vincent's soldiers now garrison the cities of the world, wearing a hundred different uniforms of love, daily victors in many conflicts between pity and woe. See the contrast between the village lads of France and their sisters as disciplined respectively by Louis the Great and Vincent the Peaceful, the one using the terror and hate of war, and the other the love and patience of the Gospel as the inspiring motives. When the Sisters heard of their companions dying in pest-houses or among the wounded on battle-fields, they eagerly volunteered to take their places. At one time news came of such a death, and an old sister wrote: "Sister Marguerite is dead *sword in hand*," and hurried on to take her place. It has always been so. General Jacob D. Cox, an American Protestant, writing in *The Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, tells what happened when our great war broke out in 1861, and the regiments which were made up of country boys suffered from epidemics of sickness. The scene was Camp Dennison, near Cincinnati:

"The Sisters of Charity, under the lead of Sister Anthony, a noble woman, came out in force, and their black and white robes harmonized picturesquely with the military surroundings, as they flitted about under the rough timber framing of the old barn, carrying comfort and hope from one rude couch to another." And this was kept up on both sides of the dreadful conflict and to the very end. During the recent Spanish war hundreds of our Sisters of Charity and of the kindred communities ministered to the sick and wounded soldiers, and if the official thanks of the government were scanty, the soldiers and officers and surgeons bore abundant witness to their unassuming but heroic devotedness. Then and before many notable



THE CRADLE OF THE INFANT COMMUNITY (1809), EMMITSBURG, MD.

conversions were the spiritual fruit of the Apostolate of bodily charity.*

While teaching the Sisters the principles and practice of perfection Vincent was himself slowly studying how to draw up their constitution. "That constitution," says his biographer (vol. i. p. 306), "was singularly courageous. It took our saint more than twenty years to conquer public opinion, the objections of the king and parliament, and the prudent hesitation of the pope and cardinals. It is true now, however, that that constitution, after having been an object of wonder to the world, has become an object of admiration." To perfectly adapt the new institute to its work, St. Vincent not only decided against solemn vows and the enclosure, not only passed over perpetual vows, but he asked the Sister of Charity to bind herself only from year to year. "Perhaps," says Bishop Bougaud, "if he had been free, he would have required no vows, and so have allowed their devotedness its full liberty. . . . Despite all opposition the saint created this new type of servants of

* It happened once that a poor wretch was brought to a Sisters' Hospital and died after a few days of suffering. On entering he said he had no religion and no use for religion. But the day he died he called for the chaplain. "Sir," he said, "I want to die in the religion of that lady with the big white bonnet who has been taking care of me."

God in the service of his poor" (vol. i. p. 309). Nobody thinks now that this great Christian legislator was anyway untrue to that highest ideal of the spiritual life which is secured by the solemn vows and the cloister. We suspect, however, that he was roundly accused of it during his long and patient struggle for those advantages which, under certain circumstances and for particular ends, are to be gained by a larger degree of personal liberty. "You are not religious in the strict sense," he said to the Sisters, "and can never be, because of the service of the poor. You must therefore even be holier than religious, since you have greater temptations and less security" (vol. i. p. 310).

Providence blessed this courage to an unheard-of degree. Vincent's institute, preserving intact its peculiar features, has, both in itself and in the innumerable congregations of women which pattern on it, become the wonder of the world and, we may even say, the chief glory of the Church of Christ. Thus did he create a new form of the religious life outside of what was technically termed the religious state, and this he did without prejudice to any older institute or form of religion; nay, the spirit of St. Vincent has assisted various of the older forms to reach out into newer methods without lesion to the salutary bonds binding them to ancient ways.

The work of Vincent, evidently Christian as it seems to our day, and peaceably, cautiously, we might almost say reluctantly undertaken, was yet hard of entrance into the favor of many in authority. The idea of the Sisters of Charity, to quote the author of the *Life of Mademoiselle Le Gras*, had been "unfolded under the breath of God, and yet it was in opposition to the manners and ideas of the time." A community of young girls having hardly a convent of their own, living as much among the homes of the poor as anywhere else, "having no enclosure but the streets of the city and the wards of the hospital, having no grate but the fear of God, no veil but holy modesty, was an innovation strange and bold, to some *rash*." It was introduced, besides, at a time when the monastic life of women under strict enclosure was flourishing in a high degree. The reader will also bear in mind that St. Francis de Sales, not many years before St. Vincent began, had been compelled, much against his will, to place in enclosure and under solemn vows his own community of women, originally intended to be without either of these holy restraints. Now, we know that Vincent's relations with St.

Francis de Sales were most intimate. Perhaps during their exchange of views on God's purposes in their day, Francis made Vincent the legatee of some of his own lights about the spiritual career of women.

In the founding of the Sisters of Charity love foreran the law: the saint taught the canonist. This is nearly always the case with God's greater works, for as the ordinary administration of religion needs the discipline of statutes and precedents and the orderly but too often routine mind of the official, so the renewal of the fervor of the gospel must frequently break through precedents with self-evident fruits of love, must often suffer hurt from officials, who endeavor to whip it into conformity with



THE ORIGINAL MOTHER-HOUSE OF THE SISTERS OF CHARITY.

those legally established systems it is divinely appointed to differ from because it must improve them, sometimes even supplant them. Only this must be noted: the saints in carrying out God's will of the renewal of souls are taught by his guidance the ways of peace and of obedience. Love does not war against law, but overcomes by persuasion, and by patience. Thus Vincent, the foremost innovator of his age, was a *festina lente* innovator.

These new movements for the elevation of the peasant class, who, as Bishop Bougaud tells us, were looked upon as little better than beasts by the nobility, could not fail to arouse opposition. The cry of novelty was raised, a cry ever at the lips of comfortable mediocrity, and that cry was heard even in high places. Let us recall an instance. When Mademoiselle Le Gras began to go about opening schools for the peasant children she always and as a matter of course obtained leave of the clerical authorities. Having spent two months at this work on one of her journeys, "all at once the Bishop of Chalons, in whose diocese she was travelling, became alarmed at the unusual practices and demanded an account. 'If Monseigneur de Chalons wishes it and he is near,' wrote St. Vincent, 'you would do well to see him and tell him quite simply what you are doing. Offer to

retrench as much as he wants, or to leave off altogether if not agreeable to him: such is the spirit of God.' The bishop, whose intentions are beyond all doubt, could not understand the advantage of this new form of charity; and Mademoiselle Le Gras was obliged to return to Paris. The saint congratulated her on this trial. . . . 'Perhaps you will never meet with an occurrence redounding more to the glory of God than this one. Our Saviour will receive more glory from your submission than from all the good you could have done'" (*Life of Mademoiselle Le Gras*, pp. 90-91).

We hear much in our day of the elevation of the female sex, and we hear it very gladly, for it is the weaker sex, the one that suffers most, and the one which in its grandeur of affection is the type of God's loving kindness. But we must admit that many useless and some hurtful results follow contemporary endeavors to better the condition of women. Vincent de Paul leads the world in the true advancement of the sex, always safe and yet wonderfully progressive.

Was ever a man so equal to the task of gaining women their rights as Vincent? Since our Lord emancipated the sex by His mother's elevation to the throne of the Christian world, no man, it seems to us, did so much as Vincent de Paul to broaden the usefulness of woman, to enlighten her understanding, to sanctify her affections. Yet he never gushed over women, nor relaxed his watchfulness against sexual familiarity. He never forgot, not even unto extreme old age, the danger that lurks in our fallen nature, even in the purest communications between man and woman. The authentic portrait of Vincent shows us a man wholly unattractive in appearance, a face worse than plain; and we are told that his demeanor was almost the reverse of joyous. Austere in his own private life, he was so in his manners with the female sex. The most chaste of men, he never relaxed the precautions of priestly decorum, was never alone with any woman, had no lighter moments with them, took none of his recreation in their company. This is proof (the experienced priest needs none) that women worth guiding to interior or exterior perfection, to piety or to charity, are won as men are, by the solid qualities of Christian virtue, and by these alone.



THE OLD
CATHEDRAL.

BY ARTHUR WHEELLOCK UPSON.

ELOQUENT of the Evermore

The old cathedral calmly stands
And blesses, as with outstretched hands,
The city plodding past its door.

The furrowed steps, the walls' gray stone,
The arched windows, plain and high,
That snatch white squares of sunlight down
From the brimmed bosom of the sky,
Are symbols of the hoary Faith
Whose steps lead up a foot-worn way,
And through whose misnamed window, Death,
There glances the abundant day.



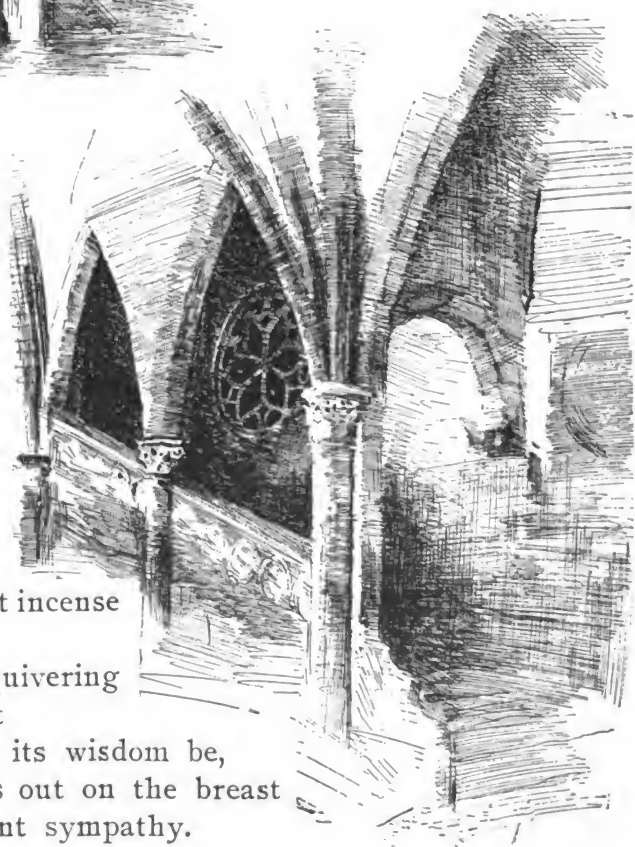
Within, vague whis-
perings of hope
Go trembling by
where, echo-trod,
Prayer-crowded in-
cense pathways
grope
The dim way up-
ward unto God.

Though priestly
chant may
backward roll,
Heavy with
weight of con-
scious bass,
The faltered pray-
er of one faint
soul

Mounts the light incense
to His face.

Here the mute, quivering
heart may rest

However slight its wisdom be,
And beat its cares out on the breast
Of an omniscient sympathy.



ART IS LONG AND TIME IS FLEETING.

BY "TERESA."



SHAFT of sunlight fell slantwise through the window of the studio.

It was not exactly such a studio as a fastidious artist of the Tadema school would have longed to possess, but to its owner it was a very paradise, the one spot upon earth that he would not willingly have exchanged for a palace, even though a dream of architectural beauty and artistic delight.

He was standing before the easel, a thin, spare figure, strangely youthful in outline despite his forty-two winters, and the closely shaven crown, and coarse habit of dark brown serge that marked him as a son of St. Francis.

The bare, cold cell, with its narrow window, its stone flags and bare walls, and the tiny truckle bed in one corner, with the crucifix and solitary prie-dieu of most uncomfortable construction, was indeed a paradise to Fra Benedict. He would willingly have spent the whole of his time there save that devoted to the offices in the church, but the prior was skilled in mortification and penance, and he saw to it that Fra Benedict did a sufficient number of distasteful tasks to win him a guerdon of merit, albeit that he was a genius and his paintings the only things wherein the humble brethren took a pride.

The delicate features, worn with austerities, had a look of pensive sadness not usual to them. There was a picture upon the easel, and the monk's gaze was directed towards it. It was an unfinished picture, yet the paint did not look fresh; on the contrary, it had the appearance of having been dry for many years. The subject was evidently intended for the Madonna and Child; the figures were finished, the delicate drapery of the Virgin's robes and the exquisite flesh-tints of the lovely baby limbs showing the genius of the artist.

But one peculiarity immediately struck the beholder: the figures were minus the heads, and where they should have been the canvas showed traces of recent work.

"Will it never come?" whispered Fra Benedict—"the

vision that was promised to me when that picture was begun twenty years ago. Twenty years! O Mother!" and he sank upon his knees, with his arms raised in supplication, "how long wilt thou leave thy servant unconsolated? Mary, Mother of my Lord, let me but see thy face once, only once! I ask it, that I may show thee as thou art; that all the world may see the loveliness of Heaven's glorious Queen. No brush hath painted thee, O Mary; let me, for the love I bear thee, picture thy beauteous face and the face of thy Son."

The sunlight died down, and left the light in the cell a delicate gray. Out of the shadow the two figures shone, making the only spot of brightness in the studio. Only, where the faces should have been, there was—nothing.

Outside, the quavering voice of Fra Antonio, the gate-keeper, was wafted up through the still, evening air, answering a beggar who importuned for food.

"Yes, yes, my poor brother; sit down on the bench and you shall have a basin of porridge."

"Porridge!" grumbled the other. "Nice mess for a man who has footed it from Carpineto. Sapristi! What do they do with those sheep over in the field yonder that they can't give away a good stew of meat?"

Fra Antonio's sandals were clattering through the corridor on their way to the kitchen and he did not hear the ungrateful comments of the guest.

But, through the unglazed window of his cell Fra Benedict heard, and for a moment an expression of disgust crossed his beautiful face. The next instant he was on his knees before the crucifix, asking pardon for his fault.

The dusk was deepening; a colony of sparrows were going to roost just outside the window, and were making as much fuss over it as they thought necessary. The stranger had finished his porridge and departed, or so Fra Antonio thought; in reality, he was lying not far from the monastery gate, stricken down with a fever that had been hanging over him for days. But he was quite still, and nobody heard or saw anything of him until two of the brethren returning from the fields found him and carried him in.

Fra Benedict was in his place in choir and his sweet tenor voice led the brethren in the psalms and antiphons, but his eyes were always fixed far before him in that gaze of expectancy and longing that had become habitual, and made the simple lay brothers regard him somewhat in awe. "Fra Bene-

dict surely sees visions," whispered they. Alas! the vision he had longed for for twenty years had not come to him yet.

Through the darkness and chill of the winter night the brethren wended their way back to their cells to snatch a few hours of sleep before midnight, called them once more to prayer.

But Fra Benedict could not sleep; he threw himself on his knees by the side of his hard couch, and prayed long and fervently—prayed that the vision for which his soul hungered might be vouchsafed to him. Suddenly he started; the cell seemed filled with a silvery radiance, and he looked around eagerly, half expecting to see some answer to his petition. It was only the moon, flooding the cell with her white beams and seeming to single out the unfinished picture as a focus for her light. The bell for Matins rang out, and again the noiseless procession of monks filed back and forth.

Again Fra Benedict flung himself on the chill flags beside his bed and prayed. How long he prayed he knew not—it seemed hours—when suddenly his numbed senses awoke, or seemed to wake, from a torpor, and he found the cell filled with a bright and dazzling light that came from the picture on the easel. Trembling and half afraid, he forced himself to look towards it. As he did so his heart leaped. There on the canvas was pictured a face so exquisite, so delicately lovely and ethereal, that the mind of man could never have conceived it. The tender lips, the yearning pity in the lovely eyes as of a mother for her children, held him spell-bound, and filled his soul with the intense, passionate longing of the artist to transfer them to the canvas. He did not know how long the vision lasted, or how it disappeared. When he returned again to consciousness he was kneeling beside his bed and the soft gray light of dawn was struggling through the casement. The picture was as he had left it, but the vision had been enough; he had the inspiration now and could finish it; the Virgin and Child were there in his mental vision, as clearly as they had been the night before. Was it a dream, or really a vision vouchsafed to his waking senses? He could not tell, he only knew that he remembered it and that it was the realization of his ideal.

The light was increasing moment by moment; soon it would be strong enough to work by. He seized the colors eagerly and began mixing them; he would have two or three hours wherein to work before he was called to Mass, and he must lose no time in transferring those exquisite faces to the canvas

before the memory of them grew duller. As he was preparing his brushes and palette there came a knock at the cell door, and the wrinkled face of Fra Antonio was thrust in: "Peace be to thee, brother," said he. "And to thee," replied Fra Benedict gravely.

"I am sent by the prior," continued the old monk, "to ask you to come and see the stranger who was stricken down yester eve at the gate. The man is from Carpineto, and since his senses have returned he has been asking for one of the brethren from that place. Only yourself and Fra Bartolomeo are from Carpineto. The prior says that if you are at work you are not to disturb yourself; he will send for Fra Bartolomeo, who has gone to the fields with the novices; but the man is sinking fast, and may die at any moment."

Fra Benedict listened half abstractedly. Should he go, and risk the loss of his artistic inspiration? He could say with truth that he was indeed working, and the prior would accept the excuse. But charity to the dying, was not that of more importance even than his art and the moments that were so precious to him? True, he could do very little for the man except soothe his last moments, for he was not a priest. He looked wistfully at the picture. Should he stay or go?

Suddenly there came back to him the memory of his momentary want of charity the day before. He would atone for it. "I was preparing to work," he said simply, "but I can leave it to another time; I will come with you, brother."

Another look at the picture, a half articulate prayer to Mary, and he followed Fra Antonio from the cell.

They traversed the cold corridors in the half light of early morning, Fra Benedict's long, slender hands holding his rosary as he rapidly and softly repeated the Aves of the first decade. Fra Antonio stopped at the door of the infirmary and looked back; "He is very weak," he said, an accent of pity in the quavering old voice; then he opened the door and the two entered. On a clean white bed at the further end of the long room lay a still figure, exhausted by the violence of the ravings that had continued all the night without intermission. The Fra Infirmarian came towards them softly: "He is conscious," he whispered.

Fra Benedict approached the bed. As he looked at the sick man his rosary fell from his nerveless fingers, and with a half articulate cry he dropped on his knees beside the bed, clasping one of the fever-wasted hands in both his own. Fra Antonio

and the infirmarian looked on in amazement, which was not decreased when they heard the patient murmur in a weak voice: "Benedict!"

"My brother, O my brother!" sobbed Fra Benedict. "And I knew not that you were here."

"Nay, how should you?" returned the sick man, "when I did not know you were a monk, much less in this monastery. We thought you dead, we—I—fool that I was!—I thought to worm myself into the love of our father when I had driven you forth, and now, now I am an outcast, a penniless wanderer on the earth. Soon I shall be dead and food for worms"; he shuddered convulsively.

"Hush," said Fra Benedict soothingly; "ask pardon of the good God, confess your sins, and he will forgive and receive you again."

"Forgive!" said the other wildly. "Is there forgiveness for such a wretch as I?—I who drove my brother from his inheritance and broke my father's heart, squandering his substance in riotous living, and setting the laws of God at defiance. It is too late; I have sinned too deeply to hope for pardon."

"Giacomo," said Fra Benedict gently, "if a weak man can forgive a wrong done to him, fully and freely forgive it, can you not believe that He whose attributes are love and mercy will receive a penitent sinner through the merits of the Precious Blood of His Son, who died for sinners?"

The weak clasp of the hot hand grew suddenly strong, and, with an effort, the sick man raised himself and gazed straight into his brother's eyes.

"Do you really forgive me, Benedict? Am I in truth your brother, as I was in childish innocence at our mother's knee?"

"By that mother's name, Giacomo, and by hers who is Mother alike of saint and sinner, you are my beloved brother, and I do forgive you, now and for ever," was the solemn reply.

The sick man covered his face with his hands and burst into tears. Fra Benedict made a sign to Fra Antonio, who immediately shuffled off in search of one of the padres.

In half an hour the burdened soul of another sinner had been washed in the Blood of Christ and fortified with the Bread of Heaven; and Fra Benedict sealed his forgiveness with the kiss of peace. The sun was high in the heavens when all was over and Fra Benedict was at liberty to return to his cell. He took up his brushes and palette, but the inspiration was

gone, and try as he would, he could not recall it. But, despite his inability to paint, his soul felt strangely peaceful; there were none of the vague longings that had tortured him before. He knelt before the crucifix and repeated the rosary for the soul of his brother, whom the brethren were even then preparing for burial.

The hour of Vespers found the brethren in the chapel—all but Fra Benedict.

The prior called the sacristan and bade him dispatch a messenger to tell Fra Benedict that Vespers were about to commence. In a few moments the novice who had been sent returned with a frightened face and the intelligence that Fra Benedict had gone mad!

The prior and one or two other monks hurried to the cell. A loud, high-pitched voice could be heard declaiming half way down the corridor, and the scared monks beheld the painter, palette and brushes in hand, standing before the easel whereon rested the unfinished picture.

"The vision!" he exclaimed, "the vision of Heaven! Let me transfer it to the canvas while I remember. The holy Virgin came to her servant after twenty years, and he was slothful, and caught not the vision of beauty in immortal colors. She will be offended and will not come again. Go away!" he said fiercely to the frightened brethren, who were huddled in the doorway. "Go hence and do not trouble the chosen of Mary, whom she has commissioned to paint her portrait as it should be. I will give to the world a picture of loveliness such as Raphael never conceived; but the time is short; life is short, and I must work, work!"

"May the saints defend us!" whimpered soft-hearted old Antonio; "the dear brother is certainly mad."

"How long has he been thus?" demanded the prior.

"Indeed, father, no one seems to know," returned a monk. "No one has seen him since noon."

At this moment the infirmarian arrived. One glance was enough for his practised eyes. "Fever," he said concisely; "he must have taken the infection from his brother. I did not think it was contagious. Heaven send we may save him!"

"Amen!" said the prior solemnly.

In spite of his struggles, Fra Benedict was carried off to the infirmary, where it took the united strength of two stalwart brethren to control him.

All night he raved, sometimes about his beloved picture and

the vision he had seen, sometimes about his brother, but always ending with the one idea: he must paint in the heads while he could remember, while the vision was fresh in his mind, and he tried to get up and fought fiercely with his nurses when they prevented him. Every paroxysm left him weaker and rendered the task of his attendants easier, until, when the morning came, the violence of the fever had abated and left him conscious but as weak as water.

All night the brethren had been in the church praying for him. Candles burned before the shrine of his patron, St. Benedict, who looked down from the canvas he had painted. The Blessed Virgin's altar was also lit up, and above the statue the faint light of the candles showed the space that was to be filled by the picture that stood on the easel in the lonely cell.

"Where am I?" They were the first conscious words he had uttered, and he needed no answer; a smile flitted across his lips as he recognized the familiar surroundings of the infirmary, and his eyes closed.

He opened them again a moment later and asked for the prior, who came instantly.

"God and His holy Mother be thanked, you are better?" inquired the prior anxiously.

Fra Benedict shook his head. "My days are numbered, father," he said, almost in a whisper.

"Do not say so, my son," said the prior sadly; "think of your picture that is still to be finished."

The painter smiled again. "*Ars longa, vita brevis*," he murmured, half to himself; then, after a pause, "I sometimes think, father, that I should have painted the best I could, instead of waiting for a vision. Visions come so seldom and stay such a short time. But I could not paint the Blessed Virgin as I know she is. I saw her in my soul's eye, but ever, when I took up the brushes, I could not grasp the features as my soul pictured them to itself, and so I waited and longed and prayed for a vision to be shown to me, who was not worthy. Have I sinned, father?"

"Your fault has been rather one of excess of honor and love towards the Blessed Mother of God, whom you would not represent inadequately," replied the prior. "Perhaps the vision has been withheld from you in order to draw your heart and fix your mind upon heavenly things."

Again Fra Benedict smiled.

"I am growing weaker," he whispered. "I would confess

and receive the last sacraments, and then if I might be permitted to die in my cell, I would desire nothing more, father."

The prior instantly consented, and Fra Benedict was carried to his cell and laid upon the hard, plank bed.

The brethren gathered around the beloved artist, whom they regarded as a saint, and the sweetly solemn strains of the "Miserere" rose upon the air.

Outside, the sunshine flecked the brown fields and the twittering birds alighted upon the casement and peered in, searching for the hand that had so often fed them. A beggar knocked at the gate, and Fra Antonio, his eyes streaming with tears, arose noiselessly and answered the summons. The man asked for food, and the voices rose through the casement and reached the ears of the dying painter.

"Giacomo!" he murmured.

The psalm ceased and Fra Benedict opened his eyes. "Raise me," he whispered to those standing near. One of the brothers lifted him up gently and supported his head; he turned his eyes towards the picture, and the prior who stood near it removed the covering from the easel. Many of the brethren had not seen the picture, and they looked at it now with some curiosity. Then, as by one impulse, all eyes turned upon Fra Benedict. He was gazing, not at the picture but at the wall immediately above it. Suddenly his face became transfigured, and an almost heavenly radiance illumined it.

The eyes of those present followed his, but saw nothing save the featureless figures on the canvas.

"Mary!" murmured Fra Benedict, and his beautiful face was as the face of a seraph. He saw, as he had longed to see, that supernatural beauty for which painters have striven, but which no mortal brush, however great, can paint. He saw, and as he saw he knew his dream was vain. Color was nothing, form and features were nothing compared to the vision for which he had longed, and which his dying eyes saw—too late? Nay, he knew now he could never have painted Mary as she is.

"Mother!" he murmured again. "Ave, Jesus, Mary—*Ars longa, vita brevis*"; and the slender head sank back upon the supporting arm. Fra Benedict was dead.



PUBLIC HIGHWAY OUTSIDE OF CORK.

HOW AMERICA MAY OPEN UP AN ERA OF PROSPERITY IN IRELAND.

BY J. MURPHY.



THE American tourist leaving for Europe has in his mind three or four objective points. If it is in his power, he will aim at visiting England, Switzerland, and Italy; the capitals of France and Germany; possibly also Vienna, the Rhine, and some of the historical spots in Spain. Having gone through this programme he will consider he has "done" Europe.

Of the scenes mentioned some are of primary importance, others are often visited merely "to have it to say." Thus he would never think of returning to his home without having threaded the mazes of Westminster Abbey; gazed from the visitors' gallery in the Houses of Parliament on the Thames; looked on the eternal snows of Mont Blanc, Rigi, Pilatus, and the Matterhorn; surveyed the colossal grandeur of St. Peter's,



STREET IN CORK.

witnessed the mystic loveliness of the moonlight streaming through the broken arches of the Coliseum, and admired Raphael's "Transfiguration" and the "Laocoön" and the "Apollo" of the Belvedere. If he has looked on the English and Scotch lakes, drunk a bock under an awning on the Boulevard des

Italiens, paraded Unter den Linden and the Ringstrasse, gloated over the Alhambra with Washington Irving as his guide, floated in a gondola and sailed to Capri, then verily has he accomplished all that the average tourist's heart could hanker for.

One fair land of Europe is not in his programme, at least from the point of view of mere sight-seeing and scenery. Ireland, one of the fairest lands that the sun shines on, may be visited by him, but it will probably be some particular county and townland that will attract his steps as being the cradle of his stock. Of Ireland as a tourist centre he scarcely stays to think. The reason of this is simple in the extreme.

The American tourist is a potent factor in the prosperity of beautiful and historical localities, and of important centres of life in Europe. Poor Ireland has had all capacity for enterprise so thoroughly crushed out of her that she has not been able to compete in a business way for the attraction of tourists. Other parts have the enterprise, without



THATCHED COTTAGE.



STREET SCENE IN CORK.

having either beauty or historical association, and they thrive right brilliantly. Thus the American who arrives in London has rarely but little intention of travelling further westward for European sights. But once in the great metropolis of the British Empire, he is informed of the great natural beauty of a place called the Isle of Man. The fact is thrust upon him in every nook and corner in the city of London. He had not previously suspected it. Now he goes to visit the Isle of Man.

The fact is that this little dot in the sea is the most hus-



MARKET OF CORK.

ting, self-advertising spot on earth. Its inhabitants subscribe a poll-tax of about two dollars a head annually to keep the merits of the place before the travelling world in Europe.

A central advertising headquarters is maintained with unparalleled expenditure at Ludgate Circus, in the city of London, and at the head of this department is a brother of Mr. Hall Caine, the novelist. Mr. Hall Caine, by the way, is himself one of the never-failing, attractive sights of the lit-



AN IRISH ARISTOCRAT.

tle island. The same may be said of Greeba Castle. Mr. Caine figures prominently in the prospectuses and is alluded to as the Master. At all events, the inhabitants of the Isle of Man attain their ends. They get the tourist traffic, and as a community are consequently rich and prosperous to a degree that almost surpasses belief.

Switzerland too, in a thorough and even scientific business manner, is kept before the wealthy part of the public of the west of Europe who may be at all disposed to move out from their own country.



A MARKET SCENE IN CGRK.

Differently from the Isle of Man, Switzerland thoroughly deserves all the praise that is given it even by its own inhabitants. And yet it is an acknowledged fact that hardly in a less degree than the Isle of Man itself does Switzerland owe the huge pros-

perity that accrues to it from the able and businesslike manner in which it is steadily and consistently advertised abroad.

Cities like Rome and Paris are their own attraction, although again the great popularity of the peninsula of Italy as a happy hunting-ground for the American tourist is in a great measure attributable to the fact that the hotels and minor banking institutions of the entire country being now almost exclusively in the hands of Germans and Englishmen, the country is con-



GLEN AT GLENGARIFF.

sistently and conscientiously worked up as a tourist centre from a business point of view.

The business capacity for keeping Ireland before the public is wanting. Even if it were forthcoming, even if the inhabitants had all the zeal and desire necessary and were inclined to make monetary sacrifices for the business welfare of the community, the success and the popularity of Ireland with American tourists would be not yet. Many things are lacking. The American when travelling is accustomed to and expects a high-class system of transit, commodious hotels, and comfortable surroundings and conditions of every kind. These in Ire-



ON THE WAY TO CHURCH.

land are wanting. Or at least heretofore they have been wanting, for, as will be explained further on, a step has been taken in the right direction within very recent days. Ireland has not advertised or been in a position to attract to her shores a heavy volume of the American tourist traffic, and this it is that has caused her to be neglected for other points of Europe, which of themselves should have been of very much less human interest to the American tourist, and has indirectly caused her a loss of popularity and of national prosperity.

And yet who shall say that Erin does not deserve to rank



STAGE LEAVING GLENGARIFF.

among the most chosen regions of the world for beauty of natural scenery? The gentle gradations of surface, where nothing is unduly flat or exaggeratedly rugged; the favorable climate; the fertile soil and rich, park-like vegetation; the softly flowing streams and the



AGHADOE RUINS, KILLARNEY.

placid peacefulness—all these characteristics of Ireland stamp themselves in the most pleasing manner on the soul and are reflected in the writings of the poets, from Spenser, the great poet's poet, who here composed the major portion of the "Faerie Queene," to Oliver Goldsmith, and in more modern days to Thomas Moore, Gerald Griffin, James Clarence Mangan, R. A. Wilson, and a multitude of others.

Killarney is a household word wherever the English language is known, and a description of the famous lakes and islands and mountains, or an account of the castle built by the great and legendary O'Donoghue of the Eagle's Nest, of the wonder-



CHAIR TOWER, AGHADOE RUINS.

ful holly-tree in Innisfallen, from the root of which shoots forth at once an ash, a hawthorn and an ivy, of the Devil's Punch Bowl, of the intensely pathetic rites and ceremonies that may be witnessed at the peasant burials in the neighborhood—a narration of these would be an affront to cultured readers, so well

are the sights and places known to literature. But other parts of Ireland are hardly less worthy of visit and contemplation.

Lough Erne, with its forty miles of water stretching through Fermanagh County, its network of channels, its myriads of islands, its delightful nooks and recesses, and the wonderful and iridescent hues of its leafy banks, is hardly second even to Killarney.

The beauty of the Vale of Avoca and of Glendalough, in



AN IRISH COTTAGE.

County Wicklow, have often been sung. Not alone the lake but the fine ruins of the latter valley, the Round Tower, the Cathedral, the Church of Our Lady, that of St. Kelvin, the huge granite cross of ancient times, the Sacristy, that little enclosure which serves as place of interment for the clergy, work like an enchantment on the spirit of all those who behold them. The other sights that might be enumerated are almost without number. And in Ireland it must be remembered that only half the charm is attributable to the physical aspect of the localities themselves, the legends and folk-lore that are identified with them being of the most captivating and interesting character.



TOP OF BLARNEY CASTLE.

On Lough Neagh the fisherman, towards the setting of the sun, "sees the round towers of other days in the waves beneath him shining." This is because the fair sheet of water, like so many others in Ireland, was formed under poetical and somewhat pathetic circumstances. It issued from one of the spring-wells which in days gone by only waited for an opportunity of being left uncovered to send forth a mighty flood. The inhabitants of the neighborhood, aware of the danger, naturally kept the well



BLARNEY CASTLE.

securely covered ; but of course the fatal day finally came, and of course also it was a beautiful maiden in the culmination of joy at there unexpectedly meeting her lover knight just returned from the war, who walked off with her pitcher and forgot to replace the smooth, round flag on the well.

It is hard to believe, without actually witnessing the fact, that in an age of practical business enterprise so charming a centre should have been to such an extent neglected. A few years ago, it is true, some steps were taken to improve matters in this regard. The initiative was taken, not in Ireland itself but in the British capital. An association for promoting tourist travel in Ireland was founded when Mr. A. J. Balfour, the present first lord of the treasury, was chief secretary for Ireland. It had the cordial support of this gentleman, who, although a bitter antagonist of Ireland's most cherished aspirations in the matter of autonomy, has, it must be admitted, lavishly devoted



A TENANT'S HOME.

funds for the building of light railways and the opening of harbors, and has been prodigal of public discourses and of personal example to induce Englishmen to visit Ireland and help to promote the prosperity of that country.

This association has undoubtedly been beneficial, but the good still to do is limitless. In spite of a more dignified and more liberal attitude on the part of the English press, the mass of the public of England is still imbued with strange prejudices regarding the Green Isle. It popularly believes that every second Irishman is a moonlighter, wearing a mask and gunning for human prey, and that it is taking one's life in one's hands to cross the Irish Sea.



KEIMANEIGH PASS.

The prosperity that could come to Ireland from a big influx of tourists is not for the moment to be hoped from England. This is what the Honorable James B. Roche, member of Parliament for Kerry, freely asserted during his recent visit to New York. "It is from the United States

alone," he said, "that the moneyed travellers must come, if Ireland is soon to acquire something of the tourist prosperity of Switzerland, of the Rhineland, of Southern Scotland, and of the Isle of Man." As the quickest means to this end, Mr. Roche advocated the outright purchase of the Lakes of Killarney. He was convinced that if a beginning were made to popularize and make known the marvellous beauty of the Kerry Lakes, the rest would come of itself, and the other delightful spots of Erin would soon have their visitors and votaries, with the consequent replenishment of the national and individual purse, which, though a very material end to aim at in the exploitation of the beauty of nature, is nevertheless in the present case so palpably legitimate and justifiable that no apology for it need be entered upon.

Mr. Burke Roche's project of having the Lakes of Killarney bought up by a number of wealthy Irish-Americans met with a hearty response in New York. Well-known men promptly expressed their willingness to individually advance handsome sums, and others guaranteed the finding of the re-



RUINS ON INNISFALLEN ISLAND.

mainder of the money when the hour for the concluding of definite and concrete terms of sale and purchase should come.

The actual sale of the Lakes of Killarney appears destined to be not unattended with some difficulty. The price asked for the Muckross estate, which includes all that is most beautiful around Killarney, is \$350,000. This sum would not be difficult to raise among Americans of Irish origin, but the talk of the sale has excited some opposition.

The London *Times* once, in its tone of finest cynicism, affirmed that any benefit done to Ireland must be done against the will of the Irish themselves. This statement, no doubt, is in some small measure true. When the sale of Killarney was recently for the first time mooted, a number of sycophantic inhabitants of that region at once sent a memorial to the



A LANDING ON BANTRY BAY.

British government petitioning that Killarney be purchased for the crown and made a royal residence. Several Irish members of Parliament have also seen fit to publicly express their disapproval of the purchase by Americans.

But to those convinced of the excellence of the project this opposition need not cause any alarm. If the practical financial profit that is aimed at is to be early attained, it can be accomplished only by practical up-to-date American business methods brought to bear on the soliciting and proper handling of American tourist trade. When the pecuniary benefit of it is realized in Ireland, only blessings will be showered on the heads of those responsible for it, and in any eventuality the consciousness of an entirely generous and beneficent action towards the land from which they sprung must be a meet reward for those Americans who will in this way have aimed at contributing to the prosperity of Ireland.

THE EDUCATION OF OUR PRIESTS.*

THE importance of training our priests so that they may understand the forms of modern thought and possess, at least in outline, the results of investigation in the science of criticism, in the natural and in the social sciences, is insisted upon by the Holy Father in the encyclical *Æterni Patris*, published in 1879. Twenty years have passed since then; much has been done in Europe and in this country to carry out the principles and rules laid down or suggested in that invaluable pronouncement, but a great deal remains to be done, a great deal particularly in the education of the priesthood. Dr. Hogan has interpreted it, and in these pages we shall try to reproduce the spirit of his rendering. Non-Catholics condemn the church as the enemy of science, one or two converts have said they came into the church without aid from Catholic exegesis, criticism, apologetics, history. There are Catholics born in the faith who have lost that sense of the supreme importance of entire and absolute submission to the church's teaching which distinguished all ages back to the Apostles' own time. They have given a practical meaning wide as heresy to the dictum, tolerance in non-essentials; they do not look upon heresy as a crime in comparison with which all violations of moral and social law are as dust, and high treason an excusable impulse. There are, no doubt, Catholics, who live in the secure possession of their inheritance of faith, whose whole mental texture is so wrought into its substance that there would seem no possibility of its being lost by them. But the rising generation is menaced by the dangers coming from a reckless pursuit of the taking generalities of modern science. Electricity, forces, molecules are on every tongue and account for everything, so that the senses and a plausible theory form the circle of all knowledge. Young Catholics breathe an atmosphere tainted with the various forms of modern thought, agnosticism, determinism, rationalism, and the moral views to which they lead.

* *Clerical Studies*. By Rev. J. B. Hogan, S.S., D.D. Boston: Marlier, Callanan & Co.

THOMISTIC IMPULSE FROM THE HOLY FATHER.

Keenly alive to those conditions, the Holy Father gave the signal in the encyclical for a curriculum in the seminaries and seats of learning from which priests should go forth with knowledge up to the current of the time. Recognizing St. Thomas as the guide and model for students and teachers, he would have us understand that if that great doctor were now alive no hypothesis would be strange to him, no method of pursuing an investigation beneath his notice, no conclusion would be tested by any standard except its merits. Those who cried out that the encyclical pushed back the hand upon the dial remind one of the extraordinary observation of Mr. Herbert Spencer, that certain hygienic legislation was repealing a law of nature. Mr. Spencer's law of nature was not a law at all; and those who thought Leo XIII. lived in the middle ages must have forgotten the encyclicals on the problems of the nineteenth century which surpassed anything written on economic and social questions since the Pentateuch.

In the chapter on the vicissitudes of scholastic philosophy our author briefly but clearly points out the causes of its decay. It is recovering now from the neglect under which it long lay buried; and the resuscitation is not confined to Catholics. The Scotch universities have welcomed St. Thomas to an extent not surprising to those who were acquainted with the school which rose to distinction in Reid, Stewart, and Hamilton.

We think it cannot be disputed that there is much in the metaphysics of this school akin to the methods of the great leaders of mediæval thought. In passing, it is worth while to observe that whatever scorn was cast on their philosophy it was regarded as upon the whole sound by the intellectual leaders of that part of Great Britain which is held to have supplied the only genuine metaphysicians to the English-speaking world. In boldness of speculation Hamilton might be compared to Scotus, who flung himself into abysses of inquiry never before attempted and which no fathom-line could sound. Something of the failure of the scholastic system is to be found in such a tendency; for we take it that Scotus represented the extreme to which aberrations might be carried on the one hand along the lines of deduction from conceded principles, and on the other hand the error of pursuing investigation by *a priori* processes into realms where no discovery could be made unless by methods mainly experimental.

HISTORY OF SCHOLASTICISM.

Dr. Hogan, however, looks for the cause of what he seems to think the superseded scholastic philosophy in the scientific light that there is a law of development which governs the life of systems. Laying down the proposition, or at any rate its equivalent, that the great philosophical movement begun in the eleventh century had reached the stage of sterility in the thirteenth, he infers that it had run its course.* Yet this is but another way of stating that there was no material left on which speculation could really exercise itself. Neither does he lose sight of this consideration, but he seems to fear that he would admit too much if he attributed what he regards as the sterility which the later history of the system presents to anything but the operation of a law to which all growths are subject. Now, there must have been in the system itself a limit beyond which it could not be carried as a means of discovery. The importance of recognizing this on the re-establishing of the system cannot be overestimated, because by such recognition only is to be avoided the mistakes so fatal to it in the past. Any other course will perpetuate the contempt which the Humanists heaped upon it at the Renaissance, and under which it lay until Professor Ritchey and other non-Catholic thinkers turned to St. Thomas as to a recently discovered mine of indefinite promise.

In this place Dr. Hogan throws light on the influence which the Protestantism of the sixteenth century had in completing the dethronement of scholasticism, and that in a manner to surprise biblical and patristic students of the English Establishment and the lions of the Higher Criticism. The warfare of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries made Catholic theology polemical. Consequently the abstractions and subtleties of the school were dropped and recourse was had to the more effective instruments of biblical Greek, Hebrew, and well-authenticated facts. Catholics no longer rested on the metaphysical arguments of the past; these were effaced from the record, and similarly to-day the arguments to be used must be such as bear a value to the non-Catholic mind.

* It is to be observed that Dr. Hogan, though he maintains that the period of power terminated in the thirteenth century, briefly traces the fortunes of the scholastic philosophy down to the time when it received the greatest blow to its popularity from Descartes. In the first half of this century, as he points out, the leading professors of the Jesuits were Cartesians, in the second half of the century they returned to the philosophy of St. Thomas. The respect for it beginning to be shown by men outside the Church is the natural influence of common sense breaking away from the folly of theories appealing to experience while denying the evidence of the senses.

The natural and social sciences, and the methods by which they are cultivated, are now in possession of the field. What is the apologist to do with regard to them except to see how they affect the thought of the time? If he wishes to influence any mind, he must become familiar with its habits and logical methods; but as all around him are directed from springs rising either in the action of external nature or the working of social forms, or both, he must go to those hidden sources of opinion and action, and for the time at least offer a new presentation of the evidences of Christianity; that is, a presentation according to the mode of the recipient, as the schoolmen would say.

Nothing can be better than the manner in which Dr. Hogan guides his reader in the perception of his duties and the way to discharge them than in the article on Apologetics. The union of firmness and caution is beyond praise.

THE PROBLEM OF MIRACLES.

The earth has been explored to its extremities and to its depths, he truly observes, and made to tell the history of its origin and vicissitudes. Modern research has extended itself over the whole field covered by religion and the Bible; so that there is hardly a statement of importance made by either which may not now be tested by some form or other of modern science. What is the result? The leaders in the various branches of human knowledge are strangers, nay, opponents, to the Christian faith. The fact can be explained by a tendency produced in the pursuit of the natural sciences to question a belief in the miraculous. Men engaged in them are trained to consider nature as subject to constant and universal laws. But all supernatural religion includes miracles as objects of faith, and it is itself based on miracles; and as miracles are an interference with those constant and universal laws of nature, it is a contradiction in terms to accept them. This is a slightly altered revival of Hume's objection.

Yet how fallacious is all this reasoning! The mere accident that some phenomena which were called miracles could be accounted for by natural causes is regarded as a sufficient reason to discredit facts which could not be so explained. The Christian case must be looked upon as a whole. It is true that on the other hand this means a long line of defence, almost any point of which may be attacked; but the question is not whether miracles have been witnessed by A. in his uni-

versity, or that B. has discovered discrepancies in the Gospel accounts, or that C. finds very few of the books of the New Testament were produced at the periods to which they were assigned, or that D. has the clearest reason, in his own judgment, for maintaining that the early books of the Old Testament were compilations of a later age. We suggest the following as a fair way of dealing with minute or isolated objections to faith. If there be a man of fair mind who has lived a life in accordance with the dignity of human nature, to whom justice is a principle demanding his allegiance, benevolence an influence claiming his respect, duty a law binding him to observance; if he thinks there is a cause for which he could make a sacrifice, if he admires the man capable of dying for the truth or what he believes the truth; then we ask him to explain the person and character of the Lord Christ in any manner other than that which makes him the centre of the revelation said to be given in the Scriptures and continued in the life of the Christian Church. If he be such a man as we describe, we confidently await his answer.

Again, we ask him what does he think of the Gospel teaching? or would he be surprised to hear that thoughtful men have looked upon it as the revelation of God, because it appeals to what is noblest and best in man and reveals to him his other and higher self? If it be like no other book, if nothing approaches it in all human thought except what is borrowed from it, if it stands alone in the simplicity, purity, sublimity, and practical wisdom of its teachings, what matter about alleged discrepancies? What value concerning the contradictory and unhistorical conclusions of those who from so-called internal evidence attribute the writing to a time later than the accepted date? On which side lies the more rational theory, tested by the rule of accounting for the facts?

THE MANNER OF APOLOGETICS.

Has the Christian faith bestowed benefits upon mankind, or has it done more to promote progress and happiness than all other creeds and institutions? Can there be an honest doubt that what is best in the human race since our Lord came is directly traceable to his influence? And will a man be condemned as a bigot or a fool because he thinks that the Lord is morally and socially as well as spiritually the Saviour of the world? Or will not that high-minded rationalist we cite into court envy the belief which regards the Lord Christ as all

this? These are fair questions to put our opponent on inquiry, but they are only a few. Having come thus far with him, we may ask what is the difficulty which stands in his way? Is it from the opposition existing, or supposed to exist, between revealed religion and human knowledge? The considerations which Dr. Hogan points out to the apologist we offer to our ideal unbeliever. Of course we estimate the want of a common ground if he have no conception of God, such as reason and faith unite in revealing him, yet there are some intellectual principles common to us, and we are sure that—apart from this conception of God, Creator, Father, and Conserver of all things—the principal objections of our friend would be directed not against the faith, but against a distorted view of Christian doctrines, or against opinions which form no essential part of them. Our unbeliever says he will die rather than surrender one iota of scientific truth, let the votaries of revealed religion do their worst. Like a Catholic in a recent article, he will call up Galileo. Would it not be well before going to the stake, or even to the palatial prison of a cardinal's house, to ascertain, 1st. What is the statement of science on the particular objection? 2d. What the teaching of Christian faith on the subject seemingly in conflict? 3d. How far do they agree or disagree? The difficulty in question may be no more than a plausible induction, an ingenious theory, or a mere conjecture. Our unbeliever being a genuine man of science, knows that in every science, mathematics excepted, together with ascertained truths, there are any number of positions, statements, deductions, and so on which are very far from being certain. With regard to these there can be no conflict with revealed religion, because we do not know the truth about them; they are the same as visions of the night. There are facts and laws of physical science ascertained beyond all doubt, but how many hang in the air waiting verification! Are the general theories, so popular and so talked of, more than plausible guesses? We venture to say, with all respect for our unbelieving friend if he takes the stand, that as a structure resting on evidence, we mean the whole evidence, psychological, historical, and critical, the Christian faith cannot but seem to him the most wonderful thing in the universe. He can say that commensurate forces explain the motions of the stars, but he cannot account by ordinary means for Galilean fishermen winning Greece and Rome—all those names meant at that time—to a belief in the divinity of a Criminal dying a shameful death; or for the con-

tinuance of the system of authority and laws established by them amid the changes of the centuries since. He must reject these marvels as miracles, or a miracle, and refuse belief to anything outside his own mind. Where can he find a place for his foot except in the severest form of idealism? Yet his school scoff at idealism; at least they take the existence of an external world for granted in their experiments. If, however, he should take the other view and regard the Christian claim as a fact entitled to consideration equal to the promises of any branch of science—and this he must do unless he puts out his eyes—he will discover what apologists insist upon, that there is no real conflict between human knowledge and revealed religion.

We have in the foregoing remarks presented some idea of the temper in which Dr. Hogan has approached the task he set himself. The article on Dogmatic Theology is full of valuable suggestion; the same may be said of that entitled Moral Theology. We regret we have not the space to say something about the other topics, especially his mode of handling the study of the Bible. Adopting as though it were a motto the words of the Holy Father in the encyclical of 1893, in which he proposes "to give an impulse to the noble science of Scripture," Dr. Hogan, in a chapter hardly short of the compass of a treatise, points out the manner in which the study of it can be made suitable to the needs of the present day, and this he does with a fulness of knowledge, an authority and precision, which will afford delight to every reader.

Seldom, indeed, do we find a work on a subject of this kind likely to draw readers, unless they expect to derive profit from it as contrasted with pleasure in the perusal. The work before us in each branch is charged with the interest of suggestion; it opens up glimpses of fields of study as though we were looking at a landscape beyond a parting in immemorial woods. We think the reader who follows his tract—it is nothing less—on the study of church history will take the meaning of our illustration. Candor is the ruling note of his opinions throughout; and especially in dealing with this subject, in which, more than any other, prepossessions, fears, and anxieties are so likely to have an influence. In this he has borne in mind the Holy Father's application of a dictum of Cicero, and so completely that we are unable to say whether he prefers Fleury to Rohrbacher; that is to say, the popes to the temporal sovereigns, or *vice versa*.

THE NIGHT-SHIFT.

BY JAMES BUCKHAM.

Led by the flickering lantern's ray,
In heavy march, by twos and threes,
The night-shift plods upon its way
Beneath the black and sighing trees.

With peaceful arms of pick and bar
And shovel, down the street they pass,
A shadowy squad detailed for war
Upon the helpless soil and grass.

Strange toilers in the breathless night
When all is still, and phantom-wise
The poplars move their branches white,
And northern lights flit up the skies!

What feed they on for thoughts, these men
Who sleep by day and toil by dark,
Bending to earth all night—and then
To bed with song of thrush and lark?

Can they draw near to hope and God?
Ay, doubt it not! For well I know
There's gospel e'en in stone and sod—
In all things, if we seek it so.

REMINISCENCES OF A CATHOLIC CRISIS IN ENGLAND FIFTY YEARS AGO.

BY REV. C. L. WALWORTH.

IX.

EXPERIENCE GATHERED FROM MISSION WORK IN ENGLAND.



RETREAT is not a mission; a mission is not a retreat, although missions, such as preached by Le Jeune and Brydaine and all true masters of this holy art, have been founded on that great wisdom which presided in the mind of St. Ignatius Loyola and which produced the famous Exercises which bear his name.

The first missions given by the Redemptorists in England, in which I bore a joyous part, were an attempt to introduce into England the method of St. Alphonsus, devised by him and followed in Italy by the missionary members of his congregation.

The mission of St. Alphonsus was, of course, like that of all saintly and apostolic men, to save souls by bringing sinners home to God. In this wide field, however, he felt a preference, a peculiar vocation to labor amongst the most abandoned souls—that is, amongst souls the most neglected and the most difficult to reach. The poor are not necessarily the wickedest, that is, the most self-abandoned, but they are the most neglected by others. The church doors, even, and the ordinary means of grace are less open to the poor than to others.

St. Alphonsus appreciated fully the power of great religious truths when brought before intelligent minds secluded for many days from the world, as were the scholars who gathered about the great Loyola at the University of Paris. Such minds as theirs could not resist the force of divine truth so gradually and skilfully unfolded by such a master mind. Out from such a series of Exercises emerged a new band of apostles, and scattered themselves throughout the world in order to follow their calling.

When Father De Held, our English provincial, selected his preachers for our first mission at St. George's, in Southwark, he said:

"Let your course of sermons and instructions be graduated substantially according to the method of St. Ignatius devised for Retreats. Don't forget, however, to make them popular. Your audience will not consist of a class of scholars. It will be a crowd of people. You must try to reach their hearts through sound reasoning, but your reasoning must not be above their heads. This would lessen their respect for the preacher and his influence on them."

All of our first missions were given in large towns. There was no difficulty, of course, in filling the church. On the contrary it was the crowd itself that embarrassed us most. The parishioners who ought to be present, seat-holders even, were crowded out to make way for outsiders who had no special claims on the parish. If these were truly devout persons, they did not belong to the class of neglected souls. If they were merely devotees, they could not, as a class, be expected to profit much by the mission. In fine, the general result was that too few of those we came to aid could receive that benefit which a successful mission brings with it, namely, the gradual accumulation upon the heart of divine truth conveyed to it through solid reasoning. A true missionary is not afraid of producing excitement in his audience, but he wants that excitement to be genuine, deep, and lasting. He is willing to draw tears from his hearers, if they be tears of true sorrow for sin. He is glad to elicit from his hearers tides of strong emotion when he knows that deep waters lie below. He is glad to leave joy behind him when that joy is a promise of lasting peace.

The three successive and progressive roads so necessary to a retreat must be kept in mind when giving a mission: 1° *Via Purgativa*; 2° *Via Illuminativa*; 3° *Via Unitiva*. In large cities, however, the mission-preachers are hampered in their choice of topics by the ever changing make-up of the crowd. The new-comers make it necessary to prolong the *via purgativa* to meet the requirements of the confessional, and little time is left to give further light to pardoned souls and draw them to a closer walk with God. These difficulties, which attended our labors in St. George's, Southwark, we found also afterwards at the Spanish Chapel on the other side of the Thames, at Liverpool also, and Manchester. New experiences, indeed, met us at these later missions.

At St. Nicholas' Church, on Copperas Hill, Liverpool, the clergy attached to that parish in 1849 hoped to reach through

our labors a multitude of Catholics who, by their very numbers, were excluded from the privileges of their faith. St. Nicholas' Church was a large one, but too small for the magnitude of the parish. With a special view to them, the church was made free during the mission. This was not enough, however, to meet the emergency. Their long exclusion from public worship, their poverty, misery, and the vices which prevailed in such a condition of things, had naturally brought them to an indifference in regard to religious matters. Notices given from the pulpit do not easily reach a crowd so forlorn. It was thought necessary to go to them in the streets, alleys, and courts, where they nestled so closely, and there invite them to take part in the mission.

Conducted by a zealous priest of St. Nicholas, Father Nugent, I went to the Spitalfields, a forlorn, poverty-stricken, and destitute locality of Liverpool, which happened to be in the parish, to announce the mission and invite them to attend. A sodality of young men preceded us in their uniform, carrying a banner. We found a small square or court with an opening from the street, into which we entered and planted our banner. We were soon surrounded by an interested audience, to whom I preached a skeleton of the morning's sermon in the church, with such a modification as circumstances made necessary. Of course we had no altar, no Mass, no tall, black mission cross with its nine yards of white drapery drawn over the arms and falling frontwise in a single loop. It was our good fortune, however, to detect and appropriate an empty egg-box, which was strong and steady and ample enough to serve for a pulpit. My audience was all that could be wished in numbers and in respectful attention, not only looking up to me, but down at me from tiers of windows on every side. There was no cheering from the crowd of auditors, nor any kind of interruption that was intended to interrupt. I give all these particulars because it was my first attempt to preach in the open air. I do not recommend it as a general thing except where special and extraordinary circumstances make it necessary; as, for instance, where a large part of the people that the missionary is most anxious to work upon cannot be reached by sermons given in the church, nor brought to church by notices given from the pulpit.

Soon after the mission at Liverpool came another large engagement for our missionary labors at Manchester. I forget the name of the parish, but the church was a capacious one,

recently built after a plan devised by the famous architect Pugin. It was strictly Gothic, for Pugin would tolerate nothing which was not in that style. Its pastor boasted of its purity and simplicity, but to me it seemed to prove most painfully how ugly a purely Gothic edifice can be when its purity is obtained only by the cheapest poverty.

We found nothing like the Spitalfields in Manchester. At least, if any such forlorn quarter existed in that city, it was beyond the boundary to which our labors were confined. We were encamped in a field of factories, principally cotton factories. We expected to find here a spiritual destitution beyond anything we had ever seen. In this we were happily mistaken. The girls who worked at the looms were isolated from each other during their time of work, which occupied the whole day. There was little chance for any evil intercourse, for indeed there was little chance for any intercourse at all with each other. From their work at evening they went straight home for supper, and after supper their wearied bodies called for rest and sleep. As a class these young women were innocent, pious, and pure. This favorable state of things could never have existed if they had lived apart from their own families, which was not the case. It was a beautiful sight in Manchester to see the long streets leading away from the factories, with rows of houses on either side, built with a view to keep families together. If there is innocence in family life, there is a holiness too, when that life is Catholic, when a church is near with its altar and sacraments, and when the hard labors of a week are made to terminate in a Sabbath-day of rest. Of course, we found evils existing in some other employments where the work was not so isolating—as, for instance, in shoe factories, rubber factories, and other works where much sewing was to be done, and a chance for more fun and more talking. When I look back, however, upon this mission at Manchester, my mind calls back most vividly these Quaker-like streets of the laboring poor with their files of pallid-faced girls going to and fro with wearied steps and listless eyes. It was a pleasure to preach hope and joy to such souls, a pleasure so great that it has obliterated almost everything else from my memory of this mission.

One more great and important mission in London was given during this period of my reminiscences in that country. This was in the Spanish Chapel. I shall not speak much of this in detail. It did not contribute much to add to that kind of

knowledge which leads devoted and apostolic minds forward slowly, gradually, but surely to any high experience and success in their sacred art. On the contrary, our labors were much hampered and crippled by new arrangements, which made more work to be done in the pulpit and in the confessional by men furnished with little material for the first and with little experience for the latter. The make-up of the crowd of worshippers which belonged most naturally to the Spanish Chapel, and would be most sure to gather there at a mission, is a most valuable treasure to the church. Historically speaking, a great interest attaches to the few places of worship then left open to Catholics in London. It was no liberality on the part of the British government which left it lawful to worship at these chapels. It was a necessity exacted by foreign governments, and was attached by Catholic states abroad to the persons of their ambassadors, and to the retinue of officials and friends which followed them. As little by little religious bitterness grew less and greater liberality extended itself, it was in these chapels that Catholic life found greater freedom to breathe. Of course the Catholic life that gathered about the Spanish Chapel would contain much of what would be called the aristocratic element. This element would not, of course, become the especial object of preference to missionary followers of St. Liguori, whose chief and highest call is to the succor of souls the most abandoned. We did make it our aim, however, to establish a true mission here, and not a mere retreat under the name of a mission.

It was a pleasure to hear this testimonial given to us by a man so justly celebrated in all ecclesiastical circles, both in England and in Continental Europe, as the Very Rev. Père Martin, S.J.

In England he is frequently mentioned, for brevity's sake, as the French Pugin. This is scarcely an appreciative name either for the French ecclesiastic or for the English architects, whether father or son, for I confess that my knowledge of all these three celebrities is very casual and does not go very far. I happened to become more especially familiar with the vestments of Pugin, and cannot conceive of anything more beautiful, graceful, than their ample, flexible flow. Circumstances have debarred me from much use of these since my return to America, and I have had neither time nor do I care to waste any regrets upon the fact.

Soon after beginning our work at the Spanish Chapel I learned that Father Martin was announced to preach one morning at

the French Chapel. Anxious to hear so celebrated an orator, and one whom I understood to be full of missionary fervor and experience, I made an opportunity to go and hear him. He produced a great impression on me as an earnest and fervent pulpit orator. A day or two afterward he came in his turn to the Spanish Chapel and took notice of our missionary work there. He seemed much pleased with all he saw.

"Why, this," said he, "is no retreat, but a real mission; something which is getting to be rare in our days."

I confess that I myself did not feel all that confidence in the character of our work which his words expressed. I was, nevertheless, well pleased with what he said, the commendation coming from such a quarter, for although our mission at the Spanish Chapel was not a very notable one, nor very fruitful in its experience, yet I knew that we were working in the right direction and in accordance with the spirit of our great founder, St. Liguori, with a view to the salvation of souls the most abandoned.

X.

SOME ADDITIONAL THOUGHTS CONCERNING MISSIONS AND CONVERTS.

The experience gained in the missions given in England was how to make them profitable to those actually present. These were Catholics already having the Faith, and requiring little or no controversy. Why preach the Faith to those who had it already? Penance, the sacraments, and urging to a holy life were what they required, and the experience we gained was in this line. In other words, giving parish missions to Catholics was not the way to preach the Faith to Protestant England. I speak of real missions, not popular retreats with some slight show of seclusion and meditation based on the "Spiritual Exercises" of St. Ignatius Loyola. Protestant England was not there, and could not be there. Hereditary Catholics were there always and in great numbers. These had the Faith already and were generally firm in that Faith. Their spiritual wants called for very little change, if any, from the soul-stirring topics and wise methods pursued by St. Alphonsus in Italy. To say this much belongs to my own personal reminiscences in England, and can be said without borrowing from anything later.

Was I disappointed in discovering this? As a convert to

the true Faith and church did I feel my vocation blocked up? Was I eager to return to my own country to bring Americans into the fold? Or, at least, did I not feel hampered to think I could not use these missions to preach the Faith to the English? No. Most certainly I was perfectly conscious of being an American, but as a Christian and a Catholic I did not feel that I was chained by my vocation to any particular region of the world. I cannot recall any intimation ever given me by my superiors of a design to send me back to my own country. I did not allow myself to raise any such question in my own thoughts. My career in England was closed when Father Bernard Hafkenscheid, having been appointed in 1850 to be provincial of a new Redemptorist province in America, claimed Father Hecker and myself as naturally belonging to his jurisdiction in the Redemptorist Order. His claim having been acknowledged by his superiors, this settled the question for me. It was settled without asking me. I am glad to remember now that I had nothing to do with the settlement of it.

As to my work in England, I frankly answer, I did not feel myself hampered by the evident impracticability of "preaching the Faith" to English Protestants and using our missions to do that work. It must be remembered that I was as yet a young and inexperienced man. I was only there as a neophyte with means enough to gather experience not yet gathered. At Hanley and Upton-on-Severn I found English Protestants enough to deal with between missions. The work was a joyous one to a convert like me, and a fruitful one. I was not situated like Newman or any of his immediate disciples in the Oratory. I had never been at Oxford or Livermore, or trained to truth under his eye at Birmingham. I felt what grand opportunities of doing good lay embodied in giving missions. But during the intervals between this work I felt at home in gleanings after such men as these. I was glad to aid them in their great work. My vocation was in many respects different from theirs. Although, like them, a convert, my heart could be satisfied where their hearts could not and ought not to rest so easily contented. It was God that led us all, but not all in the same way.

To be a missionary was the first especial vocation which opened itself to my hope when a student in the Protestant seminary in New York City. But then I thought only of devoting myself to the work of foreign missions to the heathen.

Soon grew up the desire of leading the monastic life, with missionary labor attached to that life.

Later on, when I united myself to the ancient Catholic Faith and Church, I became acquainted with another kind of missionary labor, namely, home missions, not given to heathen but to Catholic Christians. This was a parish work given by missionary orders on the invitation of bishops and secular priests. Its object was to save believing Catholics who had become involved in sin, and to urge good Catholics to a higher and holier life. This was to me no change of calling, but a development of vocation. My first knowledge of missions had come to me through Ward's *Ideal of a Christian Church*. The first priests that opened their arms to me were preachers trained to this kind of labor. But there was nothing that tied them down against enlarging this field without any substantial change of vocation. I felt myself as much at home in Worcestershire, amongst its gentry and peasantry, when calling stray sheep into the sheepfold as when nursing the sheep and the lambs already folded in.

So much for England and so much for America.

When one wishes to study better what belongs to the whole career of such a man as Cardinal Wiseman, or such another as John Henry Newman, or such another as Bishop Erington, or such another as Archbishop Manning, they must refer to later events than those which belong strictly to the time of the great crisis.

John Henry Newman, the chief leader in the great Oxford Movement and founder of the Oratory in that country, firmly believed that his vocation called him to establish a Catholic college at Oxford. There was no good reason to urge against this conviction except one that argued greater weakness in the true Faith and only true church than in the ranks of heresy. Is it the proper time for a victorious army to look out for a safe place of refuge when adversaries are advancing to surrender their arms? Is it the proper time to circumvallate and entrench yourself when you see the enemy disorganizing and in confusion? Is it a time to show fear and decline combat when ancient foes are lowering their flags? Is it a time for the Holy Church to avoid discussion and controversy when heretics and unbelievers are opening their ears to listen and confessing their own weakness and inability to answer? Oxford is indeed a formidable university, but just at the time when Newman wished to found a college there she was searching ear-

nestly to find out the old paths and get back to unity which she could not find in the Anglican community.

And now a few words in regard to Dr. Newman's especial and peculiar vocation as leader of the great Oxford Movement towards Rome. He tells us himself that when he began the study of the early Christian Fathers it was to prove that Romanism, as Protestants love to call it, was contrary to the teaching of those Fathers and in better accordance with the Anglican Church. He found just the contrary to be the truth. He found the Fathers talking like Roman Catholics, and not like Anglicans or Protestants of any kind. This came to his mind like a new revelation of fact and of doctrine. He found even ways and manners in the church of the Fathers bore the same impress, favoring what is now practically followed by Roman Catholics when they speak devoutly as representative Catholics are accustomed to do. This he shows to be beautifully true when St. Basil and his sister and St. Gregory Nazianzen, with their families and kindred, met together, corresponded together, and in their correspondence referred to their religious intercourse with each other.

He soon came to understand what is really meant by the four notes or marks of the true church still retained in the early creeds, including the Nicene and what we call the Apostles' Creed. In his famous "Tract No. 90" he explains how it is that so much which looks like the present teaching of the Church Catholic and Roman was retained by so many divines who took part in the Protestant rebellion and the establishment of the British sovereign as the head of the church. It was a compromise to lure the unwilling into the great rebellion against the papal authority. He argued that Anglicans had the same right to insist upon what the compromise granted to them of the High Church as Low Churchmen and Methodists claimed for themselves. This was the very head and front of his offending in this tract. When Catholic doctrine is expressed in the catechism, in the liturgies, and in so many homilies still retained in the Book of Common Prayer, or publicly read in their churches, it is entitled to as much respect as the Thirty-nine Articles.

This discovery, which Dr. Newman made by a fair and honest study of the early Fathers, was to him a very great discovery. Being truth, and opening to a truer knowledge of the four great notes of the true church contained in the Apostles' Creed and other early creeds, an honest mind like

his could not afford to lay it down as something inconvenient to hold. Neither could a great leader in religious truth deal so treacherously with followers and friends as to suppress it. Hence "No. 90" of the series of Tracts which gave the name of Tractarians to him and his. This name included many learned and studious men, many of those progressive thinkers also in the Oxford Movement. "No. 90" kept back some leaders in the Movement who were not inclined to proceed any further, being more inquisitive in matters of theology than earnest seekers after truth. It made enemies also, as novel truths are apt to do when inconvenient to maintain. This last thought I will endeavor to fortify by two letters in Dr. Newman's unmistakable handwriting in my possession. The first of these was written to me in 1866, the year when I became pastor of St. Mary's, the position which I still hold. It gives Newman's attitude at the time in regard to a supposed conflict between natural science and revelation. This question has given me more trouble than it did to the great Oratorian. At least, it gave him little labor of the intellect.

Let me now return for a moment to the position of Dr. Newman and all that there was of true Tractarianism when he indited and published "Tract No. 90." This tract raised a veritable storm over the devoted head of Dr. Newman. Some of those who should have understood it recoiled from it. Truth or no truth, they could not take it in its true light, or rather, would not. Either they stood irresolute or were determined to go no further. Where we know or feel that Dr. Newman, a Catholic convert, or Cardinal Wiseman, a true friend of Newman's, as we believe, and a friend to converts already made or on the way to such making—where either of these two great men would have hesitated from prudence or from delicacy, I will not give names.

A great many others did not at the time understand that famous tract. Still more never did understand it. Others never will. For example, so far as I myself am concerned, I think I see good reasons for it now and a certain necessity for it. I see now, at least, that it was opportune at that time. I did not when I first read it. Now it seems to me that I understand better that crisis in the Oxford Movement with deference to other minds, but without so much diffidence now as then. In that storm mere High-Church book-worms resolved to go no farther, but to hide themselves again behind the judicious Hooker and others who had furnished

them with the most of what they knew about the early Fathers.

Ritualistic triflers with vestments and crosses turned off to the right and left at this time, ringing their bells as they separated from the reforming tide, like cows at Martigny, marching to occupy their true places as aforesaid.

Others, like Ward in England, and Putnam, McMaster, Hecker, and myself in America, and I think Wadhams also, came home to God and the old faith and church before Newman. I have never heard that he cautioned Ward from doing what he himself had not sufficient light to do at the time. He knew what disciples in America were doing, but gave none of us a word of warning or rebuke as we passed near him, then at Livermore, to assume our places in the holy church. He received McMaster, who notified him of the step we had taken, with a grasp of the hand and a smile, but not a word of discouragement. Ward's *Ideal of a Christian Church* and his famous defiance of the authorities at Oxford broke up the Tractarian Movement, making a confusion in its ranks and leaving him in a state of temporary inaction which I think I can understand, but in this may possibly be mistaken.

My friend Wadhams had said to me already to go ahead and take the step which is always a great leap for a Protestant to make. His words I remember as being substantially these:

"Walworth, go on and follow your conscience; there is nothing to detain you where you are. But I have been posted here by an authority which I have hitherto accepted, and am not so free to quit it without some arrangement with that authority."

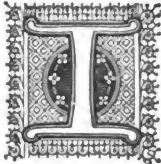
Some there were, also, so far identified with Romeward-bound converts that they could no longer retain or regain their position in the schismatic and heretical Church of England, and so were forced by a sort of public opinion to move reluctantly onward. Many not very conversant with the Oxford Movement, or the march of a thoughtful mind Romeward, will not understand me when I say this. I write for those who can. *Qui potest capere, capiat.*

"You all belong to the same boat," said a voice behind them. "Your hearts are not in the old English home, and the old home can easily spare you."

In this way they did not leave with entire freedom to stay or go, but were crowded out.

REACTION IN FRENCH LITERATURE.

BY REV. AUGUSTINE DAVID MALLEY.



HAIL you, young man of to-day!

"I hail you: you who have come from afar, from the valleys of darkness and of despair where past generations brought you forth, have now climbed up the dry and desolate mountains of this life, even to the summits where you have found purity of conscience in order to give it forth to the world and the future; the future is big with hope of you, the world is expecting you."

Something of the gift of prophecy must be conceded to the modern seer, the psychological novelist. Bourget wrote the preceding address ten years ago in his preface to the *Disciple*. No doubt it will be a marvellous and welcome transformation when the younger literary men of France teach the world the way to find peace and purity of conscience. Yet this change is surely taking place in the realm of French literary art. The end of art now is to regenerate mankind, not to debase it, or convince it that the animal enters largely into its composition.

DUPANLOUP'S DICTUM.

Years ago the great Bishop Dupanloup preached to ears that were very deaf: "The only art worthy of the name is that which is practised in the worthiest manner in the schools of the great masters; of such a nature that it is a foundation for virtue itself, strength for the soul, or, as it were, a wing, by means of which we mount from artistic beauty to the primal source of all beauty, which is God; of such a nature that the religious cult of art nourishes that love of beauty, that thirst for the ideal, which lifts up the soul to those realms of pure beauty and holy love: love which, if it does not yet partake of the nature of piety—that is to say, is not yet a direct love of God—yet indeed approaches to it and sighs after it."

This definition of art, recalling to mind the best traditions of Christianity, and even memories of Plato, the Symposium,

colloquies by the side of the blue Ilissus of the green sedges, suggesting at the same time austerity and gentle sensuousness, is slowly influencing the younger writers of France, who long ago tired of the scarlet trappings of romanticism, and are now disgusted with the brutality of naturalism. They long for peace and rest; the mystery of the churches attracts them, they are soothed by the cadences of plain chant, in which they detect no earthly sensuousness, nothing but spirit—"cette douce musique blanche." They long to be moral. As Maurice Pujo says, the symbol for the new movement among the young men is St. John leaning his head on Christ's breast. "It is to Him we must remount to-day; behold, the times are all changed, it is no longer on the Acropolis we shall go to pray; we have at last found thee—thee whom we have so long sought despite dogmas and sciences, despite the barriers which separate us from thee. Thou hast conquered the oppression of things, and thy light, which mounts clearer to our veiled eyes, brightens them with a new day. How much are we going to love thee now that we fear thee no longer!" Renan once urged them by his example to worship on the Acropolis, to give themselves over to pleasure simply: "Let us rejoice, O my poor soul! in the world such as we find it. It is not a serious work; it is a farce, the huge joke of a merry old demiurge! Pleasure is the only theology for this grand farce. Ah, but for that you must not die; if you die you make a great mistake." "I have but two enemies," wrote Anatole France, "Christ and Chastity!"

We turn from this philosophy with great relief; it would be the ruin of France. Zola, the erstwhile leader, has nothing better to offer "*les jeunes gens*." "Take a salon," he says; "I am speaking as an honest man: if you could obtain a sincere confession from all those present, you would have a document which would put to shame thieves and assassins!" France surely has had enough of the teachers of materialism in all its forms, scepticism, hedonism, pessimism; there are but two alternatives—destruction or a religious revival. Renan knew it when he wrote: "Who is it that will save us? *Mon Dieu!* for some it is virtue, for others the search for truth; for this one, art; for that other, curiosity, ambition, travel, luxury, women, riches, and, in the last stage, morphine or charcoal." True lovers of the gallant nation will be glad to welcome writers who will hold up some higher ideal to the French than pleasure or destruction.

RETURN TO PURER SENTIMENTS.

As in men, so in nations: the ascetic and mystic often verges on the darkest sensualism, while, on the other hand, the debauchee in a sudden bound frees himself from the trammels of passion. It would be very natural now to expect a swing of the pendulum towards the pure and the mystic.

“Je ne veux plus aimer que ma mère Marie,
Oh! comme j'étais faible et bien méchant encore,
Elle baissa mes yeux et me joignat les mains,
Et m'enseigna les mots par lesquels on adore,”

sang Paul Valoire, the poet of the new movement. These lines express well the motive of the return towards a higher and more religious life. They are simply weary of the past, and, like tired children, would rest on some comforting and consoling theory of life. The classical school, earlier in the century, failed for want of vitality; rigid rules were enforced, models were set up, to disobey which meant expulsion from select coteries. This system killed originality and was felt to be artificial. Romanticism arose like a young giant, a splendid Goth, clothed in skins, despising the long toga and classic calm. Yet romanticism was but a stage Goth; men saw the footlights, the painted scenery, the wigs and the masks, and declared this was not life which was presented to them. The authors of the romantic movement protested against the killing rules of the old school, but reacted towards an exaggerated personality. Their works do not reflect life, but the author. We never dream of saying while perusing them: “This is life; it must be so. I cannot imagine things happening otherwise”; but we say, “This is Balzac, this is Dumas, this is Hugo.” They were men of great power, but not interpreters of life; rather, poets who used prose instead of verse. Their works exhibit all the delight a poet takes in detailing how things affect him, rather than the sober observance of a man who regards objective facts and suppresses his own interpretation of them—the method of the true narrator. But if it is argued that romanticism never meant to interpret life, but simply to please, it has failed for the same reasons which influenced the good curate to burn all the library of the famous knight Don Quixote de la Mancha.

REVOLT AGAINST NATURALISM.

Naturalism, also, has had its day, and now in France is rapidly declining because it, too, has not been found true. It has said too much and too little about life; it has spoken too much about the animal that is in man, and too little about the angel. Man, with the writers of the naturalistic school, is simply a machine, or rather the resultant of innumerable impulses. When these are good, he is good; when bad, he is totally depraved. A subject, or rather a temperament, is placed in a certain environment, the machinery of the story started, the inward inclinations, the outward circumstances, and we have the necessary final resultant, over which no one seems to have control. "Virtue and vice are products, just as are vitriol and sugar," is the theory of Zola and his school.

Herein lies the first great weakness and falsity of naturalism, the outcome of modern materialism. Energetic western peoples can never be convinced of the doctrine of fatalism. In all their religions, governments, constitutions, man is regarded as a free agent, responsible for all his acts. No state in Europe or America will ever declare that crime is a natural product, and therefore criminals are but the innocent result of bad environment. What is true, of course, is that some men are affected more than others by association, not necessarily all men; nor does life afford enough examples for the sweeping and morbid deductions of the naturalists. As Brunetière well said: "From the Madeleine to the Bastille, from the East station to Montrouge, there are plenty of good, honest folk who count themselves happy with a modest competency—fathers of families who are saving, wives who are faithful, mothers who mend the clothes of their little children." Neither in the salon nor in the Rue St. Michel do we find the philosophy of the naturalists holding true. In sober fact, Zola, Daudet, or the others do not believe this theory of life; they would have the perverted criminal brought to justice and punished, notwithstanding their theories in regard to free will, just as would the metaphysician and the pietist who believe most rigidly in the responsibility of man—that is, if the criminal rifled one of their own coffers or stole the manuscript of a novel.

NATURALISM FALSE AS TO DETAILS.

True, men do not always act with full consent of the will

nor with clear prevision, but where in life do we find the material for the absolute fixity of types found among the characters of the naturalists? With them the thief is always intent on thieving, the pugnacious on trouble, the lecherous in seeking victims. Peculiarities arising from certain trades and professions have been so exaggerated that we find new species of men. Instead of being called naturalism, the whole school could well be called travesty, unnaturalism, for nowhere would nature find her own among them. The children of men commit many acts which are bad, many which are good, and a great many more which are indifferent. Good men have within themselves many tendencies which would lead to destruction; the sinner has within him the possibility of the saint. One will look in vain for this sane and healthy view of life among the most widely read books of these authors; yet who can doubt it? By some strange chance, realism or naturalism was supposed to deal only with the lower classes, washerwomen, tradesmen, poor farmers, the drudges of humanity, and these worn-out beings are given passions and inclinations only suited to the pampered, luxurious natures of a Nero or Domitian. One would think the lives of these people were spent in continual debauch. Add to this the insufferable detail found in these works, and you will have the reason why future generations will look back with astonishment at the patience or unbounded curiosity of the passing age.

We must have detail, to be sure; but why are we supposed to be interested in the description of a very commonplace room, its carpets, curtains, chairs, and tables, the dawdling conversations of the occupants, their looks and gestures? All this pleases the same uncultivated tastes which make the audiences of a third or fourth rate theatre applaud wildly when they see a steam-engine, fire-wagon, an ambulance with real horses, on the stage, simply because these very ordinary things are in an extraordinary place. This zeal for detail is a fault against literary art, which like all others must leave something to the imagination, not tie it down to the printed page.

There is not need now, however, to argue against the methods of the naturalists, for the school is passing or has passed. Its best results are found in the fact that it has done a great work in training men to observe life; its weakness was exaggeration. These methods were the outcome of the scientific spirit influencing all branches of art. The theatre could not be very deeply or permanently influenced, because its nature

depends almost entirely on artificial conventions to arouse the emotions, and a drama composed merely of scenes taken from actual life would empty the chairs rapidly. Here there must be romance, idealism, studied situations. But it is in the novel that the scientific spirit has most prevailed, the latter productions being hardly more than studies in anatomy, pathology, psychology, with strong tendencies to dwell merely on the morbid and unclean. The scientists have always had contempt for the writers of fiction, regarding them as somewhat monstrous beings, in whom imagination prevailed over logic and reason; who are therefore to be relegated to the categories of those entities over which law and order has had no sway.

NATURALISM WITH A SCIENTIFIC TEMPER.

To conciliate this new scientific spirit and conviction, which was permeating all classes, the novelists studied science, and became as devout worshippers of the new masters as they had been of the old classic authorities. Science ignored God and religion as dreams which could not be verified; the novelists answered Amen, going further in their zeal and attacking the foundations of morality. The scientists said naught to this, but looked on it as one of the necessary ebullitions of the yet untrained brethren, physically incapable of the calm, judicious temperament which nature had bestowed on themselves. They had not out-and-out declared against morality, although there were things in their works which the weaker brethren might wrest to their own destruction. Science but held itself in reserve, and would not apply itself to the ethical problems of men until it had first settled with the universe. So the more emotional novelists rushed forward and dealt with these problems in their own fashion. With this new scientific temper, they found out that life was hollow and a dream, and virtue a fond delusion that men were trying to persuade themselves they could attain. This sudden and absolute conviction of the falsity of all religious teachings reminds one of the apostasy of the young French lad who, after studying his Latin grammar, heard the priest on Ash Wednesday say *Memento homo quia pulvis es*, instead of using the infinitive; thus violating all scientific grammar, and proving conclusively his incompetency to teach other branches of knowledge, sacred or profane. Under scientific names and phraseology as much romance and unreal treatment of life was given forth to the world as during the dry classical or florid periods of the century.

BEGAN WITH THE POETS.

It is hard to state exactly where the revolt was first made against the scientific theories, but it seems to have come first from the poets. For Poetry also had been enthralled by science : the muse had to go to the conservatory and be taught to sing before she should dare open her mouth in public. Verse-making was technical, and must be submitted to rule and law. The uncouth, the bizarre, the farouche must all be eliminated. Under the severe eye of the archpriest of Parnassus, Leconte de Lisle, not a rhyme, rhythm, sentiment could pass unless it satisfied the most severe conditions. Among his followers, such as Catulle Mendès, François Coppée, generally subjects from every-day life were chosen in harmony with the rest of the naturalistic school, and these were set off in verse of exquisite polish. But modern poets are not satisfied with merely stating a fact ; they must state also its impression on themselves ; they gaze on it from all sides, it arouses in them dream, mystery, connotation. That outward fact was then something sublime, mysterious ; it was sent from whence ? It is more than a mere fact ; it is a symbol. As the emotions which arose then necessarily became complex, intangible, evanescent, they had to be expressed in suitable verse, no matter whether the latter was according to rule or not. The importation of German philosophy increased the new spirit ; the vague, fantastic, absorbing theories of subjectivism, pantheism, idealism, begot disgust for the concrete and the matter-of-fact. Verlaine, Mallarmé, Moreas, Morice became now the models of the hour. With these men religion and morality are not ridiculed ; they yearn for them. Christianity alone can soothe them. The whole world is full of sadness and mystery ; like Tissot's peasants, they sit on the ruins of modern castles, and feel about them the same sweet Presence which can heal. They are disturbed and sad.

“ Les sanglots longs,
Des violons,
De l'automne,
Blessent mon cœur
D'une langueur
Monotone,”

sings Verlaine. He is taken as the typical poet of the new movement, the absinthe-drinker of the Rue St. Michel, the de-

votee of the churches. "How I hate everything that is Jan-senistic, Protestant; in a word, what is narrow! They would belittle human nature, take away from me the supreme joy of Communion!—Communion, where I share in the body of God. Whoever thinks my faith is not sincere does not know the ecstasy of receiving in his body the flesh of the Lord. The last time that I went to Communion, I felt for an instant pure and washed from all sin; but that very same evening . . . no, no, I am not worthy." In Verlaine the extremes of sensuality and deep religious longings seem to meet. He is at the same time a child and a satyr. The mind that could give forth to the world such productions as the "Confessions," "Chansons pour elle," "Ganymede," was capable also of some of the sweetest and tenderest prayers to the Virgin—*ma mère Marie*.

M. August Dorchain, another representative, writes exclusively for young men. He belongs to the "*jeunesse blanche*." The sorrows attendant on misspent youth is his constant theme. What is the worth of living without belief, without hope, without purity?

"Le cœur d'un homme vierge est un vase profond.

Tristes sont les roses fanées!

Tristes les jours perdus et les nuits profundées,

Les amours qu'un matin suffit à défleurer,

Triste la source impure et qu'on ne peut tarir,

La beauté que le temps inexorable emporte

Et la virginité du cœur fêtrée et morte!"

Together with him there are many others who are striving to inculcate a love for the pure and simple pleasures of life, notably Ch. Recolin in his book *Solitaires*, Henry Desplaces in *Mélodies d'âme*, Maurice Pujo in *Règne de la Grâce*, Eugène Holland in *Beauté*, and Pierre Lassere in the history of the whole movement, *La Crise Chrétienne*.

THE PURPOSE OF THE NEW SCHOOL.

As there was a revolt in poetry, so there came also the inevitable revolt in prose. The naturalistic novelists had confined themselves to individuals as "temperaments," had followed out strict lines of evolution or degeneracy in characters, preaching a doctrine of determinism, fatalism, and inevitably pessimism. The younger men justly feel this is a wrong view of the world;

they feel a glorious conviction that they can guide their own lives, and are not simply the products of time and place. Nay, so much so that M. Henry de Régnier wishes "to banish deliberately, in full conscience, the accidents of place, epochs, all particularizing facts"; in truth, relate nothing but what is representative of being or humanity in general. The enthusiastic M. Paul Adam declares that the purpose of the new school is "to seize the true relations amid the heterogeneous matter presented by the naturalists and psychologists, to draw thence the essential and vital reason for human acts, which are, indeed, intimately bound up with the movements of our planet, of which man is, so to speak, a cerebral cellule, and all mankind the encephalon; to express the conformity of these relations with the higher laws of gravitation, between the Unknown or God and the conscious individual phenomenon of the person in question, who is in the end only a passing form in which manifests itself from outside the Divine Primal Essence." Evidently these young men are the antipodes of Flaubert, the De Goncourts, Zola. They deliberately contradict all that the whilom leaders have said. Man with them is not an animal, he is a spirit; they are rushing to the other extreme of making him something uncanny, with strange and occult relations with plants, animals, suns, and stars. They are mystic, but often detestably immoral, clothing vice in a religious garb. This phase of the movement would remind one of the dreams of the Alexandrians during the paganism and sensualism of the early centuries. It is a strange mystery in human nature that this should be so, yet during all times we see both spirits following each other, sensualism, false mysticism, the man who doubts or denies for the sake of pleasure, turning and believing the wildest absurdities. There is only one belief which holds nature in poise, and this at present is denied a fair hearing. These young men constitute the school of the "Magi," who are striving to unite, in some way or other, science, Chaldee astrology, and Christianity. They address each other as "Sar," and are gazed at in bewilderment by the old conservative masters.

THE TREND TOWARDS A DEEPER SENSE OF RELIGION.

Amidst all this turmoil it is safe to predict that the school of the future will be moral, religious, with a tendency among some toward pantheism, the effect of Germany, and among others a reaction towards Christianity and the church. There

are, however, many schools on the field clamoring for first place: Symbolists, Decadents, Neo-Realists, Neo-Christians, Independents, "Tolstoians," Buddhists, Magi, Supernaturalists; as M. Pellissier says, literary France is calling out "Anne, ma sœur Anne, ne vois-tu rien venir?" Why is this? Christianity has introduced unrest into the world. On, on! is its watchword. Naturalism was the modern paganism, wishing for the concrete and definite, satisfied with what is seen and touched. Christianity continually urges men and nations towards what has not been realized as yet, and it is this spirit that is fermenting slowly as yet in Paris. M. Melchior de Vogüé has translated the modern Russian novelists into French, those stern idealists with revolutionary pictures of a world rejuvenated by nations living the life laid down in the Gospel. Wagner in his "Parsifal," the modern "Canticle of Canticles," holds up the ideal of life, the consecrated youth in his quest of the Holy Grail. Puvis de Chavannes has caught and imprisoned this new spirit in many of his mural paintings, and many of the older writers, like Huysmann, have abandoned the celebration of sin and the flesh, seeking peace and content in the sheltering arms of the church. Yet it would be wrong to say that there is a general movement towards the church among the great mass of Frenchmen, who are indifferent to all creeds; rather there is a slow conviction growing that what France needs is stronger morality, and that this cannot be obtained without some form of religious belief. The old revolt against religion is deplored, and amazement is expressed that so many in France accepted and still accept the flimsy gibe of Voltaire, that religion was an invention of priests to delude mankind. The younger men are serious and wish to perform some great moral work, heartily endorsing Bourget when he said: "We must suffer, we must love, we must create. This is all ethics and æsthetics. It is also Life." France, the rich, the fruitful, with the scars of many battles on her noble brow, now looks sorrowingly on her sons. She stretches out her hands to the youth of the land, crying to them: "Aid me with tongue and pen; build up my people, who are fast hastening towards degeneracy and destruction; ennoble their ideals; bring back what was pure and holy, cast out the weak, foolish, and trivial, or I too must sink into the inferno of nations where naught is heard but sighs and vain regrets for what might have been!"

HOPE ETERNAL.

BY THOMAS B. REILLY.

DOWN through aisles of darkness
Come echoing wind and sea,
Like the chant of a psalm eternal
From gates of mystery.

Long lines of landward breakers
Pitch ever in monotone
On sullen rocks in the starshine,
On the wreck of ships unknown.

From an ocean of years unnumbered
Run the surfings of memory
On the plundered dreams of youth-time
In sweet, sad melody.

But now, when the gloom is lifting
And the dirge of the sea is hushed,
The sorrows that night engendered
In the arms of dawn lie crushed.

The voice of the reeded marshes
Lifts clear when the shadows cease,
Like a harp in the Halls of David
Sighing for light and peace.

And out on the arc of the ocean,
Through inkles of living gold,
My ships go bending seaward—
Just as in days of old.

HOW WE ABUSE RELIGION.*

BY REV. JOSEPH MCSORLEY, C.S.P.

SOME little time ago there appeared in a French magazine a rather unusual article on the subject of moral energy in religion.† The writer proposed for consideration an interesting and difficult problem, namely, why temporal prosperity and profession of the Protestant faith as a general thing, nowadays, go hand-in-hand. He instanced as most remarkable the evident and acknowledged ascendancy of the English-speaking races in all quarters of the globe, thus stating the problem in terms apparently conclusive against the material, social, or intellectual pre-eminence of Catholic peoples.

Now, it behooves us, declared the writer, to find some way of explaining this difficulty other than the expedient of taking refuge in the well-worn axiom that God's kingdom is not of this world. For, true as this is, its application to the question in hand is both far-fetched and discouraging, and though our faith is indeed primarily concerned with well-being in the next life, we have likewise received that other promise: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his justice, and all these things shall be added unto you."‡

So the article proceeds to venture suggestions towards explaining the phenomenon; and though we must declare ourselves out of sympathy with some of the statements made, still the main point of the essay is undoubtedly well taken, richly suggestive, and directed against a wide-spread evil hampering the efficiency of our holy religion. That to which Protestantism owes its ascendancy *is*, beyond doubt, the careful cultivation of good things borrowed from Catholicity, the principles of free will, sound reason, personal responsibility, and so on. And any decadence discernible among Catholics unquestionably is to be traced to an imperfect and distorted comprehension of principles clearly defined by the church, betraying itself, for instance, in a forced and exaggerated notion as to the use

* *External Religion: Its Use and Abuse.* By George Tyrrell, S.J. London: Sands & Co.; St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder.

† "L'Énergie et la Liberté," *Le Spectateur Catholique*, Sept., 1897. ‡ Matthew vi. 33.

of authority in the domain of the intelligence, and in an artificial, formal, unreal conception of prayer, sacramental grace, and the whole external order of religion.

Not dissimilar is the point of view taken by the distinguished Jesuit whose latest publication is named at the beginning of this article. The volume is made up of a collection of conferences delivered before the Catholic undergraduates at Oxford, on the Sundays in Lent term of the current year. Starting out with a defence of the necessity of an external, teaching church, the writer promptly leaves this well-beaten track to deliver his message concerning the foolishness and wickedness of exaggerating external religion into a complete substitute for that interior life, that adoration in spirit and truth, which is the essential element in the relationship of every human soul with its Creator.

Now, unfortunate as is the necessity compelling us to admit the existence of such a tendency as he rebukes, the very strength and pointedness and power of conviction in his words, as in those of a few other writers of kindred spirit, justifies a firm hope of speedy improvement. The eyes on Israel's watch-tower are not blind to surrounding dangers. More than once warning cries have sounded forth from leaders who, intent on the future foreshadowed in the present, are summoning our people to shake off lethargy, to assimilate new ideas and new vigor, and to bring personal intelligence and moral initiative to bear on those critical issues that cannot be settled for any man by another day or another conscience than his own. In the domain of thought and the domain of action are unexplored wastes, ready to exhaust an indefinite application of energy, but certain to yield thereto almost infinite wealth. And once let the rank and file become conscious of their position and impressed with a sense of *personal* responsibility and, animated by the ardor of older days, they too will rush forward to the successful transformation of an age and a world.

The actual state of affairs is nothing inexplicable; it is the logical result of an inevitable human tendency. But most human tendencies were created that they might be interfered with by man's imperious controlling will. And so too with this most natural, but most distressing, bid for degeneracy. Most natural, we say, for is it not the everlasting habit of human nature to exaggerate the temporary into the eternal, the accidental into the essential, the means into the end?

Let us reflect. In the wisdom of Divine Providence an ex-

ternal, visible institution has been decided on as the ordinary channel of grace, the means whereby men may be led to the highest cultivation of that internal religion which is the loftiest gift of the human soul. The organization of that Visible Church has been a standing marvel, as far and away superior to the grandest invention of human genius. Its body of doctrine, solid, complete, rounded out into perfect symmetry, towers as a masterpiece among the trivial productions of imitative minds. Its ethical code has trained men to the constant performing of wonders utterly beyond the power of nature, has made sublimity and heroism of action a commonplace, a fact of every day in the lives of Christian husbands and Christian mothers. The asceticism it claims as its own displays the scientific and successful cultivation of what is grandest and noblest in the human soul. Even its very devotional system exhibits for all ages, all countries, all dispositions, a range and variety calculated to meet the need of every child of Adam, emotional or intellectual, poetic or practical, reserved or affectionate, as their temperaments may be.

This very perfection of our external religion sometimes has seduced the observer into falling down and worshipping it as God himself, heedless of the warning: "See thou do it not, for I am thy fellow-servant."* The sublimity and range of Catholic dogma, the supremacy of the Teaching Power, the promise of indefectibility itself, these, in narrow and childish minds, frequently become an excuse for a passive attitude with regard to great current issues in the religious or intellectual world. The consciousness of a power able to control and compel mental assent to propositions, of a weapon infallible in the conquest of truth, sometimes becomes so utterly destructive of wise judgment as to make men seek from authority the results which God has left to be a reward of honest and industrious intellectual activity: "in place of having recourse to the church only when a distressing breach opened between the brethren in Christ Jesus, they have applied to her to hunt down ideas seemingly in discord with certain principles, or to arrest ideas that might become dangerous if developed, or to crush ideas which are distasteful."†

And so, again, narrowness betrays itself in a continual measuring *ad litteram*; an uneasy wish to prevent further exploitation of truth already partially defined by authority; an anxiety, as has been fairly objected against us, to seek for an arbitrary

* Apocalypse xix. 10.

† See article cited above, p. 127.

line of demarcation between fundamental and accessory dogmas, rather than for a line within each dogma separating the religious content which must be safeguarded from the less vital symbolical expression.* This is to mistake the purpose of definitions, aimed rather at preserving from error than at terminating intelligent study of doctrine. For, as Father Tyrrell says, "The human words and ideas in which eternal truths are clad cannot, even through divine skill, convey to us more than a shadow of the realities they stand for."† It is this misunderstanding which leads to low appreciation of the importance of new methods in the teaching of doctrine, of "new presentations of Christian truth more in harmony with the present condition of human thought,—a need, however, that has been fully understood by the most successful modern exponents of Catholic doctrine. It is by translating afresh the unchanging doctrine of the church into the language and thoughts of their contemporaries that such men as Lacordaire, Ozanam, Nicolas, Bougaud, Monsabré in France, Newman and his disciples in England, the ablest apologists in Germany and elsewhere, have won back countless numbers to the faith, or reawakened their fervor. Each generation, each country, each village almost, needs a vision of its own. Christianity has, unhappily, lost its empire over the most active and most cultivated minds of our age. Yet in one shape or another they are ever brought back to it, and crave for a faith that may adapt itself to the form in which their minds have been shaped, and fill the void of their souls. What they look for is not so much positive proofs as reason; that is, a harmonizing of what is taught them in the name of God with their mental system, such as it has been made by the study of history, philosophy, science, and the experience of life. To supply this need becomes a paramount duty, and were St. Thomas to return among us to-day, momentarily shorn of the beatific vision, and possessing only his original gifts, we should find him once more eager to take in all knowledge, busy with the most recent discoveries, alive to the great questions of the hour, watching the developments of minds and of events, gathering light from everything and harmoniously blending it with light from above."‡

* *Esquisse d'une Philosophie de la Religion*, etc., p. 404. By Auguste Sabatier, Professor at the University of Paris, Dean of the Faculty of Protestant Theology.

† *External Religion*, p. 119.

‡ *Clerical Studies*, p. 195. By Very Rev. J. B. Hogan, S.S., D.D.

The other great gift presented by the church to human minds, besides infallibly exact instruction, is the bestowal of strength on our will, the communicating of graces, sacramental and otherwise. Here too, though not through lack of clearness and certainty in Catholic teaching, we find ground for the charge that many abuse this aid, so that it is made "to hinder rather than promote spiritual development, to discourage spontaneity, to destroy independence of action and thought in all religious matters, to accustom us from our infancy onwards to moral and intellectual crutches, and to persuade us that we cannot possibly do without them."* Now, as a matter of fact, "we may hold it for a certain and universal truth, that God, in offering us helps, never intends to spare us any profitable labor, or superable difficulty, which we should otherwise have had to face."† He wishes us to work out our own salvation according to the laws of our nature, and in so doing, as a writer familiar to us has phrased it, "to pray as if all depended on God, and work as if all depended on self."‡ Father Tyrrell continues: "Neither condition—dependence on God, or dependence on self—avails without the other. We must rely on God and rely on ordinary means. The Pelagians thought that their own natural vigilance was enough; and this is an error in which we all follow them at some time or another of our life—perhaps always to some little extent. But just as dangerous is the error of a certain pious fatalism which confounds trust in God with presumption; which regards prayer and the sacraments as substitutes for vigilance instead of as means to it. . . . We always try the path of least resistance, the cheapest, the easiest route. We are ever the too-ready dupes of any one who pretends to have found out some trouble-saving method of salvation; something we can get through once and for all and have done with; some substitute for weary vigilance, and tiresome perseverance, and bitter mortification, and for the other necessary causes without which even God himself often could not insure the desired effects. We clutch eagerly at a miraculous medal, a girdle, an infallible prayer, a scapular, a novena, a pledge, a vow—all helps, in their way, all excellent if used rightly as stimulants to greater exertion, greater vigilance, greater prayerfulness; but if adopted as substitutes for labor, for the eternally necessary and indispensable means, then, no longer helps, but most hurtful superstitions. Do they stimulate or do they relax our efforts? That is the one test as

* *External Religion*, p. 86.† *Ibid.*, p. 88.

‡ Father Hecker.

to whether we are using such things to our help or abusing them to our hurt. We shall not be saved by anything we hang round our necks, except so far as the grace it conveys to us in virtue of the church's blessing stimulates us to that exertion and watchfulness by which alone, under God, we are to sanctify and save ourselves. . . . Stranger still, even mortification, asceticism, and self-denial may be, and often are, abused in just the same way, when they are used as substitutes for the natural and necessary means of attaining virtue."*

It is these considerations which discover the reason why Catholicity fails of rejuvenating the world, why sacraments are approached and prayers multiplied with deceptive earnestness and without fruit, and why those who see cry out in their bitterness against that false conception of the church's mission which is so fatally hampering her success. For "there are Catholic Christians forgetting that the Christ and the Religion that is outside them is but a means to wake up and develop the Christ and the Religion that is latent within them."† No wonder, then, that a Protestant bishop fancies he is assaulting *our* position when he proclaims that, according to his system, "Religion is eminently a personal business between yourself and Christ. It will not save your soul to be an outward member of any ecclesiastical body whatever, however sound that body may be. There must be personal faith in Christ, personal dealings between yourself and God, personal felt communion between your heart and the Holy Ghost." Assuredly so, and the statement is good sound Catholic doctrine. Woe betide those Catholics who build imaginary entrenchments behind which their *personality* may escape the scathing fire that must try their souls! Has not the church ever held man's innermost personality to be a sanctum whither not even she could penetrate? Has she not infinitely dignified and ennobled it by the share she assigns it in working out God's will? Truly. Nor can we imagine an influence more elevating than continued meditation on the church's teaching as to the value of every human personality. No one of us is made in vain. Every man that cometh into this world brings with him a personal vocation, a personal destiny, the working out of which means the accomplishment of a masterpiece far surpassing the greatest poem, or painting, that human effort ever designed. And the completion of that masterpiece is each new man's contribution to the glory of the everlasting God. "The Eternal

* *External Religion*, pp. 88-91.

† *Ibid.*, p. 44.

Absolute is ever creating new forms of expressing Itself," says Father Hecker; and Father Tyrrell, in words scarce different, writes: "That same divine Truth and Goodness which is incarnate in Christ, though simple in itself, is inexhaustible in the infinite diversity of its possible manifestations. Each particular soul is capable of reflecting only some single and individual aspect of it. . . . No two ages, no two nationalities, no two individuals receive Christ or receive the Catholic religion into the same mould; and though what is received is the same, yet the measure of its reception, the shape it takes, the result of the combination, is always different. *Vide parvis sumptionis, quam sit dispar exitus*, says Aquinas: words which we may apply generally to the results of the external Catholic religion on different souls. The agent is always the same, but the reaction is never the same."* What new dignity comes to men thus pictured as really the Sons of the Most High! What new stimulus to moral perfection, to be and to do everything great that our Maker enables us to be and to do! What large incentive to universal co-operation in the Divine Plan, that priest and people alike, by personal initiative, by wise zeal, by intelligent co-ordination of all God-given activities, may build up the City of God, everlastingly fair, everlastingly good! Ah! it is through the cultivation of ideals such as these that the real flowering of Catholicity must come.

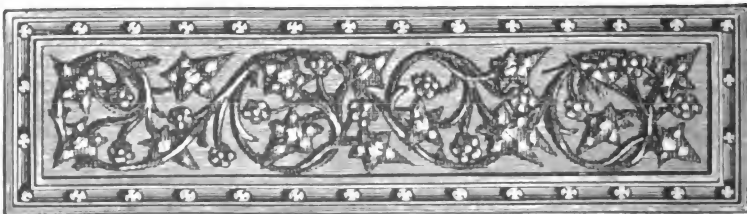
The reading public owes Father Tyrrell no mean debt for his share in developing and proclaiming them; nor is this the first time his labors have produced golden harvest. Perhaps no other thing will play so important a part in the victory we hope for as the wide-spread teaching of Catholic doctrines in their native grandeur, lofty, broad, pure, reasonable, carrying the seed of many a brilliant growth that, sown in congenial soil and carefully tended, will make the desert blossom as the rose. What more clearly a movement in this direction than the work in which our author has been engaging his

* *External Religion*, pp. 74, 75. The same truth is voiced by Leo XIII. in his Letter on Americanism in the following passage:

"The rule of life which is laid down for Catholics is not of such a nature as not to admit modifications, according to the diversity of time and place.—The Church indeed possesses what her Author has bestowed on her, a kind and merciful disposition; for which reason from the very beginning she willingly showed herself to be what Paul proclaimed in his own regard: *I became all things to all men, that I might save all*. The history of all past ages is witness that the Apostolic See, to which not only the office of teaching, but also the supreme government of the whole Church was committed, has constantly adhered to the same doctrine, in the same sense and in the same mind; but it has always been accustomed to so modify the rule of life that, while keeping the divine right inviolate, it has never disregarded the manners and customs of the various nations which it embraces."

energies? These Conferences, just published, that splendid volume of last year, *Hard Sayings*, his English edition of *The Saints*,* are various indications of his interest in the cultivation by our people of what is highest and best. *Hard Sayings* can scarcely be overpraised so truly does it strike home to a long-neglected want. "Only the books," says the Abbé Hogan in his chapter on Spiritual Reading, "which are to some extent in harmony with the man can be really helpful to him; to persist in using others is worse than a waste of time; it begets disgust, and leads to a total abandonment of what should be an inexhaustible source of spiritual knowledge and strength." A striking comment on the failure of much that is current as spiritual literature, and the use of which never produces any palpable result. But a movement in the right direction is under way. With a truer conception of Catholic ideals, with the example of men like Father Tyrrell, spiritual, learned, graceful, vigorous, modern as he is, with the inspiration born of nourishment fit for persons at once pious and intelligent,—with all this now apparently in our grasp, the dawn of a brighter day seems to be glimmering on the hill-tops, and we pray with new courage and hope for a Catholic revival that will equal the greatest epoch of rejuvenation in other ages and other lands.

* A French series of hagiographical works, under the general editorship of M. Joly, sometime professor at the Sorbonne.

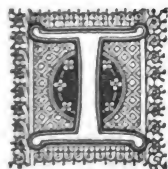




OOM PAUL KRÜGER, PRESIDENT OF THE TRANSVAAL REPUBLIC.
(*Most recent photograph.*)

THE SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC.

BY REV. GEORGE McDERMOT, C.S.P.



It is thought that the controversy between the United Kingdom and the South African Republic has reached the last argument of states. In the cause of justice we should be pleased to put before the readers of this magazine our opinions on the merits of the question.

From the most recent information we learn that a force of fifty thousand men are ready for service against the Republic. They are trained troops from every part of the British Empire except Ireland. We have not heard that there is any intention of diminishing the army of occupation in that part of the United Kingdom.

RIGHTS AS A SUZERAIN POWER.

The question is officially treated—in fact must be treated—

on the part of the Empire as a breach by the Republic of the sovereign rights of the Empire as the suzerain power. Suzerainty is a word of indefinite import; it has found its way into a convention between the Empire and the Republic, it is constantly on the lips of Mr. Chamberlain; the changes are rung upon it in the English press; it is like the blessed word Mesopotamia with the old country-woman, the whole law and the Gospel.*

It is by virtue of this word that a right to interfere with and control the domestic legislation of the Republic is claimed by the Empire. We do not know what American citizens would say if the United Kingdom claimed a right to regulate the franchise of the United States; still less are we able to form a judgment of the view they would take if that power insisted that British subjects should be vested with all the rights of American citizens while retaining British allegiance, and avowedly for the purpose of using those rights to destroy the government of the United States. In this inability to gauge the public spirit of Americans we are at least able to apply ourselves to those fundamental principles of morality upon which all international relations rest.

THE HISTORY OF THE CASE.

In 1884 the debatable points between the Republic and the Empire were considered settled. The word suzerainty had been omitted from the London Convention signed in the preceding year. It is again resuscitated, partly on the ground that all the conventions are still in force and partly because it expresses the relation between the two powers fixed by certain covenants contained in the London Convention. We do not at all suggest that the colonial secretary—a man skilful in debate—likes a high-sounding word on the meaning of which even authorities in English and feudal law are not agreed.

But in 1884 the Boers were left to themselves. There was no question as to the status of the Republic. It had agreed not to extend its boundaries in two directions, it had agreed not to make treaties with any foreign power, except the Orange Free State, without permission from the Colonial Office.

* We take the following declarations from the *Times* of Thursday, August 31, with reference to the liberal concessions offered by President Krüger: "They are offered to us . . . if we will renounce our suzerainty or consent to go to arbitration with the Transvaal as with a 'sovereign international state.' Conditions of that kind could not be discussed, much less accepted, in return for any concessions, however ample or however genuine."

For the rest, the Boers might enjoy peace on the broad, barren tracts at times blasted of all herbage by the sun, and upon which, for the most part, life could only be maintained under conditions similar to those under which the black men before them had lived. The black men, when not hunting, shifted



THE PEOPLE OF JOHANNESBURG LISTENING TO WAR NEWS.

their cattle from place to place, chasing the changes of the sky. So bare of grass is the land for parts of the year that it is only by the possession of a great range subsistence for cattle can be obtained. The dwellings of the Boers were in consequence far apart, hence the saying that a Boer will migrate if he sees smoke on any part of the horizon. They are a lonely and morose people, stern as the old Puritans, seeking in Deuteronomy for the guidance of conduct. This is the painting of their enemies. Yet it may be said there must be fine qualities in the men who sacrificed their homes in Cape Colony and in Natal rather than submit to the rule of strangers, fine qualities in those who abandoned their homesteads and their farms in a fertile land to seek a free home in the distant wilderness and face a life in which the usages and the needs of civiliza-

tion would find no place. This was how things stood when the gold mines were discovered and opened prospects of untold wealth to the speculator and the miner of the British colonies, to the capitalists of England, to the countless shareholders of the Chartered Company, so many of whom had found their stock a *damnosa hereditas*, but who might now hope to be repaid for their trust in the virtual proconsul of South Africa.

THE MEANING OF SUZERAINTY.

The use of the word suzerainty was given up in the last Convention in deference to the objections of the Boers. It is now revived as though a constitutional term, and is everywhere, in the press and on the platform, so employed that, consciously or unconsciously, the idea has spread that the Transvaal is not merely a dependent state—and this would be going far enough—but a state the existence of which is terminable at will by the superior power. It may be of interest and assistance to consider some instances of the relation of states expressed by the word. We have already referred to it as one of somewhat vague application, and we have hinted the possibility that crown lawyers suggested its employment in the expectation that the representatives of a rude and primitive people would take it as only a descriptive title of the effect of certain articles in the older convention and not as the constitutional expression of dependence on the British crown.

A good instance of the general character of the relation expressed by suzerainty was that between the crown of France and the great feudatories of the kingdom. The Duke of Burgundy, the Duke of Brittany, the Duke of Normandy were sovereign princes, but not independent princes; they were the vassals of the King of France. The Duke of Normandy as King of England was a sovereign of equal pretensions with the King of France, but he held his duchy of Normandy from that potentate. But the only bond in fact was that of allegiance. The duke did homage, but it does not appear that he was bound to service or to the other incidents of feudal tenure. It appears, however, that the Duke of Burgundy and the other sovereign princes were in a greater or less degree deemed, at least technically, subject to all the incidents including wardship and military service. But in no instance, not even in those cases in which the feudatory approached almost to the boundaries of ordinary vassalage, was it ever pretended that a

king of France could interfere with the domestic concerns of a sovereign vassal. It was held that any such interference released a vassal of this class from his allegiance, and *ipso facto* constituted him an independent prince.

NO SUZERAINTY IN THE LAST CONVENTION.

If we look to the last Convention, there is no suzerainty over the Transvaal; if we, for a moment, take the effect of certain articles as tantamount to such a claim, unquestionably coercive interference with the domestic affairs of that Republic

would, on the analogy of the cases mentioned, terminate the dependence. We have presented the contention on the basis offered by the Colonial Office, but we have yet to learn that a state forfeits its independence when it enters into a compact limiting the exercise of its rights. There are treaties of all kinds. When America, by virtue of an extradition treaty, surrenders a fugitive from justice, she surrenders no right; she only expresses the proposition that her territory shall not be the asylum of crime. The whole civilized world says the criminal must hide himself in regions to which the comity of nations does not extend; but no state within that comity means to surrender one jot, one tittle of its independence when it recognizes the claims of justice in another nation. Nothing can be inferred in favor of the British contention from the conditions contained in treaties. Quite the reverse; the very existence of a treaty is the recognition of a title to make it—that is to say, the title of an equal with an equal, not a subject with a sovereign. Who has ever heard of a subject bind-

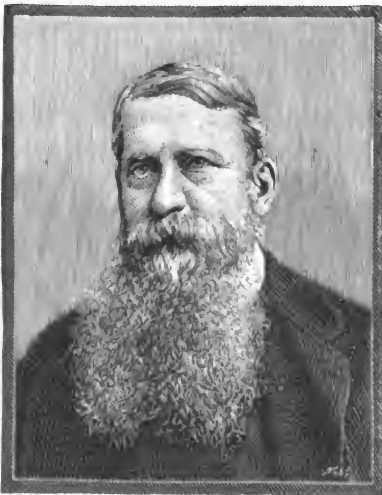


GENERAL JOUBERT, OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN
REPUBLIC.

ing himself by a treaty to enter into no engagements with foreign powers? The Foreign Enlistment Acts would soon settle his pretensions if he had engaged himself to serve against a power in amity with the United Kingdom. The cat-paws of the Jameson Raid discovered, that though the African proconsul was behind them, that though the Colonial Office was watching with interest the rising of the tide, that failure meant ignoring by the proconsul and disavowal by the minister.

A SCOTCH INSTANCE.

There is an instance of a claim of suzerainty to which we invite the attention of our fellow-citizens of Scotch descent. Edward I. of England claimed such a right over the crown of Scotland. The claim, so far as the authority of English heralds goes, was never abandoned; yet notwithstanding that claim the distinction or doctrine of the *Post Nati* became a burning question after the accession of James I. The truth is there was no right of the kind, though such a right was pretended. It was the assertion put forward by might, clothing itself in the garb of right. Fortunately the Scotch defended themselves by arms and not by arguments. If they



SIR HENRY LOCH, CHIEF COMMISSIONER
OF CAPE COLONY.

had done the latter, a few men living in England would now draw great incomes from vast pastures between the Border and the Grampians, a dozen of herdsmen would form the population of the Lowlands, a fishing village would occupy a small spot of the site of Glasgow, the changes which make Edinburgh an object of interest to every man of taste would not have passed over the inhabitants of a hamlet lying at a castle's feet, the Highlands would be the home of naked hunters like those of New York State three hundred years ago.

VARIOUS TITLES DISCUSSED.

We are bound to treat the conventions as evidence by the British Empire against itself on the status of the other high



THE PRESIDENT AND MRS. KRÜGER.

contracting party ; as the admission of the strong power that the weak one had an original and fundamental independence, and not a contingent autonomy granted by the strong power. In this view anything conceded by the Republic must be regarded as either wrung from her or agreed to for the purpose of securing peace. The question of right is not determined by concessions of expediency, though they may be looked to as evidence *pro tanto* where the title has become obscured by lapse of time. But they are of no value where the title of the party employing them is based upon a transaction within living memory. Now this is the case on which the advocates of the

British title stand. They say the Boers were subjugated in 1877, and the Empire acquired a title by conquest. Our desire to keep strictly within the space allotted to us prevents anything like an examination of a title by conquest. Nothing can be more difficult than to determine, first, what conquest means; second, what rights of the conquered are extinguished and when. Every difficulty in the way of a title by prescription lies in the way of one by conquest, in addition to all the difficulties peculiar to itself.

But the advocates of the British claim see no difficulty whatever; the South African Republic was created by the British Empire, and so created that its existence depended on the will of that power. Our Scotch fellow-citizens have in their own history a practical illustration of the nature of a title by conquest and the difficulties attending it. No Scotchman will admit, no Englishman for that matter will now assert, that what was called the conquest of Scotland by Edward I. extinguished the national life of that country. That monarch had overrun Scotland, his castles everywhere controlled the subject people; but resistance was maintained in fastnesses by desperate men who were called outlaws, robbers, murderers, rebels. For five centuries the name of one of those outlaws has been an inspiration to every lover of freedom. He was at length captured, executed as a rebel, quartered, and his limbs hung in chains to intimidate all who might again dare to stand against the power of a Plantagenet. But the name of Wallace stirs to its depths the heart of every Scotchman, and we can only wonder that Scotchmen in Australia have volunteered to serve against the Boers.

A GLIMPSE OF THE TRANSVAAL HISTORY.

The history of the South African Republic is peculiar and interesting. Certain Dutch colonists at the Cape did not accept the authority of the British when Cape Colony was taken from the Dutch. They abandoned their homes and founded a settlement in Natal. It is, we think, admitted that the representatives of Britain did not fail to make the Dutch feel something of the pains of possession by a strange power. It can hardly be contended that the British acquired rights to the whole unoccupied part of the African Continent by their entrance into the Dutch possessions. This seems to have been the view of the colonists who intended to seek a home elsewhere. They set up a system of government in Natal in cir-

cumstances and under conditions somewhat similar to those attending the establishment of the North American colonies by men from Holland and men from England. Now, there is something like what is called by feudal lawyers the *scintilla juris* in the British claim to Natal. They followed the Dutch settlers and laid claim to the territory won by them from nature and the savages. Among these Dutchmen were some to whom this exercise of British power seemed an aggression without right or against right. These men went into the remote wilderness beyond the Vaal and were again followed by the British government, as though it was impossible for men born in a territory acquired by the Empire, and against whose authority their whole lives was a protest, to divest themselves of British allegiance. The consequence of this doctrine is, that no matter into what unoccupied lands the Boers might find their way their settlement in them made the territory British. This is at least one unconscious premise of the British argument, and by no means the least effective in producing the vigor of feeling which has been manifested for some time.

THE YIELDING OF RIGHTS IN 1881.

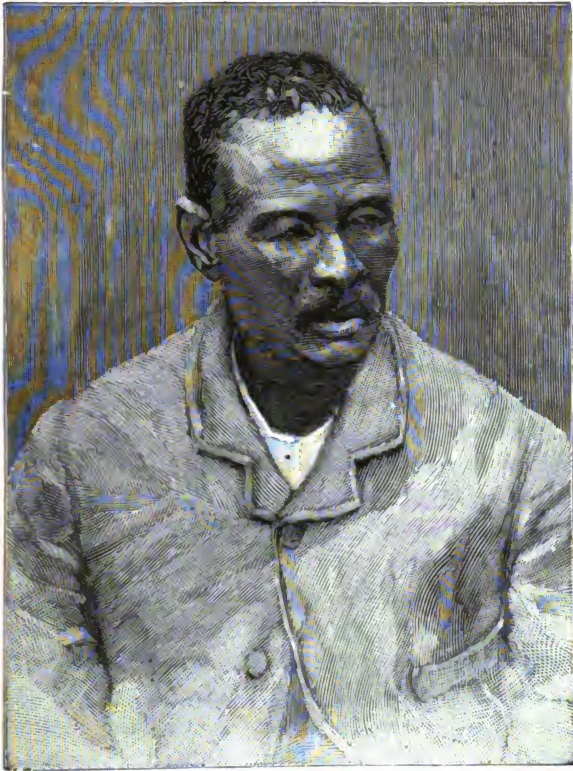
Though the title by conquest is the formal one asserted, the doctrine we speak of is the principle underlying the title of suzerainty enlarged to a right to interfere with the domestic concerns of the Boers. It would seem to have some kind of an authority when, by the Convention of 1881, the British were empowered to appoint a Resident at Pretoria, with the right of veto upon all the dealings of the Boers with the natives within the Transvaal. But surely even this right, as it sprang from a treaty, could not have drawn with it other rights, and above all a right to control the legislature. Be that as it may, the Boers were constantly protesting against the Resident's action. We cannot determine whether it was unnecessarily vexatious or, on the other hand, whether the Boers dealt with the Kafirs as men deal with slaves, and that in consequence energy was demanded at the hands of the Resident. The important consideration is that Mr. Gladstone amended the Convention of 1881. Every objection of the Boers was allowed, and among them that against the office of Resident. By the London Convention, instead of a resident, an official, partly a consul-general, partly a *chargé d'affaires*, with a smaller salary, took up his quarters at Pretoria. This is important on the constitutional question. Diplomatic relations pure and simple

are a very different matter from a condition of things in which the representative of one power possesses a degree of controlling influence over another. The ambassadors of the powers at Constantinople, no doubt, restrain the Sultan. But without going farther into the question of what the appointment of a resident meant as an expression of the relations between the Empire and the Republic, the abolition of the office removes it as an element of argument.

THE QUESTION IN A NUTSHELL.

There can be no question of this: that it was the discovery of the gold mines that created all the interest and excitement attending the relations of the two states. What happened? Speculators and their followers rushed to the scene. A wave of cupidity swept over Great Britain. Mr. Chamberlain, at the Colonial Office, had the ambition to send down his name to posterity as a minister who consolidated the British Empire over the earth as no one before him had dreamed of. Everything was favorable to the views of an ambitious and unscrupulous man. The African proconsul could not brook the idea of an independent power, not merely in proximity to the South African possessions but girdled by them. The conflicting interests of the capitalists and the Republic ripened into passions, and the town which had sprung up by magic near the mines became the theatre of a foreign conspiracy against the government which protected those aliens by its laws. The way the matter seems now to hang is: Are the Boers to surrender to strangers all that they acquired by sacrifice and courage rare in our day?

This question of franchise in the South African Republic ought not to be looked at in a way different from that in which a similar question in this country would be regarded if British subjects claimed to exercise a power of voting against the judgment of the United States. It resolves itself into this: strangers who went into the Transvaal with no intention of remaining there permanently, whose object was to make money, seek a dominant influence in the government. It is not a claim to the franchise; it is a demand that all the results of a war shall be granted to them under the form of a civil privilege and the pretence of a civil right. The raid, which stands unparalleled for the hypocrisy of its professions and the effrontery with which it was organized, cannot be put out of account as a factor in the controversy. It settles the question



MR. RHODES' ALLY, KHAMA, CHIEF OF THE BAMANGWATO.

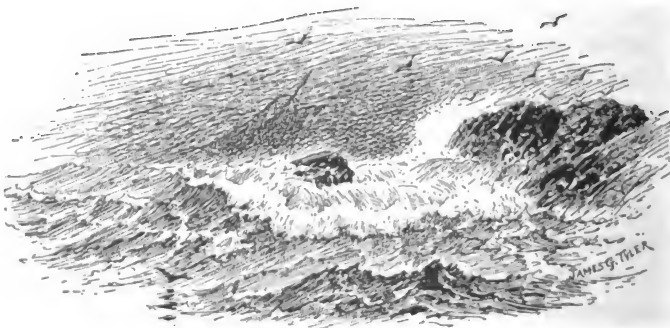
of the independence of the Republic. The acts under which Jameson and his associates were tried are laws passed to preserve the neutrality of the United Kingdom in respect of friendly powers. The directions of Lord Russell at the trial and the finding of the jury are the authoritative judgment of the British Empire on the constitutional relation; that is, on the question not only of what constitutes a friendly power within the meaning of the enactments, but on the question whether the South African Republic was such a power within their meaning.

CONTENTIOUS SPIRIT OF THE COLONIAL OFFICE.

It is amazing, with this decision within a few years, that we have the claim of a suzerainty revived; we have it gradually widened, we have it at length extending to the degree of wiping out the weaker power. Conferences between the High Commissioner at the Cape and President Krüger are pointed

out as a recognition of the fundamental claims of the Uitlanders to the franchise, and the only matter in doubt is as to terms and conditions. We cannot see it in that light. We are very certain if the President were not anxious to avoid a war he would not have agreed to a conference at all. We think that a sense of fair play, that a spirit of justice, should have guided the counsels of the great Empire, which is dragged into this quarrel by the greed of men already rich, and the greed of men hastening to be rich, when for them and their instruments she used an influence practically irresistible to compel a little state to submit to a conference questions in no way within the purview of international relations. There ought to have been a marked regard for the susceptibilities of a high-spirited people. Instead, threats not veiled, a public opinion at boiling point, demands put forward as the vindication of a violated right, a minister acting like an agitator, have combined to bring on a crisis the history of which will have a place among the crimes of nations.

We have purposely avoided presenting some points which would bear upon the good faith of the persons urging the imperial government to extreme measures. We are glad that Radical opinion, for the most part, is still true to those principles of justice to which Mr. Gladstone consecrated his life. If those Liberals who, like Mr. Chamberlain have abandoned those principles, had one particle of foresight, they would have foreseen the possibility of some curb to the fierce career of the Colonial Office such as that given so recently by the German press ; and spared all British subjects the shame of seeing it shrink from the opinion of a great power when deaf to the rights of a weak one.



WHITHER THOU GOEST I WILL GO.

BY CLAUDE M. GIRARDEAU.



AMONG the few old Catholic families of Riverton were the Bonnemortes; once, indeed, of proud estate and slaves innumerable, but now, in company with many others of blood as blue, reduced to a dilapidated manor and one maid-of-all-work.

Vivien Bonnemorte had married, much against his mother's wish, a village beauty of his own faith, but of family far below him. She was also a woman of tenacity, not to say obstinacy; and Mme. Bonnemorte found it more and more agreeable to confine herself to her own apartments in a wing of the old house.

Her contemporaries, bereft of fortune like herself, were either dead or exiled to other parishes. She concentrated her ambition and affection upon her only granddaughter, Constance, who had inherited nothing from her plebeian mother, for the Bonnemorte women were also beautiful.

Vivien and his wife, feeling the pinch of poverty under stress of bringing up a family of boys, were quite willing that Constance should profit by her grandmother's partiality, for, like all Southern women of good birth, Mme. Bonnemorte had been soundly instructed in music, languages, and certain branches of art. She was, truth to tell, somewhat contemptuous of mathematics; but an *élégante* in literature and criticism. Her philosophy she took from the Fathers of the church, but Bach and Beethoven were the gods of her musical idolatry, and if poverty in later years prevented an acquaintance with Saint-Saëns and Wagner, she had been as well drilled in Italian music as a Catalani or a Malibran, and had had a noble voice.

Constance, therefore, found as much solid pleasure in the "Missa Papæ Marcelli" of Palestrina and the madrigals of Festa and Marenzio as a more modern student would have found in the "St. Paul" of Mendelssohn or the "Genevieve" of Schumann.

But the girl was now seventeen, and Mme. Bonnemorte realized keenly the limit of her resources. The idea of Con-

stance marrying in the village and settling down to ordinary existence was insupportable to her. Yet, what could she do?

At this juncture of affairs the energetic leader of the choir, a certain Mrs. Marshbanks, decided upon a concert of "home talent" (since there was none other to be had), as a prelude to the desirable conclusion of enough money with which at least to begin the building of a new church.

Constance good-humoredly forgot various snubbings in choir and consented to contribute to the evening's entertainment. Mme. Bonnemorte was to play her accompaniments, and the Riverton public gazed curiously at her, for she seldom went out.

While waiting behind the scenes of the improvised stage, Mrs. Marshbanks brought some one to her for introduction, and she put up a glass to scan the visitor with a haughtiness that excited his curiosity.

"My nephew, Cyril Desmond, madame. He has come unexpectedly from New York."

"Ah!" said madame, dropping the glass. To be from the North was scarcely a recommendation to her favor.

"He is," Mrs. Marshbanks hastily added, "a professional cotton-buyer and an amateur piano-player."

"Could there be a more hopeless conjunction?" exclaimed Desmond, laughing. "That is too bad of you, Aunt Sophie. Allow me, madame, to play for you."

"I shall be pleased to hear you," said madame indifferently. "It has been a long time since I have heard any music."

This was cruel of her, for when Cyril had protested against the infliction of a village concert his aunt had replied sharply:

"Don't be ridiculous. We are not in the backwoods. Some of Mme. Bonnemorte's pupils know quite as much about piano as you do, and I want you to hear Constance sing." This was self-sacrificing on her part, as Mrs. Marshbanks sang also.

Cyril forgot his *fin-de siècle* attitude when Constance appeared.

"Ah!" he said to himself, "Aunt Sophie omitted to mention that her nightingale is also a bird-of-paradise."

He listened to her voice with a thorough appreciation of its quality and technique.

"She has the making in her of a very great artist," he said to Mrs. Marshbanks afterwards.

"Oh! I don't know about that," she demurred, womanlike, to his amusement.

"But she has. Don't be provincial, Aunt Sophie. I suppose she is poor and proud?"

"Yes; both to an unusual degree."

Desmond, who was bored by life, set his wits to work. He remembered that he knew the director of the College of Music of St. Botolph, and wrote him with the enthusiasm of a man who has made a discovery. But he found that he had to do battle with Mme. Bonnemorte, who had been convent-bred.

"Well," said Cyril, feeling quicksand, "the modern up-to-date college leaves its pupils to do as they please—that is, religiously. They make a good deal of their chapel services at St. Botolph, and clerics of every shade of sectarianism deliver addresses on every conceivable subject to those who attend."

"But the Catholics, Mr. Desmond?"

"No provision is made for them, but they are not burned at the stake. The Church of the Assumption is very near the college."

Madame felt a contraction of the heart.

"It sounds terribly unprotected to me," she said, "but I am old-fashioned, I know. Still, I do not like this ultra-modern idea of woman. Constance has been my companion. Oh, if I could only go with her!"

"I am glad you cannot," said Desmond coolly. "You cannot be always with her, and, believe me, it is a mistake to coddle the girl of the period. She must be independent—especially if she is to lead a public life."

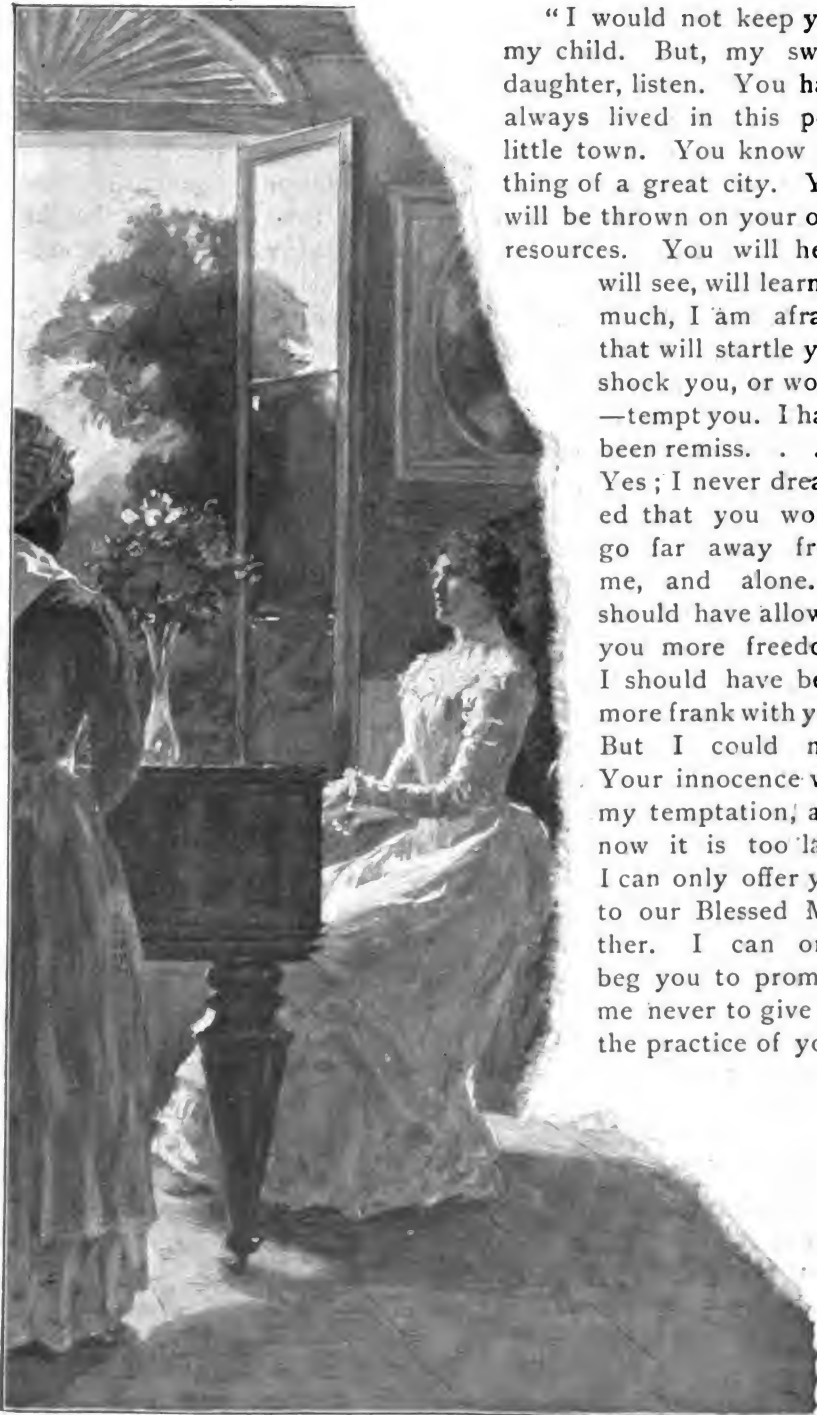
"A public life, Mr. Desmond?"

"*You* are not provincial, madame. You know as well as I do that a woman can be a good woman and a great singer at the same time."

Madame allowed herself to be persuaded, but she was not convinced. By the first of September Constance was ready for St. Botolph, with a meagre wardrobe and a heart as light as air. Her father was jubilant, her mother proud in her peculiar silent way; but her grandmother trembled. Only the Blessed Mother knew the tears that were shed and the prayers that were offered at her gracious feet.

When the day of departure came, madame, who had been to a very early Mass, went into Constance's room. The girl awoke, remembered, then nestled her head in her grandmother's lap.

"Dearest, I will not go if it makes you so very unhappy."



"I would not keep you, my child. But, my sweet daughter, listen. You have always lived in this poor little town. You know nothing of a great city. You will be thrown on your own resources. You will hear,

will see, will learn so much, I am afraid, that will startle you, shock you, or worse—tempt you. I have been remiss. . . .

Yes; I never dreamed that you would go far away from me, and alone. I should have allowed you more freedom. I should have been more frank with you. But I could not. Your innocence was my temptation; and now it is too late. I can only offer you to our Blessed Mother. I can only beg you to promise me never to give up the practice of your

"FOUND SOLID PLEASURE IN PALESTRINA AND THE MADRIGALS OF FESTA."

religion. It will be your safeguard. If I cannot be with you, I must know that you are with our Blessed Mother."

"Ah, ma mère, how could you think I would ever forget?"

"My darling, my child, you do not realize what the world is. It is very beautiful to those who please it, as you will do. See, my dearest, you are so anxious to be loved. You yield to a sweet importunity. You are easily moved by an appeal to your heart."

"Am I, then, so inconstant?"

"No, no; you are my Constance. But you must learn to be a little cold, a little reluctant, even a tiny bit suspicious and proud. Not that I want my child to have the pride of the heart, but the pride of bearing, of that *noblesse oblige* that distinguishes the woman of birth from the woman of coarse fibre. Make a pedestal of your pride; put it under your feet—be elevated by it. Others will like you all the better for it."

"Oh! my wise dear mother, I will remember."

The two clasped each other tenderly, exchanged kisses, mingled their tears. Constance felt that she could never be happy again; yet when the wheels of the train for the North began to revolve, and the flat country about the town slipped away, giving place to soft hills and unfamiliar prospects, her spirits rose again. She gave Desmond, to whose care she was confided, an eloquent look.

"You are going to enjoy yourself, I think," he said, wishing he could subtract fifteen from his forty years.

"Yes indeed," replied seventeen cheerfully, "I am."

But the immense city, and the immense college with its hundreds of pupils, bewildered her. She even felt afraid of the great church, with its dazzling altars, its noble statues, its superb choir. The confessionals of carved marble with iron gratings made her feel still more afraid. She could not summon up courage to tell the shadowy shape within that she felt frightened, friendless.

For a week or so she was alone in her room in the college dormitory; but miserable as her loneliness made her, she preferred solitude to sharing the space with an utter stranger, with this girl who walked in unceremoniously one evening, saying without prelude:

"You're a Catholic, I see?"

"And you?" was the timid counter-question.

"I?"—taking an airy pose and swinging a foot—"I am a Buddhist—an Esoteric Theosophist."

Constance looked at her doubtfully. The Theosophist smiled.

"Sometimes," she continued, "I am rather inclined to Shintoism—especially when I gaze into the Symbol of Eternity." She picked up a hand-mirror and looked pensively at her reflection, a charming one, if the hair about the irregular features was decidedly red, and the green-gray eyes artistically darkened with a Kohl-pencil.

This apparition was an astonishment to Constance, who had never had an intimate of her own age.

She found Madalen at once puzzling, attractive, and repulsive. At first it seemed impossible to share not only the small space but the bed with the new-comer; but youth quickly accustoms itself to change, and Constance was by circumstances compelled to make a friend of her companion.

Madalen, who was a year or so her senior in point of age and a dozen in point of experience, soon turned her transparent mind inside out and laughed to herself at the innocent revelation of the life in Riverton. But she was also amazed at the musical training Constance had received:

"Mon dieu! I wish I had been as well taught. You are grounded, without doubt. All you need, my love, is experience and practice. Your voice has been placed to perfection."

Then one morning, when the two heads were on one pillow: "Why should you drudge so, donna mia? Why not go out with me sometimes and enjoy life a bit?"

Constance colored deeply. "I came to study—" and she began to dress.

"Well," said Madalen, "you'd much better go on a lark now and then, and brighten yourself up, than run the risk of ruining your voice by going to early Mass as you do."

When Constance did take cold through imprudence, Madalen joyfully haled her to the doctor's sanctum.

The doctor proved to be a handsome, keen young woman, professional in every respect; what she would herself have designated as "without any nonsense."

"What are you studying, Miss Bonnemorte?"

"Voice and piano."

"With Rossetti?"

"Yes."

"You must not go out early these bitter mornings or you will ruin your voice. You are not accustomed to the climate and you will make yourself seriously ill. You room with Miss

Van Baal?" The physician and Madalen exchanged glances of mutual understanding.

"She tells me you mope too much and work too hard; that you deny yourself all pleasure. Now, that is simple nonsense. If you expect to be a successful singer you must keep your beauty as well as your voice. You cannot make a cloister of the stage."

"But I am not going on the stage," expostulated Constance.

"Why not? Go less to church and oftener to the theatre, and you will change your mind. And when people offer you concert tickets they cannot use themselves, do not refuse them. Here are two now. I turn you over to Madalen. Remember, what I prescribe is, less Mass and more matinée. Just keep your mouth shut when you are out of doors, and do not stay up too late at night."

"I could not if I wanted to. The lights go out at ten."

The others laughed, and Madalen hooked herself under Constance's arm and carried her off.

But Constance refused the concert tickets, as her throat was indeed sore, and spent a wretched day or two in silence and semi-solitude.

An evening or so after this she sat disconsolate, looking out of the one window at the wintry streets far below, when Madalen entered, violin in hand.

"Beloved owl!" she exclaimed, running scales with fairy-like rapidity on muted strings, "if you will persist in reflecting, do so in correct Shinto." She put the mirror into Constance's hand.

"My gracious, Constance, I wish I were as beautiful as you are! I would—"

"Would what?" asked Constance, at once "reflecting."

"Why, I would put my foot on the neck of the world, just as Bernhardt does."

"That woman!"

For Constance had been taken to see "La Tosca" and "Camille," and had filled Madalen's soul with green envy over her proficiency in French.

But the consummate actress had disturbed and agitated the soul of innocence.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Madalen, capering about the room, for her violin-practice always excited her; "hear her, O Buddha! Yes, Bernhardt, or Patti, or Langtry, or any woman who has the world at her feet. This weapon is not bad"—she held up

the violin—"and Max says my arms are beautiful. But if I had your face and your voice, . . . well, the others would have to look to their laurels."

"But they are not good women, not one of them," faltered Constance.

Madalen gave her an oblique green glance, then sat down on the bed like Buddha in his ebony shrine opposite her, and observed the sole of a foot from which she had kicked the slipper:

"Two holes, and no time for darning! Say, St. Constance, I always imagined you Catholics were less given to sins against charity than a good many others."

"Yes; but charity pities sin; it does not condone it."

"Well,—what do you expect to do with your voice when you've trained it to suit the critical public ear?"

"I expect to use it."

"Where?"

"I haven't thought much about it."

"I'll warrant Rossetti has. Oh, goose, goose! Do you expect to go back to that moss-covered hamlet and sing Ave Marias once a week in the village choir?"

"No—I suppose not."

"Do you expect to wear your lovely voice to frazzles teaching *do, re, mi* to idiots who can't breathe?"

"No, no; never."

"Do you, then, expect to adorn some cloister with it, and warble matins at 4 A. M. and what-you-may-call-ems at 6 P. M. in a nun's choir, eh?"

"No, indeed; I am not fit."

"I should say not. Destiny, my beloved child, has marked you for the stage. Don't fly in the face of a smiling Providence. Fix your future in your eye and keep it there. Keep on saying Europe, stage, fame, money, and you'll get 'em; provided"—here the speaker relinquished the stocking and gazed penetratingly at Constance,—"*provided you take care of your good looks and of your health. Keep up your spirits, attend the gym, and do not go trotting out into twenty degrees below zero these frizzling mornings, when you've lived all your life in the tierra caliente!*" She snapped her fingers like castanets, hopped off the bed, and executed a *pas scul* in stockinged feet that set Constance to laughing aloud.

It was impossible to resist her contagious gayety. Then she flew to the piano, which she played almost as brilliantly

as she did the violin, and sang à la Guilbert with almost as much *élan* and suggestion as that disreputable genius herself.

"Oh! do not sing such things," cried Constance, who had also been taken to hear Yvette. But luckily the idiom of the last cry of art and filth was quite beyond the French of madame's convent days. Yet she laughed again, for Madalen was clever and provoking.

During the winter Constance was induced to accept invitations for matinées at different theatres, followed by dinner at cafés under the college ban. Rossetti now and then sent tickets for philharmonic and symphony concerts, and himself took Constance to her first grand opera. Mme. Rossetti was much taken by the girl's clear-cut beauty and Southern enthusiasm, and patted her glowing cheek approvingly, with: "Ah,

who knows? Some day, perhaps, you will be there yourself," with a shrug of the shoulders stageward. After this, when Madalen exhibited grand opera tickets, choice seats at prohibitive prices, with childlike abandon, Constance only feebly expostulated:



"TAKING AN AIRY POSE AND SWINGING A FOOT."

"But how can we take them? I know what they cost."

"Pouf!" exclaimed Madalen, "between you and me and the bedpost yonder they cost not a sou. One of my friends is a newspaper man. There is the secret."

So they went out evening after evening, Madalen evading college rules with a diplomacy worthy of a better cause; inventing situations, visiting "relations," and lying with a wide-eyed childishness that would have provoked admiration for its perfection. She became an adept in deception, if not in Theosophy, and drew Constance by imperceptible degrees along with her.

Of a luxurious temperament, and an artist to her finger-tips, she decided in very early youth to "go in for a good time," and her constitution, as is usual with women of her type, was of steel and whalebone.

At St. Botolph she made herself the soul of a clique of young women who called themselves "The Ghouls"—all talented, all unscrupulous, all thorough-going Bohemians, apparently held in check by college regulations, but infinite in expedients for circumventing them. It did not take them long to make acquaintance among the men whom they met in class; these in turn introduced outsiders to them, and in a short while they had the run of various studios, club-rooms, concert-halls, cafés, and hotels.

Some of the girls were poor, others were well-to-do. The latter paid their own way, and those of the men who had money paid for the others. It was a *camaraderie* more or less equivocal. The girls soon became worldly wise, "able to hold their own," as they expressed it; and what with familiarity with green-rooms of nearly every theatre in town, their "slumming" expeditions with university students and college men, there was very little of what they considered "life" that they did not know.

To this brilliant and doubtful clique Madalen was determined to introduce her room-mate. She had decided Constance's destiny in her own mind, and the future prima donna should first of all be her friend and accomplice in the world of art, and perhaps in society also.

So she said to one of the most cynical of her admirers, Max St. Quentin, on his return from Europe:

"Now, do be nice. I want you to meet Constance Bonne-morte. And don't shock her St. Agnes' sensibility into fits the very first time you do. We are not going to rush at once to Quong Sing's, but will begin with Beeth's."

"I understand," said Max; "the degeneration is to be gradual. But wait; did you not say she was a Catholic?"

"I did. She has given up going to early Mass, however, at my insistence. It really wasn't good for her. Now she says her little beads in her little bed, and not quite as often as of yore. You know I can sympathize with her, for I am a Catholic myself."

"Oh, are you? Then so am I."

Madalen stared at him in amusement, but for once he was in earnest.

"Hum!" she murmured, "some things are thereby explained. Say, I'll wager your dear mother intended you originally for the priesthood?"

"What? Is there something of the soutane in the cut of this coat? But I believe she did—once upon a time."

"Glad she changed her mind. Wouldn't have met you. You are, then, just the man I want. Pray resurrect a bit of your early training for Constance's benefit. She is still innocence itself."

"Play Faust to her Marguerite?"

"Oh dear, no! The other *rôle* will suit you far better."

She laughed at him and ran away, promising to bring Constance in a moment.

Max walked over to a bit of statuary and stood before it apparently lost in admiration—in reality revolving many other things in mind.

He was a sculptor of much originality, young, alone in the city, of foreign birth, without home-ties, craving success, hard-working, careless about his pleasures, yet in a way fastidious. He had been attracted the year before by Madalen, and on her account had "gone in with her set," and it was owing to his influence that they had admittance to the most exclusive ateliers of the city.

He was, however, dissatisfied with life. He had thrown his religion disdainfully overboard, as being an anachronism in a republic, and had made up his mind to marry Madalen, piqued by her wit and knowing that her talents and unscrupulousness would make her a valuable yoke-fellow. Otherwise, matrimonial cares would sit lightly on either. Yet his finest piece of modelling was a pathetic figure of St. Aloysius, at which Madalen had laughed heartily. When the sound of her returning voice at the door made him remember his manners, the first sight of her companion gave him an unexpected sensation. If his

hat had been on his head, he would have instantly removed it. If it had been the sixteenth and not the nineteenth century, he would have bent a knee at this shrine of chivalry. The moment of exaltation of soul past, his sculptor's eye seized upon Constance's beauty of face and nobility of figure, thrown into full relief by the severe yet unaffected simplicity; almost poverty, of her dress. He admired her childlike self-possession, for she had the unconsciousness of a fawn, and he saw at once that she was not of his world, nor yet of society's.

There was no premeditation in the frank and timid interrogation of her scrutiny of his dark face.

"She has always lived outside," he said to himself. "She is just a 'simple maiden in her flower'; Timonetta at Fiesole—she looks as if she had a 'hundred coat-of-arms' herself."

Still, despite her innocent pride of bearing, which touched and amused him, he could see from the sensitive lips and wistful eyes that she was young enough to be influenced, to be spoiled, to be irredeemably smirched in imagination; inexperienced enough to mistake gilding for gold, and proud enough to become hopelessly hard when disenchanted.

She would never die of a broken heart. A sudden anger with her and with Madalen, who was watching him, seized him; but he hid it and said carelessly:

"So Miss Van Baal has persuaded you to go with us, Miss Bonnemorte?"

"Since when 'Van Baal'?" exclaimed Madalen. "Would not the others laugh?"

"I dare say. Have your family always lived up to the name?" he asked Constance, with amusement.

"Undoubtedly," she returned, "since they all die well."

He smiled into her heaven-colored eyes, pleased with the depth and purity of her voice.

"Have you never been to Beeth's?"

"Sh! not so loud," warned Madalen, finger to lip; "the House-Dragon might hear, and the jig would be up."

"Then where are we going?" Max inquired impatiently.

Madalen scanned his face narrowly.

"To Steinway Hall, to hear the popular idol"; then laughed at his expression. "Oh, yes we are! But we won't stay long," she added in an undertone.

"You see," said Constance timidly, "this is to be a lark. I am so anxious to see Beeth's at night. Madalen says the very best Botolphians go there."



"SPENT A WRETCHED DAY IN SILENCE."

This a little doubtfully, as if to sustain a possibly disputed point.

"So they do—the best of their kind," replied Max cynically.

One or two of the Ghouls joined them.

"Who chaperons to-night?" asked Madalen, conscious that Max was looking at her speculatively; also conscious that she was at her best in a brown velvet coat that made her hair flame and her eyes jewels.

"I do," said a massive, dark-browed young woman in a profound voice. She was dressed in pronounced masculine style,

and carried a cane under her arm. The others laughed derisively; even Max's lips twitched.

"You flatter me," replied the chaperon suavely; "the Dragon appointed me herself 'on my own recognizances.' But come on, or we'll not be in at the death. You know," she continued as they passed the smiling Dragon in the hall, "he plays that 'Song of the Exile' so divinely."

They left cards at the door and filed out decorously. Max, recalling a speech of Madalen's about Southern gallantry, hastened to Constance's side and offered an arm which was accepted with a sigh of relief, for Constance was feeling rather out of her element, notwithstanding her acquaintance with the Ghouls. As yet they puzzled her, and she delighted them.

Madalen, with a curious glance at the two, hesitated, then took the arm of the chaperon, said something in her ear that made her laugh aloud, and they walked rapidly ahead.

They were joined by several men a few squares from the college.

"Say," said Madalen, "where is Frederick the Great to-night?"

"Oh! he sends regrets," said one of the men; "he's pegging at some beastly composition for the Competitive. We told him he was an ass—but he lighted the fire of genius just as we left."

"We'll go and put it out," was the immediate chorus, with a recitative from Madalen of, "Oh, if we only had a hand-organ!"

Constance was more bewildered than entertained.

"Say," cried another, "let's stop at the Med. and rout out Fremont. He's gloating over some hideous specimen up in the dissecting-room. You ought to see it."

"Good!" said one of the girls, a slip of a thing with soft brown eyes; "I've always wanted to go there."

"Where are you going, my pretty Ghoul?" began her escort, when Max called out impatiently:

"Not to-night; we are late as it is. It is nearly eight."

"What's on at Beeth's at eight, anyhow?" inquired the chaperon.

"Been napping, Susan?" said the young fellow with her. "Why, it's Agnes Daily's turn about in 'Orange Blossoms.'"

"The one they call Agnus Dei because—" the rest of the sentence was drowned in the shriek of laughter that followed.

Constance gripped Max by the arm and stopped short. He faced about.

"Well," he said coolly, "what is it?"

"I do not like this. What is Beeth's, Mr. St. Quentin?"

"A very beautiful place where the very best people go to see, hear, and enjoy the very worst things."

"And you want to take me there?" Her voice descending struck a scale of emotion and indignation. Something seemed to stifle her.

Max looked at her satirically, for he was vexed with himself.

"I never said so. You wanted to go, and I am perfectly willing to take you."

"Perfectly willing?" she said, aghast.

He hesitated, then added:

"It is absurd to take such high moral grounds at this age of the world. Beeth's is not the pit of perdition by any means. There are other places. You are out of your century, Una."

The Ghouls had disappeared around the corner. The sound of their jeering laughter floated back.

A woman, tall, clothed in black, passed the two and ascended the flight of stone steps at whose foot they stood. The electric light fell upon her face as she went up.

"Oh, Mr. St. Quentin," whispered Constance sharply, "look, look! There goes Mme. Bonnemorte, my grandmother. What on earth is she doing here? I do not understand."

She gazed, seized with a trembling. Suddenly through the brilliant windows of the cathedral a flood of harmony rushed upon the night, then ceased.

"Come," said Constance, ascending the steps also; "come."

She beckoned her companion, who hesitated an instant, then followed, dipping his finger mechanically in the font at the door.

Constance advanced up the aisle oblivious of those about her, still in pursuit of the black-robed figure who knelt at the very feet of the Blessed Mother.

Constance knelt in the pew behind her with violently beating heart, then turned her head to see if Max was with her. As he bent his knee beside her she again averted her eyes. The figure was gone.

Max gazed at her pure profile, the shadowy lashes brushing her cheek, and his heart swelled with an emotion so violent, so overpowering, the tears enlarged his eyes. The meaning of

art, of life, of death—of all that was glorious and wonderful in the world—expanded within him.

The voice from the altar ceased, the splendid diapason of the organ rolled through aisle and columned arch. The many-voiced choir chanted triumphantly, "Magnificat anima mea, Dominum"; his spirit cried out in jubilant response.

Far different was Constance's feeling. Max had followed her, but she had followed the shadow to him invisible; and when she found that it had vanished, a cold sense of the supernatural chilled her blood. She left the church as in a dream, trembling as with an ague.

Max observed her with deep concern as they regained the street, and took her hand with the eager questions: "What is it? Are you ill? What do you see?" For her expanded eyes were fixed upon the space before them.

"Did you not see her?" she replied—"Mme. Bonnemorte? I followed her to the very foot of the altar and she was not there."

"Constance," said St. Quentin sharply, "you are dreaming, child. I saw no one."

"Let us go at once to the college," she exclaimed; "come, come!"

She put a hand upon his arm and they hastened away.

She left him at the college entrance and went to the general office, walking in upon a group with pale faces over a telegram. She took it from the preceptress.

"It is mine, I know," she said quietly. Only a line:

"Your grandmother very ill. Come at once."

In an hour's time she was on the train for the South. She roused herself as the coach began to move, and held out a hand:

"Thank you, Mr. St. Quentin, and good-by."

"Do you think I could let you go alone?" he said quietly. "I shall not annoy you with my presence, but I shall be near if you want anything."

It was too late to object. At Riverton her father met her. "I know," she said wanly, "she is dead."

"No, she is not," he answered quickly; "she wants to see you."

And the sick woman held out her yearning arms, into which her darling crept, with "Constance, my Constance!" in her ears.

Max saw her once only before his going back. She seemed

suddenly remote. He could find nothing to say to her. He would have given much to remain in Riverton for awhile, but his work recalled him imperiously.

"You are not coming back?" he asked bluntly. She shook her head.

"Never, never!"

"What then?"

"I do not know just yet. . . . Good-by." When he reached St. Botolph he went to see Madalen. She looked curiously at him.

"Hast seen ghosts?"

"Perhaps."

"They say the South is full of them."

"With truth. But better ghosts than ghouls."

"We can change the name."

"Not on my account."

"Which means—?"

"That I am going to Paris."

"When and why?"

"At once, and because I am wasting my time and talent here."

"Ah—your talent?"

"I did not say genius."

Madalen turned her piquant face aside suddenly. She understood at once, and realized at the same time that she loved him and had lost him—for ever.

In another moment she was smiling brightly.

"I think you are wise," she said, holding out a hand. "Good-by." Then maliciously:

"I have forgotten my geography. How far is Riverton from the Rue St. Geneviève?"

"As far as the North Pole is from the South."

"Ah! but that is fortunate. We know how often extremes meet in this world."

And she flashed her sly green eyes at him, showed her rows of pretty teeth, and was gone. He looked down at his hand.

"I feel as if she had bitten me," he thought, biting his own lip.

"FACING THE TWENTIETH CENTURY."



FACING the *Twentieth Century* is the title of a large work, the author of which describes himself as James M. King, General Secretary—National League for the Protection of American Institutions, and its object is to show "the peril of our country, manifest in the claims of politico-ecclesiastical Romanism to universal dominion, and in its relations to political parties, politicians, platforms, legislation, schools, charities, labor, and war." Politico-Romanism is the Catholic Church, and that church does not permit a child of hers to act rightly in any relation of life. The "peril" to the institutions of the country does not arise from any political opinion, social theory, or philosophical principle, but from the whole being, the very life and nature of the Catholic. There is "peril" from him in *war*: therefore he must be a traitor; in active service he must perforce side with the enemy of the country, therefore a spy, until he has the chance to fire at the soldier by his side when the enemy advances. There is "peril" from him in *labor*: therefore he must destroy whatever work he is engaged upon, and, as a corollary to this, he has no alternative but to kill or otherwise remove from his way the workmen not of his way of thinking, the superintendent, the employer who should be an obstacle to his will—or rather, because he has no will of his own, to the will of a man in Rome whom he has never seen, whose language he does not understand, who lives thousands of miles from him, but who by virtue of some occult, miraculous, polyglottic, and irresistible power of thought-transmission coerces him. There is a "peril" to the institutions of the country from the Catholic in the *charities*, because the relief of the sick, the destitute, the maimed, the orphaned, the widowed draws from non-Catholic, and therefore American, taxes what should be employed in other channels of expenditure.

"PERILS" TO BE DREADED FROM THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

We take the words as we find them on the title-page, the place where the statements made in over six hundred pages are focused, the very point which they were set down to establish, the thesis into which the historical research, intem-

perate language, defamation of the dead and libel of the living are concentrated. It is the issue upon which the public are to judge. We shall not permit him to explain, to palliate, to deny; he shall not say we have misunderstood him, that we have misconstrued him, that the words were only a rhetorical flourish—a gloss on the words "politico-ecclesiastical Romanism." The words are there for good and all upon which he has demanded the verdict of the jury. It is true the Catholic soldier may receive a desperate wound, but he shall not be treated; the bullet shall not be probed for, the limb shall not be amputated—"tush! food for powder." It has been said that Catholic soldiers in the Civil War attacked batteries that it was impossible to take; that they covered with their dead and dying slopes to the very mouth of the Confederate guns; we ask, Is it just that the wounded among those who so fought for American institutions should be excluded from the charity extended to the foe by the usages of civilized mankind, that the widows of those men should starve, their children be devoted to a fate worse than death?

There is a "peril" in the schools to the institutions of the country because Catholics have no God, no conscience, but the fetich of a politico-ecclesiastical Romanism, to which they yield a blind obedience and for whose mandates they violate all laws, human and divine. We have this church, this organization presented as something so appalling in its craft, so merciless in the pursuit of its ends, that the poor will is its plaything. It wants the control of the schools—Mr. King does not clearly tell us why; if he stated that it had such control, his own book and the facts of ordinary life would refute him,—but it wants this control, that also is contrary to the facts of every-day knowledge; this terrible shadow, this gigantic evil in the midst of us, only desires that religion shall not be divorced from education where pupils are Catholics. The general proposition that secular and religious instruction should go hand-in-hand is the opinion of the majority of the English people. It has the unquestionable support of the present ministry; it has support from the Dissenting churches to an extent influential in numbers and character; it has, to our own personal knowledge, the support of men who are not believers, but who, at least, stand foremost in ability and learning. It will, then, be admitted that this politico-ecclesiastical tyrant is in good company; its opinion in this matter may not be altogether a "peril" to the country.

CHURCH'S HAND ON WASHINGTON.

Even legislation does not escape this sinister and all-pervading influence. The President and his cabinet, the Senate and the Representatives, the governors and the legislatures of the States, all the officials in all their classes through the whole federal and local system of administration—in a word, the entire government from the centre to the remotest part is filled, or about to be filled, by Jesuits in disguise. It cannot be maintained that Mr. McKinley attends divine worship even in a Jesuit oratory in the White House—it would be too "bold, brazen, and blasphemous" * an exhibition of hatred of American institutions even for him to go in state to a Jesuit church—but our author has not proved that he has Mass celebrated privately, or that a chaplain from Georgetown visits him in the disguise of a footman or in any other of the disguises so constantly resorted to by those intriguing priests. It seems rather clear, if politico-ecclesiastical Romanism be a "peril" to legislation, it should be by carrying the country and the States election after election. But it happens that Congress and the State legislatures have hardly a Catholic among their members—at least it seems so; it can hardly be possible that the many eminent men among Mr. King's acquaintance have been beguiling him all this time with the pretence that they were worthy descendants of the Huguenot, the Pilgrim, the Puritan, the Hollander, and so forth, while they were slaves of the Pope blinded by fear or blinded by fanaticism.

There was a gentleman some years ago who sat for Peterborough in the Imperial Parliament. He had a great fear of the Jesuits and attributed the calamities of the time to their baleful influence. Insensible to ridicule, he was for ever moving some resolution against them; and yet he was not aware, or seemed not to be aware, that they were an illegal society, tolerated indeed by the good sense of Englishmen, but in spite of laws which denied them even the ordinary rights of a club or other voluntary association. Amid the laughter of the house, Mr. Disraeli suggested that the honorable member was himself a Jesuit in disguise; and if jesuitical be an epithet for dishonesty, for craft, for every species of unfairness, we must conclude that Mr. King is not the least apt of their pupils.

* We intend to put in inverted commas some flowers of rhetoric scattered through this volume.

HOW ROMANISM MANAGES POLITICAL PARTIES.

There is a "peril" to the institutions of the country from politico-ecclesiastical Romanism's relations to the platforms. The claims of this Romanism of his to universal dominion cannot be of very much power over American institutions when they are unable to command a single daily paper in all the great city of New York. The Catholics of America have no choice but to go to non-Catholic papers for their information, and if they desire to send their views abroad it is to non-Catholic papers they must apply for the means. The speeches of Catholics, their public utterances of any kind, are at the mercy of men who, apart from some spirit of fair play, are not interested in publishing them. One would think that the dependence of the Catholic body, numbering so many millions, on the justice or compassion of others, is the most piteous instance of social and political helplessness that can be imagined. On the contrary, by some wonderful dispensation, though they have no press, they rule "political parties" and "platforms," "legislation," "schools," "charities," "labor," and "war." Without a press they possess such an extraordinary agent in their politico-ecclesiastical organization that the news which each one reads in the organ he takes up undergoes a miraculous transformation while passing to his mind. The thought of the country is colored with Romanism and its claims to universal dominion. Strong Protestant sentiment becomes papal infallibility in the process. Even the Sunday sermons of the *Herald*, which Mr. King would have us believe is a Catholic journal, must be dogmatic utterances transfused into his brain through a mysterious hypnotism exercised by popish emissaries.

KING'S FOLLIES AND FOIBLES.

Notwithstanding all this Mr. King publishes his book, and we must believe him when he insists he is not under the spell of politico-ecclesiastical Romanism. We do not object to a good deal of irrelevant introductory matter, for there is some amusement in trying to analyze some mental processes; as, for instance, that by which he connects the reign of Charles V. with Tammany Hall. But we have a right to protest against the natural or deliberate confusion of thought which blends into one action incidents separated by difference of time and of moral and religious aspect. He talks of the "spirit of free inquiry" in England as existing long before

Wyckliffe—for men "suffered for their repudiation of the claims of priestly authority," though it was "in the beginning of the fifteenth century they were burned for their religious opinions," and he then jumps to "the little congregation at Scrooby." This was a congregation of Puritans in England which used to meet at the manor-house of Scrooby in the beginning of the reign of James I. To say that this is offered in an uncandid manner, is to say the least of it. James I. had been a Scotch Presbyterian. His early training was more likely to make him a friend than an enemy of the Puritans. There is one thing very certain, he was no friend of the Catholics. There was scarcely a Catholic gentleman whose estate was not burdened by fines for recusancy. They had not been at first enforced by the king, and were accumulating from month to month. Harassed by the importunities of his needy followers from Scotland, James assigned to many of them these fines. The only way for the astounded owners of the estates to avoid utter ruin was to compound with the Scotchmen. A composition to the extent of £10,000, an immense sum at the time, was obtained from one Catholic.

But James, notwithstanding that he had been brought up in a religious system and doctrine very nearly approaching the form and teaching of the Puritans, looked upon their views with regard to civil government as a danger to the throne and to the Established Church which was its strong support. They had been members of that church, and he could not understand why they had separated from her;* but there was one thing he could understand, and that was, that men who found in the Old Testament their ideas of rule in church and state, who looked upon the backsliding of kings as the calling down a woe on Israel, who regarded the royal favorites as standing with those against whom judgments had been denounced by prophets, and who lifted up their testimony against the loyal prelates of the Establishment as priests of Baal, were to be dealt with according to the rigor of the law. Even in the reign of Elizabeth the Puritans had obtained an unenviable notoriety. Penal acts had been passed against them, and all that was needed by her successor was to enforce these enactments; but neither for the acts of Elizabeth nor for the policy of James were the plundered, imprisoned, banished, or murdered Catholics responsible.†

* They were called Separatists.

† Whatever qualities may be praised by admirers of the Puritans, and that they possessed courage and endurance no one can question, they were harsh and intolerant to the last degree.

KING'S INSOLENT MANNERS.

We have hitherto confined ourselves to a criticism of the methods of Mr. King; we shall now invite our readers to form an opinion of his manners. With reference to a letter of his Grace of New York to be read to the people, and which is given in this work, Mr. King begins a comment as follows: "Come, Michael Augustine, be honest! When you quote from an opponent, quote literally, and do not deceive your followers by directing to be read, from the altars where you control the teachings, distorted passages, intentionally omitting an important statement of historical fact." His Grace, of course, gave all that was material to his purpose in a passage which was in the highest degree offensive to his people. He is outraged by Mr. King for the omission because he does not "quote literally"—we presume the meaning is quote *verbatim*—an omission of no import.

The passage, which reads like the ravings of insanity, appeared, Mr. King tells us, in an anonymous circular sent to people in New York. One copy reached the Archbishop. We give the entire passage as we have it from Mr. King: "Politico-ecclesiasticism, with its sweeping claims over the morals of men, reaching every rational or intentional act, including the act of voting, and which in foreign countries constitutes the basis for a distinct political party, must not be allowed to undermine the great Republic, whose perpetuity depends upon individual voting." From the pastoral the clause "and which in foreign countries constitutes the basis for a distinct political party," was omitted, the omission being marked by three asterisks. Mr. King asks: "Why keep from the ears of your

Edmund Burke, in his work *An Account of the European Settlements in America*, says of the Puritans: "The truth is, they had no idea at all of freedom. The very doctrine of any sort of toleration was so odious to the greater part, that one of the first persecutions set up was against a small party which arose amongst themselves. The persecution which drove the Puritans out of England might be considered as great lenity and indulgence in the comparison." It may be safely said that a universal terror reigned among those who might in any way become obnoxious to the ruling influence in New England. If the ex-Anglican ministers who happened to control opinion could find no fault in their rivals which could be expressed in intelligible language, they accused them of witchcraft. The effect of that was as if one were accused of being a Christian in the paroxysm of a Roman persecution, a Catholic in the frenzy of the Popish Plot, an aristocrat in the Reign of Terror. Many instances could be mentioned. A magistrate had committed forty persons for sorcery; but getting disgusted with the task refused to go on. Immediately he himself was accused of sorcery, "and thought himself happy in leaving his family and fortune and escaping with his life out of the province." Giles Corey was pressed to death for refusing to plead. "Multitudes appear to have accused others merely to save themselves," says Dr. Dwight in his *Travels in New England*. Every one knows this gentleman is a staunch friend of the Pilgrims and their descendants.

people this statement of fact: 'and which in foreign countries constitutes the basis for a distinct political party'? Why put in three *little innocent stars* in the place of this statement of *great historic import*?" The italics are Mr. King's. What he means by describing the omitted clause as a statement of great historic import we are unable to think, but we know the Archbishop described all the statements as wild; and we ourselves say they read like the ravings of insanity.

The suggestion made by the question asked by Mr. King is that his Grace garbled a statement of great historic import for a corrupt purpose. What was the purpose? In what does the great historic import consist? Something called politico-ecclesiasticism possesses claims which in foreign countries constitute the basis for a distinct political party. Suppose so; what about it? Whatever politico-ecclesiasticism is, if it have claims, is it not as well entitled to assert them as, say, the successors of Carbonari? the assassins and revolutionists of Europe? or as the insolent busy-bodies of New York who send an insulting circular to a high dignitary of the church? His Grace is known as a man who has not written or said anything offensive to any one, as one who offers no directions to people outside his own flock, who has no connection with party politics, and to whom for the exercise of friendly offices Protestants even more than Catholics are indebted. If Mr. King can prove to us that he has ever served a Catholic in a political way, that he has ever used a particle of influence in favor of a Catholic, though he has no right to fling insult and contumely on millions of his fellow-citizens, he will still appear with some redeeming trait, and possibly as a man led astray by a too fervid imagination and actuated by a too headlong disposition. We shall think that his familiarity is only due to the aberrations of a mind without equipoise. Though Mr. King is wrong in criticising his Grace for "recommending" and not "commanding" his priests to vote on a particular occasion; if he himself can point out one act of kindness towards a Catholic performed by him or the body which he pretends to guide; if he can tell of a single instance in which he has borne testimony to the labors of priests for the social amelioration of their people, to their readiness to obey the call of duty at whatever hour of the day or night, without regard to the inclemency of seasons; if he shows that he has publicly recognized the self-devotion of nuns who are at the bedsides of the poor, fearless of infection, heedless of comfort, insensible to so much that must

offend the senses of delicate and refinedly nurtured women, we shall not quarrel as to whether "recommend" is the equivalent for "command," or point out that the "unit" of the Catholic vote for Tammany candidates must include in New York ten thousand Catholic Republicans. We believe he can boast that he has never done a good act for, has never expressed a just sentiment about, a Catholic. If he has praised a Catholic, he has done so because he thought him a renegade. Indeed, if the Republican party relies for its influence on books of the kind before us, we can only say that the ten thousand Catholic Republicans are men of edifying patience.*

HIS SUSPICIONS.

Mr. King seems, unfortunately, to be of a suspicious nature. He gives some sentences from a lecture of his Grace of St. Paul. He admits it has a patriotic ring, but then the "source" is so suspicious that the words are to Mr. King as the sounding brass and the tinkling cymbal. We learn from him that the politico-ecclesiastical organization is the cause of the abstention of the respectable classes from the ballot-boxes. Yet as these men are Protestants, or at least non-Catholics, it seems hard to understand the connection of the alleged cause and the effect, unless through some such occult force as we have alluded to above. Altogether one cannot help thinking as he reads this work that the sequences resemble those which take place in dreams. The imagination is awake, the materials from the various sources which supply the furniture of the mind are present; the reason is asleep, and strange, weird, startling, and incomprehensible associations of ideas succeed each other as at the prompting of some spirit of wickedness and folly.

CATHOLICISM RATED WITH MOHAMMEDANISM.

And yet in all this, to do the writer justice, he seems serious. No doubt he is at times betrayed into something which reads like humor, as when he speaks of the "intolerant clutch" of the ecclesiastical oppressor in the South American republics; or when, referring to the Dreyfus case, he informs us that "the poor Jew was exiled to Devil's Isle, but the Devil had free range in Paris." It is usual to regard the Catholic Church as a Christian church. Most Protestant writers of weight now speak of her as the principal branch of the Church of Christ in authority, in continuous history and homogeneous belief and ritual. Even those who have least sympathy with certain

* There are 70,000 Catholic Republicans in New York State.

of her doctrines and her ceremonial admit the vitality of faith among her children of all classes and conditions of life. Take our word for it, in the United Kingdom, as well as in the United States, a priest of this dreadful politico-ecclesiastical Romanism is acknowledged by Protestants to have an authority which they will not concede to their own minister. It is immaterial from what principle of human nature, from what impression of life and conduct, from what instinct or influence the idea proceeds, but it is there a moral and intellectual conviction among Protestants of all kinds within the wide realms that lie between extreme ritualism and extreme rationalism. A religion believed by all men of sense outside the church to be as much the religion of Christ as any form called Christian, and whose ministers are known by Protestants high and low as not respecters of persons, are known to be fearless in rebuke and instant in advice among their own people, who are estimable in the relations of life, in the opinion of all people,—we say that a religion regarded by Protestants as Christian in its origin, belief, and influence on conduct would not be compared with Mohammedanism by any Protestant of sense and feeling. There is a passage at page 169 of this work which presents the astounding comparison. We have read many very shameful, very libellous statements, or at least heard of their publication in pamphlets, fly-sheets, and placards. The ardent Protestant who pushed himself into new notice recently in England for "brawling" in a church of the Establishment sold in his little shop in London publications of an obscene and revolting character about the confessional. It was pointed out by Protestants that this should be stopped, but because a sort of Protestant revival had at the moment risen he was safe from prosecution. For many years the literature of Holywell Street has been under the notice of the police, and for a book which drew to their legitimate conclusion certain dicta of economic and physiological science Mr. Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant were tried at the bar of the Queen's Bench. Public morality was deemed deserving of protection then because there was no furore of Reformation principles in conflict with a tendency to Catholicism in the Established Church; so deserving, indeed, that nothing less than the dignified proceedings of a trial at bar seemed fitting to the occasion. But now the Catholic religion may be libelled with impunity. The wholesale perjury of the Popish Plot witnesses is another instance of the blindness which settles upon men when some unscrupulous person

sounds the Protestant alarm bell. The well-born, the educated, the reputable were then slain on the Evangelists as Oates and his imitators poured forth their constantly amended tales. Of course after blood had been shed in rivers, and a terror like that which will fall on men before the signs of the coming of the Last Day had withered the hearts of man, woman, and child of the old religion, the people recovered from their frenzy, and, as usual in such cases, inflicted on the baser instruments of the conspiracy the punishment more justly due to others.

A MALIGNANT STATEMENT.

It is hard to find anything in the perjuries of the witnesses of the Popish Plot as malignant as the statement which we now quote from Mr. King: "The religion of the Philippines is what might be looked for when Roman Catholics and Mussulmans have for centuries vied with one another for the spiritual domination over an idolatrous and barbarous people."* There is here at least no qualification. Elsewhere, as though he had some idea that he might defeat his purpose by attributing to the Catholic religion as the necessary effects of its influence, foulness, lying, cruelty, a corruption of the entire moral nature, he made a distinction between the Catholic Church—or, as he calls it, "religious Romanism"—and politico-ecclesiastical Romanism. Nor is this comparison with Mohammedanism a reckless flash of polemics. It is cool and calculating. He speaks of the toleration by the United States of all forms of religion, including that of the Mussulmans; but he adds a limitation, namely, that some practices may be objected to. This is immediately in point to his argument all along. If he can show there are practices arising, as of necessity, from Catholic doctrine that are incompatible with the very existence of social and moral obligations, he asks, and rightly asks, that such practices should be put down. We shall go farther, and say that any theological system which rendered society impossible—for this is the meaning of his point—should be interdicted. We are not going to prove that moral and social obligations can be observed by Catholics consistently with the teachings of their church. To a very large extent, if not altogether, England acted on the opinion that Catholic doctrine was destructive of civil society when she would not allow a Catholic to be even a tide-waiter or a pri-

* Page 249.

vate soldier.* She has changed all that. Catholics are high in the army and in offices of state. Only a few years ago the keeper of the Queen's conscience in Ireland was a Catholic. A few years ago the viceroy of the vast dependency of India was a Catholic. To-day one of the most distinguished of her ambassadors is a Catholic, and the Lord Chief-Justice, who has just concluded his labors as one of the tribunal dealing with a matter of high policy in which this country is interested, is a Catholic.

Such facts prove that the old prejudices, based on hatred and long kept alive by unscrupulous greed,† are dying out. We do not fear the effects of such prejudices will enter into the law of the United States, for all this writer urges. There can be no solid ground for believing that the only church which insists on the indissolubility of marriage favors polygamy in any sense, or in a Mussulman sense. Purity of thought is an essential characteristic of the Christian dispensation, but no pretence to this morality is put forward by any body of Christians except the Catholic body.‡ What is the result of such far-reaching mental uncleanness but the legislation which makes marriage a tie as temporary as concubinage, and which looks upon the gratification of unlawful passion as not merely the natural but necessary condition of human life. In this principle we have nothing short of the dissolution of the family and the decomposition of the state; for we have the philosophy of naturalism, the religion which makes an idol of the individual in a sense subversive of all the principles which hold the moral elements of the world together. There is no restraint on acquisition, the man himself is the object of his sole interest—we allow for casual preferences, but these do not touch the point—and so fraud sits over all exchanges, over every contract, and oppression extinguishes the very life of labor, the workingman's sense of self-respect.

It is somewhat hardy, even for Mr. King, to arraign the Church as the enemy of labor; hardy even for a man who puts the religion of Christ on a par with Mohammedanism. It is true that the church has continued from the time of the

* As a matter of fact she was never without Catholics in her army, but the theoretical disqualification certainly existed.

† Edmund Burke, who is frequently quoted by Mr. King, declared that Irish Protestants did not desire the conversion of the Catholics. It was their interest that the Catholics should remain subject to fines, confiscations, every species of spoliation.

‡ It is right to except English High-Churchmen from this statement, but after all they are the Protestants who are charged with the Romanizing of the church.

Apostles, thinking with the same mind as when her sacramental system was in unceasing activity to prepare the martyrs for the tortures pronounced against them, or which they expected to be pronounced against them; true that she won to her authority all that was civilized and vast territories beyond the boundaries of civilization; true, she vivified a moribund world with a new spirit, restrained by her benign rule the fiery passions of the northern Barbarian and infused a spirit of justice and dignity into the crafty and servile Asiatic; true it is that she fought for the wife and the virgin against the armies of Islam, fought century after century until at length her sacrifices secured the civilization which enables Mr. King, and persons like him, to use its benefits in the same way as Titus Oates did, as Bedloe did, as Dangerfield and the rest of the appalling rout who made life in England a tragedy piteous, grotesque, horrible as was ever enacted in Roman amphitheatres or Parisian shambles; but notwithstanding all this she is the ally of the Moslem, his copartner in the debasement of human nature!

And Mr. King, who professes such deep solicitude for the laborer, tells us not of the Pope's appeals to those who have chained them to an iron rule. Wages are not all; the laboring man has a soul, has his aspirations, his preferences—his prejudices, if you will. What independence of spirit is to be found in a factory or shop where the superintendent rules over the conscience more certainly than an oriental despot? The movement of an eyelid by the employee, if harsh words have galled him, means instant dismissal. In the old world talk was made in verse and economic prose about "the tyrant of the fields." In England Liberal politicians were eloquent over the farm-laborer "sat upon" by the parson and the squire.* We have heard of the peasants before the French Revolution, we are aware that the *intendant* of the manor was often tyrannical enough; but neither in France nor in England was there anything like the paralysis which smites mind and heart when a manager in an American mill or workshop looks darkly at a laborer. Contrast with this result of the economic ethics of the individual's unaccountableness for acts that are not legally cognizable with the check imposed by the guilds of the Middle Ages under the guidance of the church. If ever she possessed a powerful influence on civil society it was when those guilds

* "Sat upon by the parson and the squire" was the phrase used by Mr. Bright in one of his speeches.

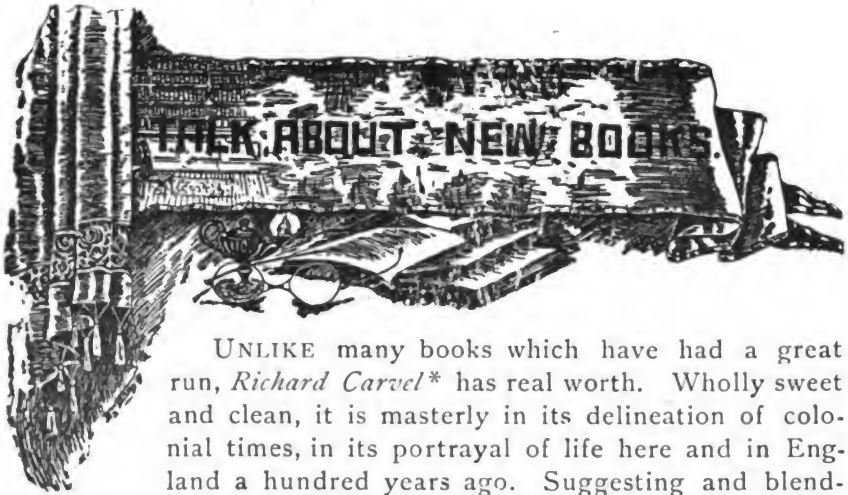
were in their most palmy state. The worker was protected absolutely against injustice of any kind or from any source. The guild was a religious fraternity under the patronage of the saint of the craft. Every member was bound by rule to approach the sacraments at stated intervals throughout the year. An act of immoral conduct entailed expulsion, so did drunkenness in public, so did theft, so did malicious injury to the employer's materials, so did conviction for a crime. The master belonged to the same guild, sat in the same council and filled the guild offices, as his workmen did. There was a real equality without confounding ranks or effacing dignity. So high was the sense of honor among those mediæval workingmen they would not admit a royal bastard to their fraternities. The Bastard of Orleans or of Alençon might lead the armies of France, take precedence of other great nobles, go on high embassies, entertain royalty in his castle; but these workingmen would not admit him to an equality with them. This is how the politico-ecclesiastical organization which Mr. King looks upon as a "peril" to labor shaped the soul of the workingman when her sway over the mind of Europe stood highest.

The feeling for him which the church manifested then has been displayed by our Holy Father since his accession, as one would expect from a man so eminently gifted with the sense of her profound and elevating policy. We have not a shadow of doubt if at this moment a controversy between workingmen and masters were to arise there is not an honest workingman on the Continent of Europe, in Britain or in America, who would not readily submit his fortunes to his arbitration. As surely as a few years ago Cardinal Manning would be the chosen judge of the Protestant workingmen of London, so surely, if the case could arise, Leo XIII. would be the arbiter preferred by the workingmen of the world. We can, therefore, resignedly dismiss Mr. King's question: "Is it not true that apparent personal sincerity and honesty on the one hand, and pronounced adherence to a system which, wearing a triple crown of tyranny, enforces disgusting arrogance, blasphemous claims, refined perfidy, compelled ignorance and assassinated individuality, etc."—by asking him these questions: How may a system wear a crown? enforce arrogance, whether disgusting or not? how can a system enforce blasphemous claims, enforce refined perfidy, enforce compelled ignorance, and enforce assassinated individuality with or without a triple crown of tyranny? The truth is this vicious rhodomontade has a mean-

ing amid the confusion of thought under which the writer labored. It means that His Holiness is, by virtue of the system of which he is the head, a tyrant, is arrogant to a disgusting degree, asserts blasphemous claims, whatever these may be, acts with refined perfidy, like the Jesuits whose pupil he is. We are in a difficulty as to the "compelled ignorance" which the system enforces upon the Pope—even Mr. King knows that his reputation as a scholar is wide-spread; but if so, how can he be the victim of compelled or any other kind of ignorance? With all our desire to interpret Mr. King as he would wish, we fail with the "assassinated individuality." If the Pope be a tyrant and arrogant, an asserter of blasphemous claims, a man of refined perfidy, his individuality can hardly be said to have been assassinated. He must have as much individuality about him, with all the qualities mentioned, as any man in history; he almost surpasses anti-Christ. But if we look at him as the head of the politico-ecclesiastical conspiracy against American institutions, we wonder in what way his compelled ignorance can be a valuable agent in controlling those institutions. Fluency, recklessness, want of scruple, or fluency with the opinion that "Romanists" are not entitled to common justice, carries Mr. King too far. He proves too much.

Yet we are thankful to him. He is not civil, but we can overlook his want of politeness for the service he has rendered us. It is not so bloody as that afforded to our ancestors by Lord George Gordon and his followers, when in their zeal they almost wrecked London; but as sensible men saw in their methods, so sensible men will see in Mr. King's the value to religion of that fervor which shows itself by setting fellow-citizens against each other; will see the quality of the charity which is so like hatred that it recalls Tertullian's sentence crystallizing pagan detestation of the Christian name.*

* "If the Tiber overflow its banks, if the Nile do not spread its water through the fields, if the heavens refuse rain, if a famine arise, or pestilence, at once the hue and cry is heard: The Christians to the lions!"—*Tert. Apol.*



UNLIKE many books which have had a great run, *Richard Carvel** has real worth. Wholly sweet and clean, it is masterly in its delineation of colonial times, in its portrayal of life here and in England a hundred years ago. Suggesting and blending the excellences of both Thackeray and Robert Louis Stevenson, it is a companion picture to Dr. Weir Mitchell's *Hugh Wynne*. It is high but merited praise to say that both Mr. Churchill and Dr. Mitchell have reached and realized all the possibilities of Colonial and Revolutionary life in the novel.

The King's Mother† is a memoir of Margaret Beaufort, Countess of Richmond and Derby, and is a very beautiful picture of life in the ages of faith. They were days of internecine and international strife, but souls blossomed in them with a fragrance which no one can appreciate to-day unless the spirit of the Middle Ages has fallen upon him within the Catholic Church. People outside the church have caught something of that spirit, no doubt; the architecture, the music, the ceremonial have appealed to the romantic side of character, but this attraction, which belongs to the faculty of taste, is not the same as a mental hold of the thought and impulse, the fire and energy, the devotion and self-sacrifice of those days. It is doubtful if Scott with all the romance of his nature possessed this perception in its fulness. If any one not a Catholic realized it, it was Edmund Burke. But even in his case we are not sure that it was an insight deeper than the vividness of a wonderful imagination which saw its images in all the vitality of intense passion. There was a religious life, from the throne to the laborer's cottage, which made society one in a sense not to be found in northern and western Europe since the sixteenth century; not to be found anywhere, for that

* *Richard Carvel*. By Winston Churchill. New York: The Macmillan Company.

† *The King's Mother*. By Lady Margaret Domville. London: Burns & Oates, limited.

matter, except in parts of Bavaria and the Tyrol, in parts of Italy and parts of Spain. Now, we have that very oneness of society in the pages of Lady Margaret Domville, that interpenetrating spirit which passed through all classes like light on the groups painted on a cathedral window, which while vivifying unites them by one purpose.

The life of Margaret Beaufort was passed in a time of great mutations at home and abroad, of great intellectual activity and discovery. Richard of York claimed the throne and died the death of a traitor. His son Edward wrested the sceptre from the feeble hand of Henry; and in the change noble heads that had not fallen in the field fell beneath the axe. Great men and their children begged their bread, and petty men became great by confiscations. Again Edward fled and the meek Henry mounted the throne. Again the headman was busy, estates changed owners or went back to the old owners. The parvenu of yesterday, who had played the great baron on the spoils of an Exeter or Oxford, a Pembroke or a Clifford, was an adventurer once more. And the great Yorkist nobles in their turn were wanderers on the earth, as those of Lancaster had been. Another swing of the urn, and Edward is king, Henry and his heir sleep in bloody graves, and with them, to all appearance, the last hope of Lancaster. But a new element enters into the dynastic quarrel. The descendants of the men who in one generation signed Magna Charta, in another overawed the greatest Plantagenets, whose lives were part of the story of England, who fought in Palestine with Richard and Edward, who conquered at Crecy, at Poitiers, and Agincourt—these could not tamely see the honors of their old nobility bestowed on the kinsfolk of the queen, on Rivers and on Grey, born to be their lackeys. It was this feeling which rendered it possible for Gloucester to brush aside the royal princes, as Gloucester's crimes upon the throne opened a way for Henry Tudor, the son of the subject of this memoir.

Nor is it only in the vicissitudes of civil war, of carnage on the field and vindictive justice afterwards, of confiscation which in a moment reduced families from princely wealth and luxury and power to seek alms at the cot, the convent, the farm-house or monastery in their own land, or to beg in the streets of Burgundy and France, that the era in which our heroine lived wrote lessons on her mind and heart. She could remember the capture of Constantinople, which took place while she was

spending her early and studious days at Bletsoe. Printing was discovered and the system of the heavens explained. Later on, when her son was seated on a throne made safe by his craft, policy, and the memory of the disastrous days of the Roses, the genius of Columbus opened a new world, the tales of which surpassed all that had been told of the wealth of Ormus and of Ind, the vastness of far Cathay, the might of the empire of Prester John, the wonders of the hidden lands beyond the African desert.

In the middle of the fifteenth century Lady Margaret Domville is safe in saying that "the state of education was fairly good." A young woman of good family was taught French, and possibly Latin. With regard to the latter, it was not so rare an accomplishment but that the Latin of the Mass and of the psalms could be intelligently followed on one of those illuminated rolls of finely written manuscript which formed an item of domestic wealth. A very little later with printing came a diffusion of those curious pages which are the delight of the collector. No grown-up person above the laboring classes was wholly illiterate. Nor is this statement affected by the gibe that a certain strong thief could not read his neck-verse on Harrowby Heath. There was a decay of this rudimentary learning owing to the wars of the Roses, and again to the condition of insecurity and neglect which followed the breaking up of the religious houses, and we are confirmed in this opinion by Fuller, writing about the middle of the sixteenth century, who laments the loss of "the schools" of the nuns, where the pupils were taught reading, needle-work, French, and the rudiments of Latin. It was in these schools the girls of the lower and more wealthy middle classes, and of the lesser gentry, received their education. Among women, at least, it seems beyond all dispute that a very fair reach of instruction was arrived at, so generally that even domestic servants could carry on a clear and well-expressed correspondence. Nor is there any reason to suppose that their brothers were without equal advantages, for the conditions of life in peaceful times did not press on boys so severely as in the last and the present century. During a part of this period a curious circumstance is observable, that education was more generally diffused, and possibly of a better kind, among the classes we have mentioned than among the very highest class. The sons and daughters of great nobles could not mix in the common schools; so that they had to depend upon such instruction as

they might receive at home from the chaplain or the parish priest.*

The clearness with which Margaret Beaufort wrote her views on all the important affairs she had in charge as a great landholder, and as one to whom great interests were entrusted for judgment, shows she had the advantage of the best training from her earliest childhood. She was eminently a peace-maker, to whose counsel disputes were submitted when no other arbitrator could have obtained a result satisfactory to litigants. One instance of this is the settlement of the contest between the town and university of Cambridge on a matter of jurisdiction. But it was the same throughout all matters which lay or came within her influence or authority. Precision marked the regulations framed for the government of her castles and manors, for the execution of her charities, for the securing the splendor of public worship over her vast estates, for the religious and secular teaching of her tenants and laborers, for the rule of the colleges founded and endowed, or partly founded and endowed, by her.† Amid the claims of so many duties she gave hours of each day for the practice of devotion. Her confessors bear testimony, among them the Blessed Fisher, to the influence of her life upon themselves. Fasting and other practices of mortification were with her a reality; the humility and love with which she cared for her poor realized in a high degree the spirit of the Gospel. She was a great patron of literature, and contributed to its advancement by her talents as well as by her purse. Among the works from her own pen is a translation of *Speculum Aureum Peccatorum* and the fourth book of the *Following of Christ*, the first three having been translated by her direction. This was the first edition in English, and we can readily conceive the delight of the great and gentle scholar who edited the reprint for the Early English Text Society that one so highly placed as Margaret Beaufort should, in an age of war and pride, desire to bring within reach of the poor man a work which lifts him above the fears and miseries of life, which in the church makes the docile reader a saint, which inspires the mere altruist to the effort of self-sacrifice, instead of the talk of it, and in which the Positivist has found, as Comte himself had found, the road to self-culture laid down

* A law prohibiting the employment of private tutors was enacted when the doctrines of Wyckliffe began to disturb society. The private tutor may have been too often a discontented individual.

† She re-founded God's House in Cambridge under the title of Christ's College, allotting twelve manors and their lands for maintaining that foundation.

in a way that may be trod alike by the simple and the wise.

We close this memoir with the opinion that no one can rise from the perusal of it without some feeling of moral elevation, a clearer conception of the quality which separates the ages of faith from our age, and a regret for much that has passed with them from the world.

This lady, after the death of her daughter-in-law the queen, was received to fraternity with the religious house of Durham. She never became actually a nun, though her portrait in the front of this book represents her in a nun's dress. It is all characteristic of the spirit of detachment which ruled her life. Her last husband—that Earl of Derby so familiar to the readers of Richard III.—idolized her; her son, the most astute and austere sovereign of his time, shows in his letters his appreciation of the tenderness, devotion, and wisdom displayed in her relations with him through his puny childhood, his threatened boyhood, and his manhood weighted with the cares of state. Indeed, those cares so marked their lines upon his face that ambassadors judged him to be for ever under the influence of some secret fear. We think that this could not have been the cause of the look which has been described as apologetic—a king always successful could hardly wear such a look as that—but rather it was the look of self-effacement arising from the modest view of himself instilled by his mother, and confirmed by the sense of the great responsibilities of his position when, in the earliest prime, he succeeded to a kingdom from the government of which, as Philip de Comines said, an older man might shrink.

I.—THE TOURNAY BRIVIARY.*

Practical usefulness is the first note of excellence which one should look for in the breviary of to-day, which is intended for the constant use of the clergy in general. The volume should be of a handy size, suitable for carrying about on journeys; the paper not so thin as to be transparent, nor so thick as to make the book bulky. Distinctness and uniformity of type are also most desirable qualities in such a work as this, which the priest must read for almost an hour every day. For these reasons we most willingly commend the latest edition of the breviary from the press of the Society of St. John. Not

* *Breviarium Romanum*. Editio Tornaci, 1899. Societas S. Joannis. Desclée, Lefebvre et Sociorum.

only is usefulness to be commended as an attractive quality in a good breviary, but excellence and a certain sort of luxury may be legitimately cultivated. This for the reasons that the "art preservative" ought to be itself always artistic, and within the covers of this book are enclosed much of the word of God and the life stories of the world's noblest and truest heroes. For this also the work of Desclée, Lefebvre & Co. may be again commended. Their latest breviary is not only a pleasure to the hand but also a delight to the eye, and altogether an admirable presentation of the priest's daily prayer-book.

2.—SERMONS ON CHRISTIAN EDUCATION.*

The Sermons on Christian Education contained in this volume were preached some years ago in St. Mary's Church, Cleveland, and published in German in 1893. A second edition has been called for, and of it the present volume is a translation. We are greatly indebted to the translator for the work he has done and the benefit he has conferred upon English-speaking Catholics, for Father Becker's work will form a valuable addition to the priest's library, and could it be widely circulated among the laity a great boon would also be conferred on them. The work is so permeated with the true spirit of the good priest and father that it wins hearts to the service of the children for God's sake. It is, too, the outcome of so wide, long, and varied an experience that all may profit, even though they may not, perhaps, see their way to perfect agreement upon every point. Moreover good sense and moderation, the characteristic of full knowledge and mature judgment, render the work one of the best and safest of guides. It is also very complete, so that there are very few points which are not treated. It is, in short, one of the wisest and most judicious of books, excellent both in the spirit in which it is written and in the character of the advice and teaching given. Worthy of particular commendation is the insistence on the duty of providing for the temporal well-being of the family by the cultivation of the virtues of industry and frugality, and the acquisition by the young of these virtues in anticipation of the future.

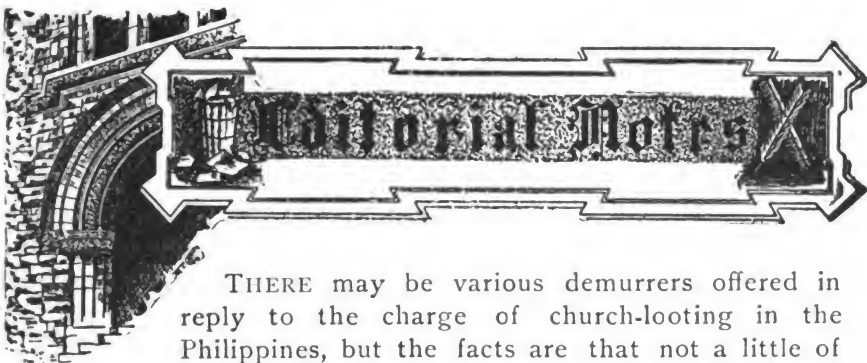
The spirit of moderation and of adaptation to the actual

* *Christian Education ; or, The Duties of Parents.* By the Rev. William Becker, S.J. Rendered from the German into English by a Priest of the Diocese of Cleveland. St. Louis : B. Herder.

needs of the faithful which characterizes Father Becker's work is shown, too, by the way in which he deals with the question of vocation. Some writers, even moral theologians, leave the impression that not to enter the *state* of perfection is presumptively not to do God's will fully and heartily. Father Becker expresses the truth more clearly and more satisfactorily for the spiritual well-being of the vast mass of Christians when he says: "God desires to lead the majority of people to heaven by the way of the commandments, and directs them to it through interior dispositions and exterior circumstances, without even so much as addressing to them the invitation to the state of perfection" (page 98).

Again, many a young man who gives way to idleness, drink, and sensuality is advised to marry as a remedy, in the hope that he will be saved. Harder to him but wiser, and in the end kinder and certainly productive of less evil to others, is Father Becker's advice: "Every Christian young man ought to consider it a sacred duty before God and men, and a real point of honor, that, through industry and frugality, he should not only lay by something, but also work ahead to such a degree that, relying on what he was able to do in early manhood and trusting in God, of course, he may say to himself, quietly and confidently: I hope I shall advance and be able to support a family. If he is not willing and cannot do this; if he has frittered away the precious time of youth in idleness and sloth, or even poisoned and squandered it in sinful sensuality, and fettered himself with the enslaving shackles of drink and gambling, and, alas! impurity, often so expensive, and of which, perhaps, he will never more rid himself; then it would be a hundred times better for himself to drag along his wretched existence until his premature death singly, than to draw wife and children into life-long misery" (page 41).

We heartily recommend the book to the attentive study of priests, fathers and mothers, and the young men and women who are to become the fathers and mothers of the next generation. All will profit by it. We cannot, however, without failing in duty, refrain from expressing regret at the unidiomatic character of the translation. To the "Priest of the Diocese of Cleveland" English is either a language acquired by study, or the aim of the translator has been to make the translation as literal as possible.



THERE may be various demurrers offered in reply to the charge of church-looting in the Philippines, but the facts are that not a little of it has been done, and the results have been that instead of having a mere handful of insurgents arrayed against us, we have the whole Tagal race. It may be said that the Filipinos used the churches as fortresses, and in attacking them the soldiers were but reducing fortresses; or it may be said that the Spaniards desecrated the churches before we did. Granting all this, still, just for the lack of a little foresight in appointing the personnel of the Philippine Commission, as well as in forestalling this seeming desecration, we have turned friends into enemies, and we bid fair to antagonize a large portion of the American people here at home.

The Dreyfus Case has the world "by the ears." It is credibly reported that very nearly \$100,000 were spent to send out the telegraphic accounts of the trial at Rennes. All these newspaper stories were tinctured with a pro-Dreyfus flavor. Every little fact or sentiment that was calculated to stir up a feeling of pity for an injured man was made much of. Of course we are not prepared to prove that there was a moneyed conspiracy in all this. But it is well not to allow ourselves to be carried away by an enthusiasm which may after all be founded on what is not so. We are bound to the French people by many ties of gratitude. This matter of justice is a household affair with them, and will be righted in the Courts of Appeal without our intervention.

Any counter-currents in our American life are always sure to show themselves in or about Chicago. The latest manifestation is an abnormal increase of juvenile crime. Of the 77,441 arrests during the fiscal year, 10,000 were of children under sixteen years and 508 of children under ten years. This Chicago manifestation is but a local symptom of what is fast becoming a constitutional disease in these United States. Sta-

tistics of juvenile delinquencies are abundant, and they may be found everywhere.

A keen observer of the ways of men has said that we must probably lose a generation of children before the American people will give up their foolish shibboleth of an irreligious education and become impressed with the necessity of infusing a strong element of religious training into the common-school education.

Some religious papers continue to rant against "Imperialism." It would be a curious study to find just what they understand by the high-sounding word. Is it merely acquiring new territory? Most of the territory that now constitutes the United States was acquired by conquest or purchase, and by men who of all Americans were lovers of republican institutions. What is more, on the acquisition of this territory they never thought to hold a plebiscite and ask the favor of sovereignty from the people of the acquired territories. The American principle of a government by the people can be easily affirmed in the Philippines after we have pacified the islands.

The Transvaal imbroglio bears on the face of it evidence of only one more instance of unwarranted intrusion on England's part into the private affairs of another nation. It certainly constitutes a part of a nation's self-government to be able to say who shall and who shall not possess the right of citizenship. When we found the Chinese an undesirable element we excluded them, and we would not tolerate any assumption on the part of China of an authority to impose her people on us. So the Boers emphatically resent an attempt on England's part to control their autonomy. They are within their just right. So Chamberlain thought and said fifteen years ago when it was a question of routing the Gladstone ministry. But to-day, when other ends are to be attained, the fundamental and eternal laws of international comity as well as of right and wrong are all changed.

WHAT THE THINKERS SAY.

AN OPEN LETTER.

To the President, to the Secretary of War, and to the General Commanding in the Philippines:

The conduct of the Manilan War presents an aspect to which I beg to call your earnest attention, an aspect of astounding barbarity, in that individual members of the army have profaned Christian temples and stolen and bartered away the sacrificial vestments and sacred vessels. Witness the circumstantial accounts everywhere given; witness the articles themselves publicly exposed in our Western cities and shamelessly advertised; witness your own eyes.

This is a matter that immediately concerns every Catholic of our own America. Is this to be a war on millions of American citizens, whose religion is as a pericardium? Is this war to be an assault and outrage on our tenderest feelings?

It is as a plain American citizen that I address you. I hope you will not consider it a presumption. I am one of the people; to them you owe your present authority. And I can say I stand now not for myself alone but for the many millions of my co-religionists, for I can hear their voices and feel their support. My address, too, is consonant with the spirit of the Constitution, which cherishes the right of petition.

I have indicated the subject of this petition. If you have a single thought for us, let these offences be stopped. Let the offenders be punished, through the departments of War and Justice, under such military and civil laws as suit the case, whatever they may be. One procedure that suggests itself is the charge of "conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman," but, where the offence is so fundamental, this characterization seems pitifully insufficient. Let the stolen treasures, now publicly exposed, be recovered by the application of *caveat emptor*, and let them be restored to their parochial homes, or handed in trust for this purpose to the Archbishop of Manila; till this be done, the desecration and the wrong are continuing.

These are our petitions: First, that the desecration and pillaging be instantly stopped; Second, that the offenders be swiftly punished; Third, that stolen articles of religion be diligently restored.

My tone is measured and moderate, though I might well be stirred and be excused; and allow me to remark that for the offences a slight nominal punishment is to give countenance and to condone; justice calls for something fitting; and furthermore, even though the principal in this case repudiates its agents' infamy, justice demands that it shoulder its responsibility of reparation. The government recognizes no temporal superior, but it bows to the claims of justice. It seems right that you should be particularly eager to do this, for the honor of the country is in a particular way in your keeping.

Tell me how I shall appeal to you. Shall I appeal to your chivalry? Shall I appeal to your sense of what is decent? Shall I appeal to your love of our brotherhood of country? Shall I appeal to your abhorrence of vile deeds? Tell me what virtue or noble feeling most potently moves you and I will put my entreaty in its name.

I speak of our present Manilan war. It is told that two thousand years ago, when a great man had prosecuted the Asian war with Manilian authority and had taken Jerusalem and the Temple, he pushed and gazed into the Holy of Holies, despite the pleadings and the tears of God's ancient priests and people; and afterward it was repeated how in Pharsalia he felt God's punishing hand. And yet even this man refrained from impious plundering. It was the sacker Crassus that died of molten gold poured down his throat.

President, Secretary, General, we ask you, listen and heed; move on the quickest avenue to executive action and you shall have our heartfelt thanks.

NEAL H. EWING.

New York, September 20, 1899.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

EVERY Catholic Reading Circle should have a copy of the list of thirty-five books by Catholic authors selected from the catalogue of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., New York and Boston. By special arrangement with the Columbian Reading Union a liberal discount will be allowed for a limited time. To secure the reduction the official order-blank must be used, which is appended to the published list of works. Copies of the list may be obtained by remitting ten cents in postage to the Columbian Reading Union, 415 West Fifty-ninth Street, New York City. No attention will be given to postal cards.

Among the authors represented in this new list are Brother Azarias, James Jeffrey Roche, George Parsons Lathrop, Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, Agnes Repplier, Miriam Coles Harris, Emma Forbes Cary, Katharine E. Conway, Louise Imogen Guiney, Mary Agnes Tincker, and Adelaide Procter. The works of these authors should have a wider circulation. Catholic readers, whether members of Reading Circles or patrons of public libraries, can assist the good work by active personal co-operation. Send at once for the list with critical reviews of each book.

* * *

The Champlain Summer-School afforded many opportunities to discuss plans for extending Reading Circles. At one of the conferences a most delightful talk was given by S. M. C., who is well known to our readers. It is here reproduced in part from notes taken at Cliff Haven.

As to the novelty of the Reading Circle venture, that can be easily decided upon. When one recalls the Symposia of the ancients, the gay courts presided over by the ladies in the pleasant days of *trouveres* and *troubadours*, the minstrel part of the *menu* in those old dining-halls of England, the dignified salons of the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries in France, with their imitations in England in Queen Anne's time, the motive, and even some of the methods, of our Reading Circle may be easily traced back to all these forms of culture and recreation. So no plea need be made to save our endeavor from the charge of new-fangledness. But we may, indeed, help one another to a solution of the maintenance of our laudable endeavors, by exchange of opinion, etc.; and since Father McMillan, the chairman of the Board of Studies, favors me with the request to say my little say, I am happy to comply, leaving him to answer for the consequent weariness the little say may cause. I would, first, beg leave to speak as if I had *carte-blanche* as to the formation of a Reading Circle, and as if I had the most sympathetic co-workers. Then I would put myself on guard against the desire to square that circle, and I would not eat my heart out if its dimensions were not, at once, the same as the earth's circumference; on the contrary, I would prefer a small circle, and the conditions for admission would be clearly enunciated and printed: a determined will to distinguish between an association and a "smart set"; entertainment in the shape of musicales and of At Homes and dramatic readings would be limited to one or two a year. Our other meetings would be weekly and for work. We would agree upon a plan of studious reading, and we would have been so fortunate as to have one authority to whom we surrendered our wills in the choice of the year's study; of course, allowing ourselves a wide margin for individual research and correlative

studies, and going as we please, in our general reading. But in the matter of the year's work we would allow the most autocratic decision of the director or directress, or better still, of the Board of Direction, to prevail as to the special work to be done. That would limit us to a few books, but to much reading and considerable writing; for Dr. Johnson is right, and we all know it: "Reading makes the full man, and writing makes the sure man." Now, what should we write? Well, that depends on our arrangements as to that one authority, could he or she at the weekly meeting give a course of lectures or talks on the prescribed subjects, indicate the books that are of a nature to help us, answer the questions bearing on the difficulties, section off the amount of matter to be read till the next meeting; in a word, do pretty much what a professor of literature does for a regular class in those schools where literature does not mean simply rhetoric. To the members who from the opening of the meeting have been convinced that they have come together not for gossip, nor tea, nor cake, nor elocution, but for work, the hour or hour and a half will seem all too short to listen and take notes. Now, what shall be done with the notes? We might see the wisdom of developing them into so-called essays. These essays would not be inflicted on the body at large, except at great intervals, and as the autocrat of the Round Table would decide. But the writing of the essays might prove of real value to the owner and even, when properly put together, form a sort of guide-book as to future reading. The subject-matter to be thus treated would be agreed upon at the beginning of the course. Would it not be well to have a very definite programme drawn? How would this one suit, for instance: A study of the great world poems, following the order of time, grouping them under the two great sections of ancient and modern classics? Let the earlier meetings be devoted by the lecturer to the comparative merits of Homer and Virgil, Dante, Tasso, Milton, Cervantes, Shakspeare, Goethe, and Tennyson. The comparative study would compel much reading, and the first part of the term would be devoted to general considerations. The second part might be devoted to some two of these great poems in particular; for instance, Shakspeare's plays from English history, and Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*. Just think of all the interest these themes must awaken, besides the purely literary! The many authorities who have given us help on all these subjects would fill a good-sized library. There could be no difficulty as to finding subject-matter on these books. Indeed, the greatest difficulty attending such work as a well-organized Reading Circle suggests is the knowing what to discard, in the way of help. This programme would stand for one year's course. Another year, it might be the history of literature, devoting the first half to the literature of the world in a very general manner; the second half to a more special study of all that has been written in the English language, since there has been an English language, *i. e.*, since the great Elizabethan era. The autocrat would, of course, name the special works to be more particularly read. Say, for instance, the best of the great essayists of the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries *versus* the best of the nineteenth century, and, to be still more definite as to the study course proper, two of Bacon's, two of Addison's, two of Charles Lamb's, and two of Newman's; the choice of these to be agreed upon by the members and the genial autocrat, and so on for years, and for the rest of one's life, a course of studious and delightful reading would be secured.

The entertainments to be given once or twice a year could be made to illustrate what has been done under this discipline. All judicious reading should enlarge and illumine; in a word, help us grasp the meaning of creation, and

when we shall have grasped that, all eternity will not be too long to exhaust the joy of the discovery; and even if we do not get a tangible hold of all the threads that make out the mystic tapestry spread out to our gaze, we shall, by persevering and concentrated effort, escape the curse of *ennui*. We know how depressing much of our contemporary literature is. Our course will guard us from depression, though our themes are serious. The great epics, the great romances, the great dramas, the great novels are not depressing. The *Divina Commedia*, even in the *Inferno*, is not depressing. Nor are the Idylls of the King, though the great Arthurian romance ends in seeming failure. Who has ever been depressed by the *Dies Iræ*? One may be serious without depression. We should then take the pledge of total abstinence from all that is not mentally and spiritually stimulating, and our library shelves should find no room for the decadents of any period, though we would not limit our shelves to the Catholic writers. We would have them, the best of them; but we must also find room for the great works of all the great ones of the earth. The ideal librarian remains, perhaps, to be found, but the Reading Circles should hasten the advent of that ideal, and while waiting for him or her imagine our books be arranged somewhat in this manner: All our great spiritual guides, theologians and philosophers, who have brought as much of their knowledge as is good for us within our reach, by means of modern English. The historians and philosophers of history, and by all means let us make sure of the Formation of Christendom, by Allies, and Ozanam's Sorbonne lectures. Then our poets, all of them, but in congenial groups. For instance, Tennyson, Browning, and Coventry Patmore go together, and should be read in the order here marked. Not perforce all of Tennyson nor of Browning, but every line of Patmore; this reading should not be prescribed for the regular course, and perhaps the members would get the most benefit from this crowned mystic by taking private lessons from one who has the rare grace of reading between the lines of Patmore's revelations. Would not such a library be good enough for our little span of life? The books on books are so very plentiful that with them, as with novels, the "embarras de richesses" is truly embarrassing. The selections had better perhaps be most severe in this line; we want all that Wiseman and Newman have written on mental and spiritual culture. Brother Azarias does not need to beg admission, and there are ever so many others who have the right of entry: Walter Pater, Gilbert Hamerton, Hamilton Mabie, Augustine Birrell, Alice Meynell. We may not go all the way with all of these, but they have much to teach, and one thing they will teach, in harmony with our great infallibles, is that "Right life is glad life," and if literature is on the whole the most complete expression of the spiritual nature of man, then we must, first of all, cultivate and cherish a love for books, persevere in our loving use of them. We must not be afraid of the efforts a course of studious reading demands, for "All great work demands always great self-restraint and continuity of effort, and general healthfulness of nature; the kind of half-education which so many mistake for education is very barren of results and substitutes a cheap imitation of culture for culture itself." It is Hamilton Mabie who has been speaking in the last few lines. Now, what we want is culture, and that does not mean merely refinement of taste or extensive familiarity with books and art, but emancipation from provincialism, openness to the truth from all quarters, rightness of spirit and sanity of nature, and, let me add, the grace to know when to stop our academic theorizing and hold the truth when we see it. So, "Here's to the greater to-morrow that is born of a great to-day"!

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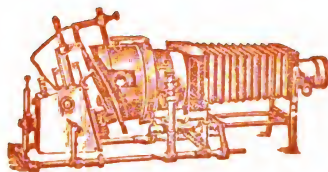
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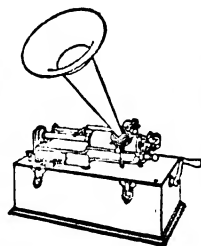


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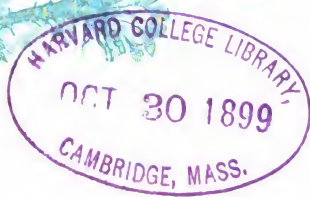
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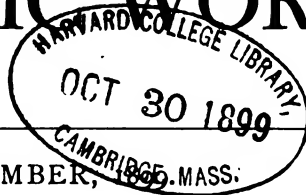
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"DE PROFUNDIS CLAMAVI AD TE, DOMINE."

—*Psalm cxxix. 1.*

THE
CATHOLIC WORLD.



VOL. LXX.

NOVEMBER, 1899. MASS.

No. 416.

"DOMINE, EXAUDI VOCEM MEAM."

Ere the stained cover of my soul be stript
And that immortal part, bewildered, see
The fearful dawn of Thy eternity,
Touch Thou my heart, and reillumine it.
Teach me the narrow way and help me lift
This wearying life to rest, that unto me
No more may come a passion's agony,
But perfect peace with pardon infinite.

And in that hour when death shall crush the light,
May all the past, entangled as a dream,
Sink in the withering gloom, and leave no trace.
And when my soul begins the last great fight
Should I to Thee call out across the stream,
Turn not, O Lord! an unremembering face.

The month of November is devoted to the Holy Souls.

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STATE OF NEW YORK. 1899.

VOL. LXX.—10

"THE FUTURE OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION."

BY REV. WILLIAM L. SULLIVAN, C.S.P.



HIS is the heading of an article in the September number of the *Nineteenth Century Magazine*, by the Rev. Dr. Percival, a presbyter of the Episcopal diocese of Pennsylvania. The positions there taken are briefly these:

1. There is a wide-spread tendency in Protestant Christianity to-day toward Catholic doctrine and ceremonial, and it promises to become so universal as to annul the Reformation.
2. The Church of Rome is everywhere stagnant or retrograding, and cannot hope to benefit by this religious reawakening.
3. The church which will alone profit by the new movement, and emerge from it the home and hope of the Christian religion of the future, is the Anglo-Catholic Church; or, if we may reduce the terms of the reverend doctor's thesis to a somewhat more exact expression, that one among the several and inharmonious systems within the religious establishment of the English realm which is styled Ritualistic or High-Church Episcopalianism.

Of these propositions we wish to consider simply the third. Not, as is obvious, that the remaining two do not offer abundant scope for investigation. Indeed, in his development of them, Dr. Percival hints at several matters wherein he might be subjected to examination to the great advantage of truth; such, for example, are the number and character of converts to Roman Catholicism, and the few statements and fewer statistics he ventures in proof that the church is in irreparable decay. But since the study of one of his grounds is ample for the limits of a single article, it is best to consider that one which expresses the main purpose of his essay and the central point of his whole contention. Moreover, this gives us a chance to do a little cross-questioning, examination of proofs, and case-adjudication—as rare an opportunity in these times as it is refreshing, when the Catholic apologist, nine times out of ten, is compelled to give his whole attention to maintaining pleas of Not guilty.

A CATHOLIC REVIVAL WITH CATHOLICISM LEFT OUT.

But before entering upon the inquiry we have proposed to ourselves, we must take note of one or two characteristics of Dr. Percival's argument as a whole. It strikes us that he has fallen into a strangely obvious paralogism in holding that a Catholic revival is sweeping over all Protestant Christendom; not merely a setting of the tide towards ceremonial, but "likewise a great wave of doctrine," of "beliefs and practices of the church which had been lost sight of at the Protestant Reformation," and that as the great wave advances the Roman Catholic Church, for all its universality, will not be so much as dashed by the spray. If there is a Catholic movement at all, and we possess the essentials of Catholicity—some of them, at least, Dr. Percival will not deny us—why, we ask, are we excluded from a share in the Catholic renaissance? and why, to use words that are doubtless dear to our author, is the largest and most venerable of all the Catholic "branches," which has stood firm amid the storms of ages of heresy, to fall prostrate in decay when the storms have ceased, and when the fresh sap of undivided Christianity is flowing through every fibre of the Tree Universal? We should have thought that Mr. Percival's logical sense—perhaps it would be harsh to say his "common" sense—would discover the extreme discomfort of balancing between the two members of such a position, whatever be his possible skill as a funambulist. Then there is the verdict of history which might have enlightened him. Whatever of consolation a future Catholic movement may bring to Anglicans, they certainly cannot regard the last one with much assurance. Indeed, there are grave reasons for doubting whether, if the new reaction is going to be at all like Tractarianism, Anglicanism can make shift to survive it.

HOLES IN THE ANGLICAN ARGUMENT.

Of course our author would strip the church of the reverence the world pays it. He would turn history on end, and make Canterbury instead of Rome the abode of whatever is primitive and venerable in the designation "Catholic." He would reverse the large historical judgment of mankind, which sees every page of the annals of Christian Europe stamped as plainly as is every product of Christian art with the spirit and the faith of Rome, and of Catholicity as Rome understands it. He would make the august dynasty of Peter but a shadow;

and the reality Tudor, Stuart, Hanover, Victoria that is, and Albert Edward that is to be—or such Privy Councils and Courts of Arches as may be their delegates if another Gorham should come to judgment. It is to be expected that he should reproach the religious *Pax Romana* as stagnation of spirit, and the church's *Sacramentum unitatis* as a Vatican and Tridentine tyranny; and should bid us come to Britain or to Anglican America if we seek the true, soul-satisfying concord of the new Christian commonwealth. But the world has eyes that see and a mind that thinks, and before it heeds the pretensions or accepts the invitation of Anglicanism, it will require straightforward answers to one or two grave and far-reaching questions. Why, for example, is the history of present-day Church-of-Englandism, as written in almost every number of the great secular reviews and by its most loyal adherents, a record of irrepressible anxiety, heartsickness, and protest? And why does the Establishment present to-day a spectacle so scandalously discordant that the dissenting sects in every one of their headless fragments are rubbing their hands in gratulation thereat, when they are not extending them in token of half-sincere and half-mocking fellowship? Let churchmen brush aside these, and other questions like them, as they will, in the fond pursuit of Anglican unity and Catholicity. Less easily satisfied religious and inquiring minds, at any rate, will insist upon thorough answers to them before they will dream of handing over the pledge of their allegiance. Anglican appeals for converts then, appeals like the one we are now reviewing, will fail of any power to convince or move, and will be lacking in the very essential of the argument they aim to construct, so long as they prove not, I do not say the superiority of Anglicanism to Rome by formal and fair comparison, but, at the very least, that Episcopalianism is or can be securely safeguarded against the very inconveniences the world is deserting Protestantism to escape.

THE PROBLEM TO BE SOLVED.

But this brings us fairly in front of the chief question we are to treat. It may be stated thus: What right has Anglicanism to claim any share in the coming religious reaction? What are the credentials that justify its appeal to the Catholic-inclined dissenter and unbeliever? What rest of heart and satisfaction of mind does it promise, and what immunity from the vital weaknesses of rejected Protestantism? The reasons

are obvious enough why Protestantism is rejected. Protestants are sick of their incurable schisms. They want unity; unity in doctrine, in ritual, in government. They are starved for sacramental sustenance. They crave the comfort of religious solidarity. They long for the true communion of saints, fellowship with the Christian past, a world-brotherhood in the present, and, if they could but read the impulse, fraternity with the church triumphant. And deeper than all these, indeed the security and support of all these, they want a teaching church whose voice shall be the unhesitating utterance of the mind and will of God. Dr. Percival himself says: "On every side men are feeling the emptiness of a religion which rests upon no external witness, and upon nothing more stable than the shifting sands of private judgment."

What, to all these needs, is the relief brought by Anglicanism? The question is of a fact and a principle. Does the Anglican Church in reality satisfy these religious necessities? What is the principle on which it will and must continue to do so? Or if it does not satisfy them, why is this? and to what principle that gives certain promise of relief may it appeal?

THE TRUE CHURCH SELF-CONSCIOUS OF ITS TRUTH.

Converts to the Catholic Church tell us often that next to the feeling of "reality and certainty" which Cardinal Manning says is the chief joy of a new convert comes the broad and deep delight of brotherhood with all times and with all the world. Coming from the sects, which are so narrow in their horizon, and so piteous in their eagerness to be recognized by one another, and to hold hands now and then in a show of ephemeral unity, their souls enjoy keenly the large pleasure of fellowship in the *Domus Dei*. They see the world of the faithful, not setting themselves up as lords of the church, but flocking to her as children to be corrected, advised, and instructed. They see the world outside, however hostile, giving unsought acknowledgment to her universality and unity and age. But whether the faithful come to her, or the spirit of the world oppress her, the church is for ever majestic in the consciousness, the sublime egotism we may call it, that she is of God. It cannot be denied that the church has suffered much, in the estimation of human prudence, by her steadfast refusal to share in any and all associations which would in the smallest measure compromise her claims or lessen the least of her prerogatives. This sovereign self-respect may not directly

be a proof of the divinity of the church, but it is exactly what we should look for if she is divine, and it is certainly a demonstration of her sincerity in making her exclusive claims. And a self-consciousness and a sincerity of this kind are precisely what the Catholic inclined seeker is in search of. He looks for the very opposite of the sects he has abandoned, and will not rest satisfied until he has found it—God's imperial witness to his independent truth.

Is such a satisfaction to be found in Anglicanism? In answer we think it not too much to say that nothing has surpassed the shame felt by High-Churchmen over their church's practical plea for Protestant fellowship, except possibly it be their chagrin at the regularity with which similar appeals for Catholic friendship—Roman, Russian, Greek, or Jansenistic—have been always sooner or later repudiated. The following burning passage is taken from a work written as an apology for the Church of England.* It is perhaps the last warning uttered by its rarely-gifted author to the church he had long and loyally served, before the mandate of his conscience compelled him to leave it:

"Farewell indeed to any true defence of the Church of England, any hope of her being built up once more to an Apostolic beauty and glory, of recovering her lost discipline and intercommunion with Christendom, if she is by any act of her rulers to be mixed up with the followers of Luther, Calvin, or Zwingli. . . . If the Jerusalem bishopric, the still-born offspring of an illicit connection, . . . be the commencement of a course of amalgamation with the Lutheran or Calvinistic heresy, who that values the authority of the ancient undivided church will not feel his allegiance to our own branch of it fearfully shaken?"

Need we recall other examples of the Church of England's subservience and humiliation later than the Jerusalem bishopric? Need we more than allude to Dr. Creighton's readiness to allow Calvinists and Lutherans to receive the Communion in Anglican churches on the Continent? to the rejection of Anglican orders by the Old Catholics, on the ground of Lutheranism-infected formularies and inadequate intention? to a similar rejection by the Dutch Jansenists in 1873 and 1894? and, finally, to the crushing "*Apostolicæ Curæ*" in 1896. Or need we delay upon that other subservience which is big with elements of destruction—subservience to the state? It is the

* *The Church of England cleared from Schism.* By T. W. Allies.

confession of Anglicans themselves,* that the spirit of Erastianism has been growing steadily in recent times, especially since Archbishop Tait, and is to-day fastened firmly upon the whole Establishment. Indeed, to one judging from without, nothing is more natural than that a church which began with the Crown conferring jurisdiction upon its proto-prelate, who could not have received it from his consecrators since they had none themselves; with Queen Elizabeth suspending Bishop Grindal, Parker's successor; with the appeal to her majesty for his restoration of twelve of his suffragans—an appeal in which we read: "Nos quos ecclesiæ gubernationi præfecisti"—"We whom you have appointed to rule the church"; with Charles the First absolving from *canonical* suspension an archbishop who had accidentally killed a man†;—with such beginnings, nothing is more natural, we say, than that we should hear in our own times an Earl of Selborne declare, in the House of Lords, that gifts made to the English Church are presents to the English state; or that there should be formed among churchmen who are heartsick at such a condition of things an association‡ "which aims at extirpating, cutting up, destroying, and annihilating the deadly plant of Erastianism, which has for three centuries and a half well-nigh smothered the spiritual life of the Church of England."§ This is hardly the portrayal of the world-church the Christianity of the future will demand. Hardly the fulfilment of the conditions we have sketched for the new Catholic consolidation, this dependent church, that by her own acts implies fragmentariness, not only numerical but doctrinal; and betrays by her willingness to consort with acknowledged heresy a fatal lack of conviction that she herself is orthodox.

IS ANGLICANISM PROTESTANT OR CATHOLIC?

Still there is a graver question to consider. Is it the worst fault of Anglicanism merely that it does not deport itself as a divinely-commissioned guardian of religious truth and doctrinal integrity should? or is it amenable to the charge of throwing aside that truth and mutilating that integrity? If such a

* F. G. Lee in *Nineteenth Century* for November, 1898.

† Although this decree of the king was through the medium of a commission of bishops, nevertheless we read therein that the restoration of Archbishop Abbot was effected, "ex auctoritate nostra regia suprema et ecclesiastica quâ fungimur"—"by virtue of our supreme royal and ecclesiastical authority."

‡ The Order of Corporate Reunion, founded September 8, 1877.

§ From *The Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven*, by J. W. Mossman.

charge be proved, then does the future hold out to Episcopalianism no more than it does to the other sects whose progress in rejecting supernatural truth has brought them in our day to the very threshold of naturalism and infidelity. Whether it can be proved, let us examine what has been and is now taking place within the Establishment.

Let us imagine a convert to Anglicanism fresh from dissent and under the spell of his first Catholic enthusiasm. Devoted ardently to those "doctrines and practices of the church which had been lost sight of at the Protestant Reformation" and captivated by "the ceremonialism of a former age," toward both of which Dr. Percival says the religious world is moving, it will not be too much to conceive him as holding without a suggestion of doubt the old orthodox doctrine as to baptism; as cherishing warmly a belief in the Real Presence and a love for the solemn ritual that naturally follows from such a faith; as strongly inclined toward confession and trust in the efficacy of absolution; as never dreaming that on such a matter as matrimony the very respectability of the Establishment would tolerate any but the most rigid Roman views; and finally, as resting in the secure confidence that his new religion is the temple of primitive purity, unassailable apostolicity, and a unity beyond human power to infringe.

Now what, we wish some Anglican apologist would answer, will be the feelings of such a man, and how will he derive from his neo-Catholicism the peace that Dr. Percival and others promise him, when within, let us say, a week of his conversion he hears a Broad-Churchman deny that by virtue of baptism there is any new birth from sin to grace; from nature fallen in Adam to nature restored by Christ? And what, pray, will avert his consternation when he learns that in a solemn adjudication of the question in 1850 it was decided against the Bishop of Exeter that a beneficed clergyman of the Church of England might, if it so pleased him, reject the Catholic position? Or our convert has taken up a secular review and read therein with sympathy Lord Halifax's urging of Reservation of the Sacrament and his plea for prayers for the dead as practices conformable to antiquity.* And behold in the very next number of the same magazine appears a violent improbation of the Mass and everything Roman by a fellow-churchman who attacks violently those who are made conspicuous by "their postures, their vestments, and their priestly pretensions"; the

* *Nineteenth Century*, February, 1899.

whole thing ending up with the bewildering: "(The English Church) is Catholic because she is so truly Protestant; she is Protestant because she is so truly Catholic."* Or let him read, in a charge of Archbishop Temple regarding the Eucharist, that Anglicans may hold Consubstantiation but by no means Transubstantiation; and then chance upon a fraternal critic of his grace who will inform him that "the doctrine of the Anglican articles has not only no affinity with, but stands in direct and formal opposition to that of the Greek and Roman churches—while if anything can be affirmed with certainty regarding the Anglican articles on the Supper, it is that they stand in the closest relation to the Reformed or Calvinistic view and were shaped under its direct influence"; concluding with: "If the literal sense of the words of institution be pressed, we are bound to say that it is the Romanist, not the archbishop who has the balance of reason on his side." This after Dr. Pusey's assertion that fundamentally the Roman and Anglican faith in the Eucharist is one and the same, and that "no words could express more exactly the faith of those who believe in the Real Presence than the language of the Council of Trent."†

Need we follow our neophyte further in the perplexity that at every step more hopelessly involves him? Need we try to portray his stupefaction at the almost daily letters in the *Times* during the past six months or a year? Or imagine him in St. Ethelburga's Church with a "mass" celebrating at the altar and John Kensit, a devout parishioner, protesting in the arms of a policeman, by Luther's sacred name, against this Papal worship in the Church of England? Why need we speak of orthodoxy and unity with the great Lightfoot of Durham holding the episcopal office to be a human growth of the second century and with Bishop Wordsworth of St. Andrew's vigorously remonstrating;‡ with Pusey warmly advocating confession; with Gladstone's famous tribute to the practice in his review of Lady Fullerton's *Ellen Middleton*; with a well-known Ritualist's defiance: "So long as there remains a priest and a penitent, and the two are not imprisoned under Privy Council Order in separate cells, so long sin will be acknowledged and forgiveness obtained";§ and, on the other

* Idem, March, 1899. The author of this article is one R. Bosworth Smith.

† Professor James Orr, *Contemporary Review*, December, 1898.

‡ *Is Healthful Reunion Possible?* pp. 78-90.

§ F. G. Lee, *Nineteenth Century*, November, 1898.

hand, with a coarse Broad-Churchman styling the confessional "the most insidious and the most deleterious and the most emasculating of all Roman ordinances";* with Archbishop Tait proclaiming in Convocation: "We do not—there is not a soul in this room who does—take the concluding clauses of the Athanasian creed in their plain and literal sense";† with King, Bishop of Lincoln, saying: "I am unable to accept the conclusions of those who would make marriage absolutely indissoluble";‡ with Lord Halifax complaining: "In theory, the appeal which the Church of England makes to primitive belief and Apostolic practice may no doubt be sustained; in fact, nothing can be less like primitive belief and Apostolic practice than the whole religious attitude of a very large proportion of her members—an attitude, be it noted, which is not merely unwillingly acquiesced in, but is complacently accepted as the normal state of things by the ecclesiastical authorities themselves," (*Nineteenth Century*, February, 1899); and finally, with Dr. Percival himself confessing: "Who but a handful among old-fashioned Tractarians considers himself bound to accept the thirty-nine articles of the Church of England"?

Surely after this it is superfluous to speak of disciplinary unity or lack of it; to recall how Church Defence Societies are springing up all over England, with Kensit and Harcourt to vociferate them into anti-Roman passion; and, on the other side, how an Order of Corporate Reunion daily recites the prayer of Pope Gregory XVI. for Christian Unity, and recommends to Anglicans the use of the crucifix, the sign of the cross, and daily suffrages for departed souls. Neither need we delay upon the two hundred and twenty recalcitrant clergymen who met at Holborn on the occasion of an anti-Ritualistic pronouncement by the bishops and resolved "faithfully to disobey" their lordships' legislation. All point in the same direction, to hopeless diversity and incurable schism. Incurable, that is to say, unless some such measure be put in operation as has been suggested by a namesake of the writer we are now reviewing; namely, that a "carefully regulated local option" be introduced whereby a majority vote of every Anglican congregation shall decide on the manner of ritual to be there observed—the doctrine preached to be in harmony, of course—the "result of the ballot to hold for at least one calendar month."

* R. Bosworth Smith, *Idem*, March, 1899.

† Quoted in *The Guardian*, February 14, 1872.

‡ *Guardian*, November 27, 1895.

Will a church like this make men believe that it is the abode of Catholic unity, the house of religious peace, and the sole legatee of the austere orthodoxy of primitive Christendom? And we submit that in our inquiry we have not been unfair or finical. We have neither exaggerated accidental into essential differences, nor placed ourselves while examining disputed articles in a false and distorting view-point. Our consideration has been of no doctrines save those that lie at the very root of revealed religion or are associated inseparably with the name of Catholic; and the strongest expressions we have permitted ourselves to use have been borrowed from loyal Anglicans themselves.

Now, if we do not mistake the value of what these latter have confessed rather than we have demonstrated, these conclusions are not unwarrantably drawn therefrom:

1. True Catholic unity, and that on essential matters if there are any such, is as undiscoverable in Anglicanism as in the Protestant sects themselves.

2. Doctrines which the whole world considers to be inseparably Catholic seem hardly more safeguarded in Anglicanism than in the formularies of half-Christian denominations.

3. The sacramental idea is so widely perverted and darkly perceived by Anglican religious teachers, that those to whom sacraments are administered cannot possibly derive from them the certainty of grace and consolation which Catholic belief has always associated with these sacred functions.

4. The schisms, the vagaries of doctrine and worship, and even the un-Christian opinions which exist in Anglicanism, are known and tolerated and often approved in one or another way by the appointed guides and leaders of the Establishment.

THE QUESTION OF PRINCIPLE.

Our investigation here need not be long. If the divisions, and, in Catholic judgment, the heretical errors, permitted in Episcopalianism are so varied and so vital, any theory or principle of that sect, for either securing unity or insuring doctrinal integrity, is antecedently discredited. Indeed, it takes the hardihood of heroism itself for an Anglican serenely to set before the world principles which will make unity a reality and heresy impossible. In this connection we wonder whether we are harsh in recollecting certain phrases applied by Dr. Percival to Protestant teachers in our day: "Its (Protestantism's) professors are for the most part able to continue in its

ministry only through some device of casuistry, which in any other matter would be considered by themselves, as in their case it is by almost every one except themselves, dishonest and dishonorable."

Still, such principles are proposed, and we must cast at least a glance at them. The great thing to reach, says Dr. Percival, is the "Catholicism of primitive prelacy." But surely the burning question is, not who can praise the primitive church loudest, but how to be sure that we have gotten, and how to be certain that we can retain the Apostolic purity of doctrine. Private judgment is already out of court. What, then, shall be the means? "Keep on appealing," Dr. Percival would seem to say, for he urges "our spiritual rulers boldly to claim all this (*i.e.*, primitive truth) for the English Church, and all the English-speaking peoples will flock to her. The one weak point, the one thing that hinders them from doing so now, is the uncertainty of the voice of those who are orthodox." But we may be permitted to doubt whether vociferation will ever endure for long as a rule of faith—proximate or remote. Besides, what of those churchmen who see no special sanctity in the church of the second century over that of the nineteenth? Dr. Percival may advise return "to the Church of the Eumenical Councils," but Dean Farrar would tell him: "Our own church expressly warns us that general councils may err and have erred even in things pertaining to God."* Alas! there are only thorns and boulders in the way of the heartsick churchman in his weary trudge for something truly and admittedly Catholic within his essentially un-Catholic domain.

Dean Farrar himself, in the work just quoted, lends a hand to the difficulty. Unity requires belief in essentials. Those doctrines must be held as essential to Christianity, he says in substance, which the great divisions of the Christian family are unanimous in admitting. But if, in the development of belief, one or more of these great religious teachers were to reject an article previously held by all, by that very fact this article, once essential, would cease to be any longer so. Accordingly, what is to be believed in to-day as essential Christianity, may not have been believed yesterday, and may cease to be believed to-morrow. In other words, we may find

"To-day's eternal truth to-morrow proved
Frail as frost landscapes on a window-pane";†

* *The Bible*, by Dean Farrar, p. 33.

† "The Cathedral," James Russell Lowell.

and we might venture the definition: The essential doctrines of Christianity are those which have been, which are, which will be held and taught by the great Christian churches, or which might, could, should, or would have been so held and taught! Well may the keen sarcasm of Mr. Mallock suggest to the dean the question: Why then, on your grounds, is Mr. Taylor of Norwich to be in the leastwise blamed or ridiculed for professing himself a neo-Platonist, and sacrificing an ox to great Jove?

How long will the world be detained by a Catholicism and by Catholic principles like these? How long before it discovers that, save for the name, it will find there the Protestantism it is ready to desert? And how long before it will follow the very cream of Episcopalianism itself and flock to the unchanging and unshifting church which is not afraid to proclaim its exclusive truth and its inerrant magisterium in proposing God's word to men? Not long, we cannot doubt. The world will soon perceive the luminous truth, spoken by the acute mind we have just now named, that it is impossible to imagine a more complete *reductio ad absurdum* than such rules of faith as Dean Farrar proposes, once the fundamental postulate of Roman Catholicism has been removed from them.



"BLACK BUT BEAUTIFUL."



AS the train began to pull out of the station an old, white-haired negro hurried across the platform and swung himself on the rear car. He was very black and very dusty, and the individual occupants of seats looked a little apprehensive as he shuffled diffidently through the car. But he did not offer to sit down. When he reached the opposite end he took hold of a seat to steady himself and gazed around curiously, his big, wondering eyes roving from face to face with the eager intentness of a child. Evidently he was tired, very tired, for his shoulders began to slope and every few minutes he shifted his feet as though they hurt him.

At last a young man lowered his newspaper.

"Here is a seat, uncle," he called. "You look tired."

The negro shuffled forward eagerly.

"Yes, sah; t'ank yo', sah!" he said gratefully as he sank down. "I'se plumb beat. Done walk mons'rous long way dis yer mawnin'. Yo' see," as the young man folded his paper and slipped it into his pocket, "Marse Henery an' me lib ober in Prince George County, an' larst week Marse Henery he up an' die. Dat lef' me by myse'f."

"I see. And you are going South to look for work."

"No, sah! Goin' back home—goin' back ter ole Georgy." Into his eyes came a look of eager expectation, and he stroked the back of the seat softly, as though it was his old home in far-away Georgia.

"I ain't been dar in mos' thutty year," he went on, slowly; "not sense de Linkum men tuk we all's niggers. Dar war a whole passle ob 'em, but dey all done bruk away. Den de sheriff sol' de plantation, an' dar wa'n't nutten lef' we all but de Norf. We *bleeged* ter hab money ter lib."

"And you stuck by Marse Henery?"

The old negro looked at him in surprise.

"Ob co'se," he answered, simply. "I'se de body sarbent, an' Marse Henery couldn' git 'long 'thout me. He's a gen'leman, an' 'pended on bein' tuk car' ob. But I'se bleegeed ter be 'way in de day-time, ca'se I'se a cyarpenter an' stone-mason, an' allers hab plenty wuk."

"What did Marse Henery do?"

"Marse Henery?" indignantly. "Why, he's gen'leman, I tells yo'! He ain't do nutten! He ain't nebber learn do t'ings like common w'ite fo'ks. He hab niggers for dat."

"You don't mean to say that you have supported him ever since the war?"

The old negro drew himself up with unconscious dignity.

"Yo' goin' talk like dat I ain't nutten mo' t' say."

"I beg your pardon," said the young man hastily. "Please go on." The black face relaxed.

"Yo' ain't know Marse Henery," commiseratingly, "so yo' don' un'stan'. Ob co'se I wuk for him! Ain't he car' for me befo' de wah? What niggers good for but work, I like know."

A boy came through the car with a basket of sandwiches. The young man bought two and handed them to his companion. The old negro's eyes glistened.

"T'ank yo', massa! t'ank yo', sah!" he said gratefully. "I didn' hab no breakfas', an' money's too skase ter buy t'ings on de road. I war 'lowin' ter fill up arter I done reach Georgy."

A few minutes later there was a slight ripple through the car. The conductor had entered and was calling for tickets.

The young man produced his and held it in readiness. The negro fumbled anxiously through several pockets, and finally remembered that he had pinned his to his hat-lining.

"Done tuk ebery cent I could scrape up ter buy dat," he said, triumphantly, as he produced it. "But das all right! I kin wuk, an' fo'ks don' need money w'en dey's home. Money's for trabblin'."

In the seat behind them was a shabbily dressed woman whose face had an anxious, frightened expression. Crowded on the seat beside her were several bundles, and in her arms was a white-faced, big-eyed baby. When the conductor touched her shoulder she started uneasily. "Ticket, please."

A red flush of shame spread over her face; then it disappeared, leaving her white and dogged. "I haven't any."

The conductor grew stern. "Very well. If you get off at the next station it will save us the trouble of putting you off," and he turned to the opposite seat.

The woman's eyes grew big with terror as she sprang up and caught him by the arm.

"Don't do that, sir! For God's sake don't put me off!" she implored, hoarsely. "I've *got* to go! My husband has written for me to come. If there was time I would walk; but

he's—he's *dying*"; and a great sob rose to her white lips, but was resolutely choked back. "I tried to raise money," lowering her voice so the other passengers could not hear, "but I couldn't. We sold everything we had so he could go South, as the doctor ordered. And now he's—he's—oh, my God! my God!" She raised her arms despairingly and sank weakly back into her seat.

"Where do you wish to go?" asked the conductor, kindly.

"Thomasville, Georgia." The old negro started.

"Why, dat's my place, and this ticket will take her," he whispered to the young man.

"I'm sorry, madam," the conductor said, after a slight hesitation, "but I can do nothing. We have but one rule. You must pay or get off. I'm a poor man myself, and can't risk breaking the rules. I might lose my situation. Ticket, please."

The negro hung his head.

"I'se 'feared yo'll hab ter put me off too, boss," he said, humbly. "I'se got sebenty-two cents. If dat'll count for anyting—"

"Off at the next station!" broke in the conductor, harshly. "We'll be there in a couple of minutes now. If it wasn't so near I'd stop the train and put you off. This poor woman has some excuse, but you—bah!" The young man was about to make a protest, but something in his companion's face restrained him.

Before the conductor reached the end of the car the speed began to slacken. The old negro arose.

"Reckon I'd better be leabin'," he said to the young man. "T'ank yo' ag'in for de san'wiches, an' I hopes yo'll 'member me kin'ly. Here, missy," turning to the woman, who was gazing stonily from the window, and dropping his ticket into her lap, "here's yo' ticket. I reckon yo' done drap hit"; and before she could realize the meaning of his action he had shuffled half way to the door.

The young man rose as though he would call him back; then he seemed to think better of it, for he sat down and gazed moodily from the window. Perhaps he was thinking of his long journey and the dear ones depending on him. Possibly he remembered that his own pocket-book was in nearly as bad condition as the negro's. When the train began to move slowly from the station he once more unfolded his newspaper, but the woman behind him noticed that he was holding it upside down.



MILITARY ROAD BETWEEN SAN JUAN AND PONCE.

PORTO RICO AND THE PORTORICANS.

BY MARK W. HARRINGTON.



THE sunny seas that lie between our ports and those of Porto Rico are much more peaceful than the stormy ocean which lies between America and the Old World. The writer's voyage took him last October, just before the transfer from Spanish to American hands, to the southern port of Ponce, a busy, open roadstead, one of the poorest, though perhaps the busiest, of the island. The town is thoroughly tropical in appearance, with low, open houses, abundance of gardens, and moist, shaded streets. The capital, San Juan, next in size to Ponce and on the other side of the island, has distinctly the appearance of a south-European city, with high walls and buildings tall and compact. Indeed, the appearance is almost Syrian, for the roofs rise tier above tier and are flat and much used by the inhabitants. The distance between the two principal towns by the fine military road is about eighty miles, and this distance we travelled a few days

later by carriage in sixteen hours. The ride was a most charming one, and left the impression of both the picturesqueness of nature and the gentleness of human kind which a journey through Japan would give twenty years ago. But this is not so much a journal of a six months' residence in Porto Rico as it is a summary view of the island and its inhabitants, taken from personal observation and experience; with reference to giving some idea of the character of the island as a possible territory of the United States, and of the Portoricans as citizens.

This island is now American and it must remain American for ever, and its history will make the first effective test of the capacity of the United States to absorb other states or races without harm to itself and with benefit to the state absorbed. The experiment has been tried several times already, but the territories absorbed heretofore have in no case carried a heavy population, while Porto Rico is the most densely



THE STYLE OF ARCHITECTURE IN PORTO RICO.

populated rural area in the two Americas, and one of the densest in the world. Over an area of forty miles or so in breadth by about one hundred in length there are distributed nearly a million people, generally in the rural districts, never

in towns of more than forty thousand people, giving a density of about two hundred and twenty-five to the square mile. This very dense population, consisting of Spanish, Indians, and negroes—descendants respectively of the invaders, aborigines, and slaves—are now to be made good citizens of the



STREET SCENE IN PONCE.

United States, for under no other condition can we hold them.

The island itself offers a splendid opportunity for high prosperity for a people as bright, expansive, and genial as are the Portoricans of the present day. The West Indies are the higher parts, exposed above water, of a submerged mountain range, forked toward the west, and extensively volcanic in character except precisely in Porto Rico, where the fork begins. This island has the deepest known waters of the Atlantic just to the north, and very deep waters for the Caribbean to the south. It is an enormous mountain, massive in character, entirely under water except for the uppermost fifteen hundred feet or so, with an expanded, flattened top, which has been cut down to near sea-level by innumerable streams, leaving the surface in small table-lands and ridges, separated from each other by narrow, deep valleys, and from the sea by relatively small alluvial plains. This complex of

hills and low mountains is freshened and kept wholesome by the perpetual eastern trade-wind and is bathed by abundant rains, except in certain sheltered areas lying to the windward of the elevations, where the rains are scanty, and may from time to time cease for a year or more.

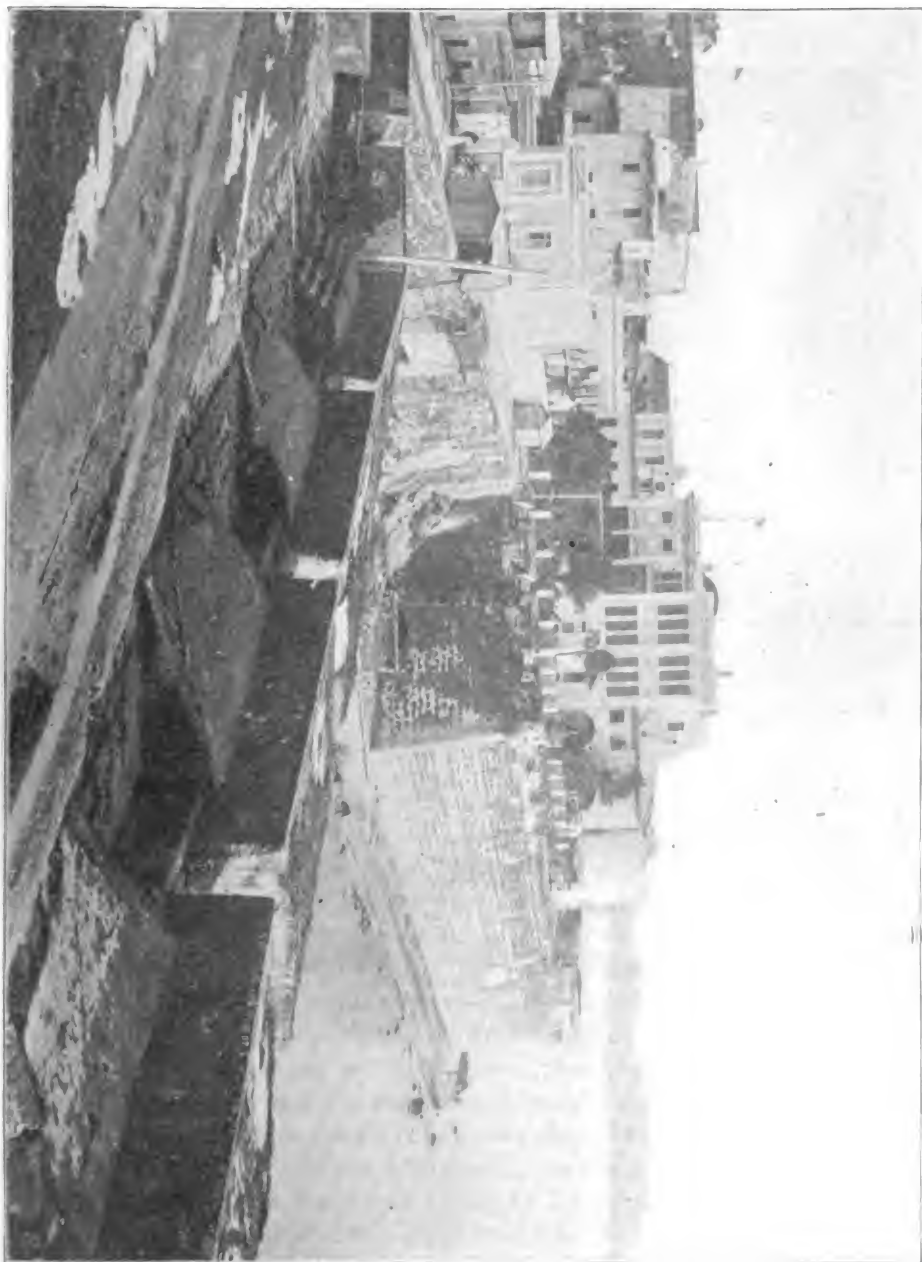
Within this area, smaller than any State of the Union except Rhode Island, there is every possible variation of tropical climate from very wet to very dry, and from sea-level to an



CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF MONTSERRAT.

elevation of three thousand feet or more. The climate is as favorable a one as the tropics afford, for the island lies just within the tropic, and being at the outermost bend or knee of the chain of the West Indies, it offers free and uninterrupted access to the refreshing trade-wind; but it has the serious drawbacks of a tropical climate; always unfavorable for people from the temperate zone, and especially unfavorable, as history shows, to the great race called Anglo-Saxon, to which Americans generally belong. It has no endemic yellow fever, but it

has serious malarias of its own, and the much-feared fever of the West Indies may on favorable opportunity gain a foothold there when it rages as a serious plague, extending its



THE PALACE, SAN JUAN.

ravages to the highest and most temperate parts of the island. White frost is a sharp and summary cure for yellow fever, but this elegant form of crystallized dew never occurs on this great island, so mild are its lowest temperatures. The winters are almost perfection in climate, though a little dry, for the



INTERIOR DECORATIONS OF A CHURCH.

winter is the principal dry season of the island; but the summers are hot and enervating, and the heats in the more arid southern and western slopes in summer can probably not be surpassed in the United States except in the terrible Mojave desert in Southern California. The endemic diseases of the island are numerous, but not especially serious. The chief disease for the immigrant is the relaxation and enervation caused by the continued hot weather of summer, when the night temperatures under cover may not for weeks together fall five degrees below those of the day in the shade, nor lower than eighty degrees on the Fahrenheit scale. This uninterrupted high temperature tends to moral disease in indolence and self-indulgence, and to physical disease in disorders of the excretory organs, or the liver and the kidneys, and to the lowering of the nervous tone until the resident becomes very



CHURCH OF ST. JOSEPH, SAN JUAN, HIT BY SAMPSON'S GUNS. THE REMAINS OF PONCE DE LEON ARE SAID, BY WASHINGTON IRVING, TO REST HERE.

delicate and easily rendered ill by things which in the tonic temperate zone would not affect him. A slight indiscretion in food, drink, or exposure, entirely without significance in higher latitudes, may cause illness in the tropics, occasioning an access of catarrh or attack of pneumonia, or a general form of low fever attributed to malaria.

The island is perpetually clothed with vivid green, and is the truest emerald isle that the United States possesses. Rocks

are rarely visible, for a rich and luxuriant vegetation covers the face of nature and the frequent washings by the rains keeps the green fresh and bright. The ancient wild nature has perhaps completely disappeared, for the island has been densely populated for at least four hundred years, and probably longer by some centuries. The largest wild quadruped which I saw in my six months of residence there was a ground squirrel. Reports of larger animals, as wild rabbits and hogs, are sometimes made, but they probably refer simply to refugees from civilization. One would think that the magnificent cattle of Spanish breeds or the small ponies of native race would sometimes take the same course to escape the cruelties of their masters, for they are treated with greater lack of consideration than are our own beasts of burden in the great North in that they are driven almost to collapse, and prodded with iron goads until



THE ARECIBO WATER SUPPLY.

the surface of the haunches is a mass of abscesses; but as a matter of fact no wild cattle or horses are reported.

Nor is there room for bands of wild creatures of any size, for the island's surface has been cultivated to the last cultiva-

ble inch over and over again, and genuine wild tracts of any magnitude are unknown. Even the steep slopes are often cultivated, and men are seen hoeing where the plough could not



CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF GUADELOUPE ; ABOUT THREE HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

run and where a loosened rock rolls down the declivity hundreds of feet, and the hoeing goes on at the level of the head. In the roughest regions one comes unexpectedly on houses and huts perched in every nook and at spots apparently inaccessible, and the places which at a distance appear to be virgin forest are found on near approach to be ploughed fields relapsed, with perhaps the marks of the furrows still under the trees, or to be in actual high cultivation, for several of the crops in Porto Rico, as coffee and cacao, are grown under the shade of forest trees. There are no dangerous land animals in the country greater than a large spider or a small scorpion.

It is a garden spot for the cultivator who understands tropical agriculture. The soil is not of superior quality, but the sunshine and the frequent brief showers would bring crops

on the most barren soil with slight care. Though there are several wet and dry seasons through the year, some of which are more favorable than others each for its own crop, there is no time or season when a crop cannot be planted or harvested. There are few if any crops that have but one harvest a year, most have two, some three, four, or even more, and there is a series of *cuarentanas*, or forty-day crops, which can be harvested at short intervals throughout the year. By the methods



AT THE MARKET OF SAN JUAN.

of the market-gardener most products could be made to give a continuous crop from one end of the year to the other. The island could be made, with very small effort, the market-garden for the cities of the great North, for there lie between San Juan and New York only five days of ocean travel, and to Baltimore or Wilmington, North Carolina, only four, and during this transit the products remain undisturbed in the steamer's hold, where cold storage or other arts of conservation can be easily applied. The whole series of tropical and sub-tropical products could thus be delivered at Northern ports at any season of the year, and in a condition almost as fresh as in the markets of Porto Rico.

The cheapest contribution which Porto Rico could make to the food of our poor in the great cities of the North is its tubers and other root crops. The whole series of underground crops, as potatoes, yams, batatas, and many others not less important but unfamiliar, with names often of Indian origin and changing from district to district, are produced there in the greatest abundance and at a cost so insignificant as to be fairly incredible. A cent could feed a man a day on these not-to-be despised sources of nourishment, as they are sold in the markets of the island. The cost would be enhanced in New York, but even there it would probably cost not a third



A STREET IN GUANICA.

what the cheapest day's nourishment now costs. This is the opportunity God gives us to alleviate the poverty of our great Northern cities, and to contribute greatly to a wholesome prosperity in our new possession, as yet not happily situated economically.

The chief exports from this island are sugar, coffee, and tobacco, and the United States is the chief customer, as heavy import duties have been imposed cutting off the former large Spanish trade. Nor is the trade with the United States improved or favored; for, though Porto Rico is now our own, the bar of our import duties is still up for her, and she has not yet been admitted to the unrestricted trade with us on



CHURCH AT GUAYAMA.

which she counted to gain some prosperity when she gave herself into our hands. Cut off from the old commerce and not yet admitted to the new, she is in far worse commercial condition than before, and her whole series of industries suffers, but chiefly the staples. Tobacco suffers less because of almost universal local consumption which gives it a large market at home, but the sugar and coffee industries, not very profitable there at the best, are now threatened with bankruptcy and ruin.

Spain has never been much given to publishing information about her colonial possessions, nor have the Spanish publications, such as they were, been known to the makers of the ordinary text-books and encyclopædias in English. The result is that Porto Rico and the Portoricans were almost unknown to Americans until the war, and are still little known except to those who have lived among them. They have developed a certain line of cultivation of their own, strikingly Spanish and Catholic in character, yet possessing some native features of its own, with its own authors, artists, and traditions. Its literature is small but characteristic, and its own local development of the arts and sciences is very creditable. It is in all these respects

distinctly better off than Cuba or the other Great Antilles, of which it is the smallest.

The Spanish element now, in small part of Peninsular birth, is largely of Andalusian origin and has the same bright, genial, expansive, staccato character. They are most hospitable and courteous, religious to a degree among the women, but gay and fond of much speech and bright colors, generally swarthy in complexion, rather small in stature, and not possessing overmuch of the thriftiness which is a special trait of the Spanish and their neighbors. They are clannish to a degree, but their fealty is now transferred from the Peninsulars to the Americans, and they are proud of their new, great *Metropoli*. They are highly musical, and I have heard as brilliant instrumentation in a Portorican home in a small native town as I have ever heard elsewhere off the stage. They are of the artistic temperament, and are cultured to



HIGHWAY OVER STONE BRIDGE AT BAYAMON.

the highest point of civilization. With them is a considerable number of Frenchmen, generally occupied with the production of coffee, and a much smaller number of Germans and other Europeans, usually devoted to commercial pursuits.

These people are in the towns and in the better country

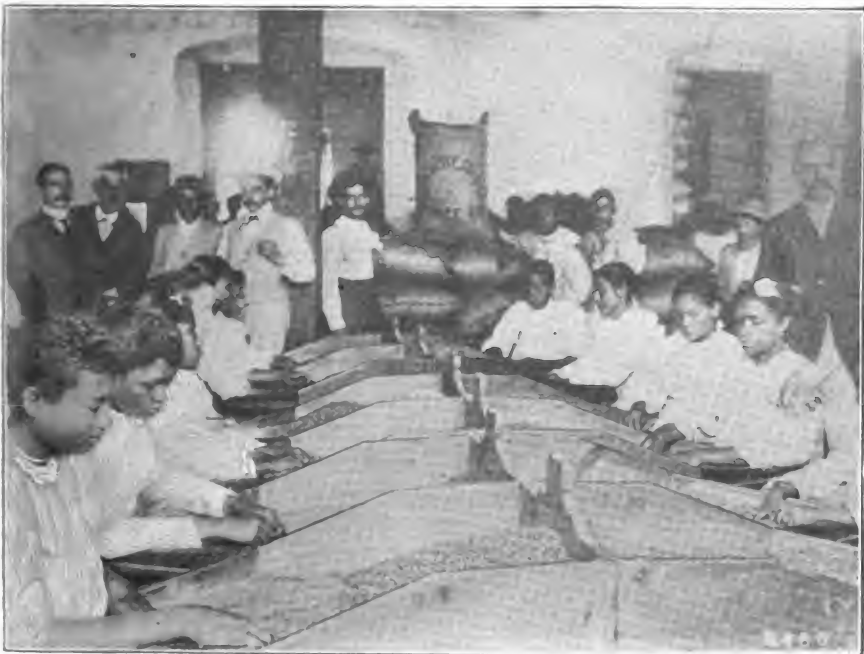
places, and are the leading class of the population. They are true Portoricans, and love to call themselves *Borinquenos*, from the aboriginal name, *Borinquen*—of the island. They form the overwhelmingly leading political factor, though there are two other races represented in great numbers. The one of most interest is the *Indio*, or that of the descendants of the inhabi-



LA BELLES BORINQUEÑOS.

tants found on the island at its discovery and settlement. They form the great mass of the country laborers over the island, especially in the centre and the northeastern section. They have much of the serious appearance of the North American Indian, with his high cheek bones, but their color is less red and more swarthy. They are inclined to keep to themselves and especially not to mingle with the blacks, but with the Spanish they have mingled freely. Tradition gives them the right to the soil, and they are said to still observe certain clannish and fraternal rites inherited from their ancestors. They know little of education and are generally mere day laborers. The Africans or descendants of slaves imported chiefly from the Guinea coast are very numerous and are multiplying rapidly—probably more rapidly than the other classes;

and they mix freely with all. They are often very bright, ambitious, and self-educating. They form the poorest and most indigent class on the island, but they are coming ahead both in numbers and in education, and with them the American government will have much to do, for they have very generally the idea that the blacks have not been well treated in the States. An element of interest to the newcomer, though of little political importance, is the considerable number of blacks from the British West Indies who are found in the coast towns, where they are likely to become the servants of Americans, both because they speak English and be-



PACKING AND BAGGING COFFEE.

cause they are very serious and honest, though not always particularly moral.

The social conditions of the people are not good in many cases. The poorer classes live in dark and unwholesome quarters in the towns, and even in the country they contrive to give a certain unwholesomeness to their huts by crowding, dirt, and absence of windows. Wages are very low and the facilities for education are much less satisfactory than appear



A PEON CABIN, BAYAMON.

on paper. The school-houses are ill-contrived and are not large enough to give school facilities to one-quarter of the children of school age. The system is supported by the state; but with abundant guarantees of perfection in the law, which is one of the most elaborate school laws in existence, the operation is so imperfect that the great public, the unknown majority, is almost entirely dissatisfied with it. Under this system they often do not want to be educated; for the law requires pupils to either pay for tuition, which they cannot afford, or to get from an *alcalde*, or judge, a certificate of poverty, a thing disagreeable in itself and causing, as is currently believed, the pupil who brings it to be neglected and subjected to indignities.

The experiments of the Spanish in governing the island had brought it to a high degree of prosperity when American ideals intervened and a spirit of unrest took possession of it. This caused an early attempt at Americanization, which was summarily extinguished by the Spanish by several executions on a field near San Juan, pointed out yet to Americans, though the event took place over half a century ago. When Cuba

revolted Porto Rico remained loyal because she had to, not because she wanted to. This burdened her with expenditures for a considerable body of soldiers and sailors, mostly from the Peninsula, and this burden fairly made her writhe until she paid upwards of half her taxation for her own servitude. Then she insisted on autonomy, when her burden became greater, because she then had to support an army of her own official selection and lost not the Spanish army in the slightest, but rather increased it for reasons of state. She welcomed the Americans with open arms and gave them herself and all she had, and now she is not quite content with the change.



A PUBLIC SCHOOL.

THE EPISCOPALIAN DOCTRINE OF THE EUCHARIST. •

BY DR. A. A. MÜLLER.



THE Anglican archbishops have been sitting in Lambeth Palace listening to arguments on the question of reservation of the Sacrament—this being the term by which what formerly was called the sacrament of the “Lord’s Supper” has now come to be designated. This conference has a special interest in the light of a weighty encyclical recently issued by the Archbishop of Canterbury. One is so accustomed to vagueness in deliverances emanating from high Episcopal sources that the plainness of this particular utterance comes as a surprise, almost as a shock. His grace gives no uncertain sound. Also, the conciliatory, “Catholic” tone apparent in the joint-letter addressed by their graces, the archbishops of Canterbury and of York, to our Holy Father, in reply to the rescript of the Holy See condemnatory of Anglican orders, is conspicuously wanting in this document; mayhap because the audience to be addressed was somewhat non-Catholic—indeed, prevaillingly anti-Catholic; whereas the “joint-letter” was intended, partly for our Holy Father, but, we suppose, more particularly for the benefit of those schismatical Eastern bishops who had been drawn into some sort of recognition of Anglican orders under a variety of misunderstandings, the most serious of which consists in their simple supposition that the *Ecclesia Anglicana* (Church of England) and the *Protestant Church of England* are two very different entities, they supposing the latter to be made up of the Methodists, Baptists, etc. However, the archbishop, to speak plainly, wears no mask. His utterance is categorical to a nicety; though, as we shall have occasion to point out, not severely accurate from a theological point of view.

SOME DEFINED TEACHING NOW.

Catholics who are in touch with Anglicanism in one or the other of its pretentious phases will be truly grateful to his grace for this candid committal of himself to the Protestant view-points in his deliverance on this, the most vital doctrine

of revelation; chiefly by reason of the deplorable aberrations of the "Anglo-Catholic" party and the idolatrous practices to which those aberrations have given rise. We ought to be glad because the official head of Anglicanism, the lineal successor of Cranmer and of Parker, has so clearly set forth what has been, is now, and ever shall be, to the day of its final doom and open apostasy, the teaching of Anglicanism on the Eucharist; and because he has just as clearly insisted that the Catholic doctrine *cannot* be held conscientiously by persons belonging to that body. We are fully aware that "Anglo-Catholics" will be found to set at naught the solemn utterance of their chief pastor without scruple, because, being Protestant, they are amenable to no authority whenever this authority does not suit their own notions. Be that as it may, those Anglicans who may have innocently brought themselves to fancy that the Catholic doctrine of the Eucharist might somehow be lawfully held within the pale of their communion have now the proper corrective of their misapprehensions furnished them in the sapient and, at any rate, authoritative, though, perchance, unheeded, declaration of the "Primate of all England." Henceforth they are without excuse, if they continue their attempts to "say Mass" and their practices of *artolatry*, bread-worship, because they are diligently taught and carefully warned that, whereas any conceivable shade of opinion, from Zwinglianism through Calvinism to Lutheranism may be tolerated as being intentionally included by the Anglican Church, the *Catholic* doctrine, together with the practices flowing therefrom, can in nowise be tolerated. As for the archbishop himself, he has now washed his hands in the face of his diocese, of Anglicans generally and of all men, of even implied complicity in the false and idolatrous cult of the Anglican Eucharist. He has risen to the emergency with manly dignity and has defined where the limits of Anglican inclusiveness begin and where they end. They comprehend every conceivable Protestant view. They exclude absolutely the Catholic doctrine.

THE ARCHBISHOP PROBABLY A ZWINGLIAN.

The archbishop defines Zwinglianism as the limit of toleration on the one hand. We let him speak for himself. "There are," he says, "those who hold that no special gift is bestowed by this sacrament, but that the value of it mainly, if not entirely, resides in the effect produced on the soul of the receiver by the commemoration of that wonderful act of love, our

Lord's sacrifice of Himself on the cross. Nothing more, they think, is needed, and nothing more is given." This summary is a correct exhibition of the Zwinglian view of the Eucharist, and it reflects, no doubt correctly, the views of the Anglican Zwinglians, who may be said to constitute the main body of the Low-Church element in this wonderfully comprehensive church. The archbishop is, of course, chary of saying anything that might be supposed to wear the imprint of finality; possibly he apprehends that there are various shades of Zwinglianism held among his constituency; hence he goes slowly; he will not say that Anglican Zwinglians do hold that the value of this sacrament resides *entirely*, but that they, or some of them, may hold that it resides *mainly* in the effect produced by the memorial of Christ's death on the soul of the receiver. How very tender! What an indulgent "mother" the Anglican Church is! What wonder if her children are utterly spoiled! But now see what follows. The archbishop goes on to expatiate on the merits of this view of the Eucharist. If we mistake not, he actually delivers himself of a eulogy of the Zwinglian view, and, if so, we may properly infer that his grace himself worships at the shrine of Zwingli. Here are his words:

"The spiritual effect, according to this view, is great; the memory of the cross works on all the being; it softens, purifies, elevates, kindles; and this to such a degree that *possibly no other influence can be compared with that exercised by this great sacrifice* (italics ours). But there is no special (objective?) gift, no supernatural interposition, any more than in prayer."

A LACK OF POSITIVENESS.

This is quite plain. But why is he so afraid of being positive? One comes to suspect that the Zwinglian sheep of the archbishop's fold are his pets, and surely there can be among them no goats. Yet how then account for the powwow at a memorable Good-Friday service in a certain church, when a certain ultra-zealous Low-Church barn-stormer (Mr. Kensit), in company with like-minded fellows, interrupted the High-Church ceremony of the unveiling of the passion cross and, possessing themselves of the latter, the intruders beat a hasty retreat with noisy denunciations of the "abominable idolatry" in which the High-Church brethren had been quietly engaging; all of which formed but the prelude of the present violent "no-ritualism" movement in the mother country? Does the archbishop account those goats as sheep by the process of

imputed righteousness received by faith alone, or are they, perchance, Calvinists and are omitted because these are not the topic of discourse? Be this as it may, we must come back to what gave rise to a slight departure from the subject under consideration. We said there is in the above utterance a conspicuous lack of positiveness. Why say that "*possibly* there is no other influence that can be compared with that exercised by this great sacrifice"? Does his grace suspect that there are among his Zwinglian sheep some who doubt that the influence of the cross is the most wonderful and powerful influence in all the universe? *Possibly* the archbishop was thinking, as he qualified his statement by the innocent-looking adverb "*possibly*," of the growing number of Broad-Church Anglicans who find the influence of the great modern German dogmatists and critics more potent and charming than the influence of the crucified Nazarene. How hard it must be to think of all those things and many more, as one is engaged in the task of putting together a Canterbury *ex cathedra* deliverance!

NO IDEA OF A PRESENT SACRIFICE.

Another matter ere we proceed. His Protestant grace ascribes to the Anglo-Zwinglian Eucharist an influence so softening (though we would warn you, kind reader, that the proverbial "soft spot" is here not to be thought of) that probably "no other influence can be compared with that exercised by *this great sacrifice*." His grace meant, of course, the influence exercised by the *memory* of *that* great sacrifice. For the Anglo-Zwinglian, the sacrifice was offered once, and that *exclusivé*. The sacrifice was once offered eighteen hundred odd years ago. The Lord's table now is Christ-less. There is no Christian priesthood, *i.e.*, no Christian sacrificial priesthood, hence no sacrifice. The priesthood of Anglicanism is evangelical, *i.e.*, non-sacrificial, as it is also non-sacramental; it knows spiritual sacrifices only, the sacrifice of "ourselves, our souls and bodies, to be a reasonable, holy, and living sacrifice unto God"; but a present sacrifice, never! Yet, there *is*, in the Catholic Church, a sacrifice: the extension and unbloody perpetuation of our Lord's sacrifice on the cross. Of this sacrifice it is as true to-day as it was true when first it was offered that it exerts the greatest influence, a divine, never-ceasing influence for the healing and purifying of the nations, even for as many as the Lord our God shall call; but this sacrifice the Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury cannot discern because his eyes are holden.

FROM ZWINGLI TO LUTHER.

Furthermore, his grace having told us what is the limit of toleration on the one hand, without saying a word about Calvinism he goes on to tell what the limit is on the other hand: namely, Lutheranism. But before quoting his language it may be well to offer a few remarks on the subject of the Lutheran doctrine of the Eucharist. And first, it is an enduring misstatement, though Lutheran theologians are ever and again protesting against it with much vehemence, that Lutherans believe in "consubstantiation," *i.e.*, the natural union of the Body and the Blood of our Lord with the substances of bread and wine respectively through the words of consecration. Lutherans eschew the expression "words of consecration" precisely because it suggests either consubstantiation or transubstantiation, both of which they reject with equal deliberateness. They say: "the words of institution"; and they ascribe to them no effect on the elements. The recitation of them is simply historical, the rehearsal of the narrative of the institution of this "Supper" by Christ; and they merely signify that all those who are now engaging in this performance, in obedience to the command of Christ, "do this in remembrance of me," intending to do what Christ then commanded: "*take and eat*," are minded to look on the bread and wine there before them as solemnly set apart for use in the sacrament, *i.e.*, in the sacramental action of eating and drinking.

PRECISE LUTHERAN TEACHING.

So much as regards the "words of institution." Furthermore, Lutherans hold, with the "*unaltered* Augsburg Confession" (which they receive alone as symbolical), and with their theologians, that the presence of the Body of Christ with the element of bread and of the Blood of Christ with the element of wine happens by virtue of the institution and ordinance of Christ *precisely in the act* of eating and of drinking; so that, according to them, the Body of Christ is with each wafer and the Blood of Christ with each swallow of wine precisely at the moment of their reception by a given communicant. Suppose a wafer fell from the hand of the minister while he is attempting to impart the same to a communicant, and were left where it fell, there would be no desecration, because there was as yet no presence of the Body of Christ with that wafer, for it had not been "taken and eaten" by the communicant, the

command "to take and eat" had not been carried out. Hence the idea of Eucharistic adoration, or of the sacrifice of the Eucharist, never even enters the mind of Lutherans. There is no room for these in the Lutheran belief.

Nor is this all. The mode of the presence of the Body of Christ with the wafer received actually by the communicant is not that of natural union, not consubstantiation, not impanation; they assert that there is a supersensible, supernatural, mysterious union of the Body of Christ with the wafer, and that precisely in the act of eating, not apart from it, neither before nor after. Hence their shibboleth: *Nihil extra usum* (it is nothing but mere bread apart from the eating). Lutheran theologians insist that the descriptives *in, cum et sub* (Christ's body is present in, with, and under the bread) must be understood and interpreted in the light of the above expounded dogmatic and practical belief of the Lutheran Church. Every Lutheran youth who has been properly catechised fully understands the trend of this teaching, even though he do not comprehend it technically. Nor do Lutherans admit that Christ, *totus Christus*, is received in the sacrament, but the Body and Blood *only*.

Accordingly, it will be readily seen that his grace of Canterbury has erred grievously in his *ex-cathedra* utterance about the Lutheran view of the Eucharist, a thing quite unpardonable when the person concerned is a Protestant dignitary, and a doctor of divinity to boot. It will also appear that the "Anglo-Catholics" can take little comfort to themselves from the Lutheran view, which, as their primate tells them, is the limit of toleration on the side of "high" sacramental teaching. Hear him:

"And there are those," he says, "who hold that there is something more, that the Lutheran doctrine is true, that in some mysterious way, though the elements are not changed, something supernatural has been added; that, in fact, they are natural things, yet our Lord is actually present in them."

HOUSING UNDER THE CALVINISTIC ROOF.

Thus far the archbishop. It is certainly true that according to Lutheran teaching the elements over which the "words of institution" have been pronounced, whereby they have been solemnly set apart by an ordained minister, are natural things pure and simple, though natural things, creatures, destined for Protestant sacramental uses, and it is just as

true that they are natural *in fact*, whether now those sacred words have been pronounced by a Lutheran or by an Anglo-Lutheran, *alias* Anglo-Catholic, priest. But it is positively true also that, according to the Lutheran doctrine, the Body and Blood of our Lord are actually present therein and therewith, by virtue of a supersensible, mysterious union and identification, *only* in the act of eating and of drinking. The archbishop's somewhat loose phraseology, however, is descriptive, especially when read in the light of what follows and of his manifest intention to afford ground whereon to stand to the "Anglo-Catholic" sheep of his comprehensive fold, not of the above-described and only Lutheran doctrine, but of a misstatement and misunderstanding of that doctrine, namely, of consubstantiation and impanation, which is positively un-Lutheran. Unless, therefore, the "Anglo-Catholic" contingent will go on record for devising and maintaining a brand-new and quite impossible view of the Real Presence—which, as they are not priests in the Catholic sense, would, anyhow, be the real absence, of Christ—they must turn elsewhere for a foundation and defence of their new-fangled practices. And, indeed, the one and only plank within known reach is original Calvinism. Under the Calvinistic roof they can with some degree of comfort and, anyhow, of self-respect house their practices, if only they will take the note for their guidance which was given by their graces of Canterbury and of York in the "brotherly" letter they addressed to our Holy Father in refutation (!) of the grounds on which the Supreme Pontiff condemned Anglican orders as invalid—to wit: that the Eucharist is first, last, and all the time the great mystery "of which we know so little."

THE CALVINISTIC VIEW MORE CONVENIENT.

But let them emphasize the pronoun *we*, the Anglicans, *we* know so little of it, though this we do know of a surety, that there is no transubstantiation. The Calvinistic view is, indeed, quite mysterious and altogether inexplicable. It lends itself to the wants of a people who have been so long cut off from the Catholic Church, and who, therefore, remember so little what is the sublime teaching of the Catholic Church concerning the mystery of the Blessed Sacrament of the altar. If "Anglo-Catholics" will take our advice and beat a decent retreat to the Calvinistic view of the Eucharist, they will be better able to respect themselves. They *have* doctrinal standards. The Calvinistic is the natural and obvious interpretation of the articles

of religion and of the catechism, on the subject of the Lord's Supper or Eucharist. Their "Order for the Administration of the Lord's Supper, or Holy Communion," as found in the Book of Common Prayer, is conceived and brought forth in the spirit peculiar to the Calvinistic view of the Sacrament. When they say, administering the bread: "The body of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was given for thee, preserve thy body and soul unto everlasting life: take and eat this in remembrance that Christ died for thee, and feed on him in thy heart by faith, with thanksgiving," which is the form prescribed by the above "Order," they will then be at perfect ease. The formula fits and covers the case, and the words need no longer be twisted out of their obvious meaning into meanings which are elsewhere condemned in the strongest and most abusive terms in that very Book of Common Prayer. Also, they will then be restrained from all of their idolatrous practices; they will be led to look on their "consecrated" elements at the utmost as charged with some mysterious virtue derived from the risen and ascended Christ and by him somehow imparted to them, while all the while in his humanity he sits at the right hand of God in heaven, though, as they think, according to his divinity and by virtue of it he is really but spiritually present with them and approves of them in the rite they take it upon themselves to perform. They will then see plainly why they must not reverence their Eucharistic elements as though these contained somehow the very Christ—*totum Christum*—with the worship called latreutical; but that they may, if they can see their way clear, reverence them at best with a sort of *dulia*, partly for the spiritual gift of the benefit of Christ's passion wherewith they may have invested them, and partly for the mystical character they may believe those elements to bear in relation to Christ who is substantially present in heaven above, and of whom "these gifts and creatures of bread and wine" have become somehow the symbols. We realize that there is difficulty for men's reason in this view; we understand also that the trade-mark of Calvin is not in favor with the "Anglo-Catholics," but *que voulez-vous?* and, as the Germans say: "In an extremity the devil will content himself with a diet of flies."

TRANSUBSTANTIATION EXCLUDED.

One thing is certain: nothing may be conscientiously held by Anglicans save what lies between Zwinglianism and Lutheranism, and Calvinism is the happy mean, the very thing cherished

by Anglicanism and the most convenient term of compromise. The priceless value of the Calvinistic view of the Eucharist as a working theory for Anglicanism has, we may submit, been clearly and prophetically discerned by men like the shrewd gentleman who is at the head of Anglican things in New York. Realizing, perchance, the unsatisfactory nature of the Lutheran Eucharistic view for the uses of "high" Anglicans, the amiable Bishop of New York took occasion to denounce the Lutheran view as gross, carnal, materialistic, and what not; and proceeded to eulogize the Calvinistic view in terms similar to those with which his grace of Canterbury eulogizes the effects of the Zwinglian memory of the great sacrifice. As Catholics we realize that the change from the crypto-Catholic tenets until now held by a certain class of "Anglo-Catholics" upon the subject of the Eucharist, is not impossible. Their tenets are voluntary, not based on assent to the infallible teaching authority of the Catholic Church; to say it plainly: they are in the last resort but the tenets of private judgment, exercised on Scripture and such fragments of Tradition as they are pleased to accept; and no more. Hence it will be possible for these persons to reform and revise their views and to bring themselves to believe that Calvin *was* right, after all. The task implied in such reformation of their present opinions is far lighter than the herculean effort it needs must require to steady themselves in their opinion that Anglican orders are valid when the Catholic Church has rejected them absolutely and for cause. We know that the Anglican Bishop of New York appealed against this utter rejection of those orders, some time after publication of the rescript of our Holy Father, most solemnly to the enlightened judgment of *fin de siècle* Episcopalianism. But, shades of Barlow, Scorey, Coverdale, Hodgkin, and of Parker, who of your seed could lean on such an arm? Verily the effort is great, and not made lighter through the bishop's charging the Supreme Pontiff "with a large measure of ignorance of the facts."

OIL ON TROUBLED WATERS.

To proceed. It is plain thus far that his grace of Canterbury has shown a large measure of ignorance of the subject of the Lutheran view on the Eucharist. However, he is loath to dismiss the subject at this point. He must say something definite on the "comprehensiveness" of the Anglican apostasy. The times require it. War has broken out in the camp, and

brethren, unmindful of their sonship in the Anglican family of *faiths*, are trying to cut one another's throats. This is the archbishop's "oil on troubled waters": "The church permits both views, the commemorative service and the actual presence in the Lutheran sense, that is, as it is technically called, 'consubstantiation.'" Here his grace grows somewhat confused, and we take it upon ourselves to rearrange his sentences where they are surely out of order; so that all things may be said decently and in order. Hence we add what really follows later, but what the even flow of thought calls for now: "On this point," his grace explains, "which is cardinal, the church is intentionally comprehensive."

The "point" is the toleration of the twin-views expounded by the archbishop. The toleration of those views is, as the archbishop says with deliberate emphasis, the controlling principle of Anglicanism. And we are inclined to think that the archbishop's point is well taken. Indeed, this impression has been upon us for some time. There are strong indications, also, that this was the impression of those souls whom God has by his grace called from out of the confusion and darkness of Anglicanism, called euphemistically its "comprehensiveness," into the marvellous light that shines in the City of God, and who are now praising the God of their salvation for that his unspeakable gift; some here below, some yonder. However, when his grace says the church permits "*both* views," he does not use the numeral adjective in the exclusive meaning of it. He includes what lies between them, Calvinism, the happy mean.

THE CATHOLIC VIEW NOT TOLERABLE.

However, his grace does positively exclude the Catholic doctrine of the Holy Eucharist from the list of tolerated views. Anglicans may not indulge the luxury of holding the doctrine of transubstantiation as a tolerated view. His words are:

"But it (the church of which he is the nominal head) will not permit the latter (Lutheran) view to be pushed or exaggerated into the Romanist belief. It rejects no shade of opinion on the Eucharist except that which is in the most distinctive way openly Romanist."

And here endeth the lesson. We care not to concern ourselves with more of his grace's utterance. Comment on this last section of it is needless. The utterer of this "charge" has boldly stepped forward, divested of every vestige of the disguise or restraint forced on him by the claims put forth by

the High-Church party in behalf of the Catholic character of the church over which he presides; he has stepped forward as what he has been and is: a thorough-going Protestant, and declares that every Protestant view on the Eucharist is lawful for Anglicans, but the Catholic doctrine is the forbidden tree of which they may not eat lest they die. This doctrine he denounces, in another place of his "charge," as anti-scriptural and as destroying the nature of a sacrament, because, he alleges, whereas a sacrament must have an outward and visible sign, the doctrine of transubstantiation destroys this sign!

A PRAYER-BOOK CHURCHMAN.

On this cardinal point his grace takes precisely the position of the "Thirty-nine Articles of Religion," as contained in the Book of Common Prayer. He is a "Prayer-Book Churchman," and he may be fitly understood as giving the signal: "retreat to the Prayer Book." 'Tis well. The claim to valid orders remains; how long it is destined to figure no man knows. Meanwhile the fact is patent that modern German theology has made its way into the very walls and recesses of Pusey-House, the original home of the Oxford Movement. Since, however, the teachings of Anglicanism on the cardinal doctrine of the Eucharist needs must be either Zwinglian, or Calvinistic, or Lutheran, we should expect Anglicans to stop masquerading under the Catholic name and to profess in the most distinctive way openly: we are a conglomerate made up of Anglo-Zwinglians, Anglo-Calvinists, Anglo-Lutherans, and Anglo-Rationalists; we be brethren, the one of the other, the lawful offspring of the seed of Parker and of the principle of private judgment in matters pertaining to faith and morals.

A MUCH NEEDED CONFESSION.

Again, since the head of Anglicanism has so frankly put himself on record as to the essential Protestantism of Anglicanism, we should expect from the "Anglo-Catholics," or Anglo-Lutherans and Anglo-Calvinists, some such general confession (private confession being wholly voluntary and not to be insisted on as necessary, so as not to infringe on "that blessed liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free"),—we should, be it said, expect some such confession as hereinafter followeth, to wit: "We have played the fool and we are minded to continue the fun. The more we are opposed, the more we enjoy the sport. We will not cease, no not for a

moment, from seeking to induce all Anglicans, yea all English Protestants, to hop about on our Anglo-Catholic crutches. His grace of Canterbury is also simply playing the fool and hopping about on 'Anglo-Zwinglian' crutches. Let him hop in the way he enjoys. He is our superior, but who cares? Does not the Anglican Church, in one of her articles, behind which we must all take shelter, declare that: 'As the Churches of Jerusalem, Alexandria, and Antioch have erred; so also the Church of Rome hath erred, not only in their living and manner of ceremonies, but also in matters of faith.' Since, then, these ancient patriarchates have succumbed, one and all, to the ravages of heresy—though we confess we can find no incontestable case of dogmatic error uttered *ex cathedra* by any of the numerous Roman patriarchs, and, indeed, the prayer offered by Jesus Christ in behalf of Peter would seem to point to some certain gift of inerrancy bestowed on him upon his conversion, yet, since, we say, *they* have erred in matters of faith, is there any one in his sound senses who will suppose the Church of Canterbury hath not erred? Is there any one who can fail to see that erring is one, and that the chief, of the diversions of all patriarchates alike? In fact, we may conclude that erring is the chief mark of the true church, seeing that she is declared to be the 'quicksand and quagmire of the truth'; (though the authorized version says: 'the pillar and ground of the truth'.)

A SUGGESTED COUNCIL.

"True, the Church of England did not expressly mention *Canterbury* in the body of this article of her religion, possibly for reasons of modesty arising from its then extreme youthfulness and because the new scheme was then but in a tentative stage, as it were in swaddling-clothes, though laid in royal beds. For these very reasons its logical and historical *prius*, the venerable see of Calvin at Geneva, was probably also omitted, and the adding of these twins to the list of error-stricken patriarchates ought, really, to form the subject of discussion at the next Pan-Anglican Council. It will be so nice to have the Old-Catholic Bishop of Switzerland in attendance there, because he will then be useful as well as ornamental, and will be able to shed abundance of light on the stubborn rumors of the enthronement, in the venerable see of Calvin, of the latest variety of German rationalism. How sad it is that the scheme, *said* to have been on foot, to give the Anglican succession to that Presbyterian see, miscarried;

it could then boast of being Catholic in the teeth of its apostasy! But it is useless to cry over spilled milk, and we must on, else our General Confession will be too lengthy and will betray more than is expedient. But this we are clearly conscious of, that the authority of the Archbishop of Canterbury is, on his and our premises, not worth the uttering in this or any other point wherein *we* do not happen to opine as he does. And this is the very glory of our attempted Anglo-Catholic Church, this church of the English-speaking peoples wherever they may be under the canopy of heaven: its *elasticity*.

UP-TO-DATE ANGLO-CATHOLICISM.

"But one article, and one article alone, shall be fundamental and binding: 'I believe in the Anglo-Catholic and Apostolic Church.' To believe this may require the sacrifice of reason and common sense, but if men will only try hard, they can make the sacrifice; when they will find themselves amply rewarded by the sweet joy of supposing themselves to be Catholics when they are not, a joy the greater when they realize that they are dispensed from all that strictness and moral restraint inseparable from the ancient article which, through our efforts, shall, ere long, have become a drug in the market. Our patent-medicine preparation shall supplant and push to the wall the pure and genuine remedies provided for mankind. This, dearly beloved brethren, is our sanguine hope, our cherished desire; and to do what in us lies to bring to pass the scheme we entertain, we are ready and willing to play the fool first, last, and all the time, even to our dying breath; for we do hope and pray that we may die in the confidence of this our most uncertain faith and anywhere but in the communion of the Catholic Church. As we are willing to counterfeit that church, so we are willing, in a measure, to counterfeit the heroism of her saints, her martyrs, and confessors. Their spirit we will now show forth in our endurance (though with a sort of sense of pang not unmixed with anxiety lest our scheme miscarry) of the mistaken zeal of his grace of Canterbury and of our poor, blind co-actors of other schools of thought. As true Anglo-Catholics (stage-whispers: Anglo-Protestants, brethren),—as true Anglo-Catholics we will hold the fort, our archbishop's utterances to the contrary notwithstanding; for we think we know and are somehow persuaded that the semblance of truth is on our side, and thus we go on indefinitely playing the fool, until, at the last, all our brethren shall be persuaded to dance as we pipe." This is "up-to-date Anglo-Catholicism."

MANY PROTESTANTS IN GOOD FAITH.

Concluding, we affirm that we know no other feeling toward sincere Protestants of every name save that of sympathy and charity. We suppose that even *many* of them belong in reality to the Roman Catholic Church, which is the true and only Spouse of Christ, inwardly; because they believe implicitly all that God has made known, and their alienation from the Catholic Church arises from traditional and invincible ignorance of the identity of the Church founded by Christ. And it is just because we are moved by such charity, which believeth all things, hopeth all things, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth in good, that we undertook to furnish the above comments on Anglicanism, as thinking that thereby we might be instrumental in breaking the spell which this most subtle, captivating, and arrogant heresy casts upon the very sincerest souls. We aimed at showing the essential Protestantism, the hopeless contradictoriness, the wantonness, the grossness, the positive hollowness of Anglicanism, and of its so-called "Catholic claims." Nor do we think that we have resorted to the use of weapons not justified and warranted by the state of things. For, reflect for a moment on the grievous errors antagonistic to the last degree to the cardinal doctrines of the church that are the quintessence of "Anglo-Catholicism"; on the fearful delusions it gives rise to on the subject of the Eucharist, teaching its votaries to worship and adore its "consecrated" wafers as though these were really the very Christ; and leading them on to put dependence in the vain "absolutions" pronounced by Anglican ministers, leaving them to imagine that those absolutions are the very absolution of God himself given through the ministry of a duly ordained and authorized priesthood. But, above all, reflect on the nature of the attempt Anglicanism is deliberately making to instal itself in the room of the Catholic Church, asserting with a bold front that the "Roman Church" is an intruder, a robber and a thief, the "Italian Heresy" or "Mission" claiming jurisdiction where it has none; and that it is the true and only legitimate "American Catholic Church"! What a monstrous paradox of *fin de siècle* heresies! what a dark enigma! And remember that the conversions from Anglicanism to the church are quite beside and contrary to the spirit of the so-called Anglo-Catholic movement, and that the number of them is relatively very small when we consider the greater number of conversions from the Protestant churches we might have if

Anglicanism did not stand between awakened souls and the Catholic Church, advancing every argument in its power to draw them over into its net, and thus thwart the workings of divine grace, so far forth as that may be possible; for, as presented by its notable writings and as appearing through the ritual of many of its churches, it is captivating and presents to the untaught, as it does to the frivolous, a picture which might easily deceive the very elect.

ANGLICANISM WARNED.

Anglicanism was not left without signs and warnings. Perhaps the conversion of Newman was the most notable sign and warning ever vouchsafed to a Protestant church; but it has hardened itself and goes on still in its blindness with ever growing pride. It has made up its mind to belittle the meaning of conversions, and to stigmatize the passing of converts from it to Catholicism as due to some secret taint, some lack of stability, some defect of character, even to temporary aberration. It has set aside the judgment of the Holy See itself, though the action was invoked, more than merely indirectly, by its own leaders, and, we fear, in the last resort with no good purpose, though the accessories to the scheme may not admit this, not even to themselves, except in lone hours when the world rests and sleeps but the conscience wakes and judges, and, perchance, not even then: that solemn judgment of our Holy Father it has wantonly cast aside as so much rubbish, and has hardened itself in no good way. May God make it ashamed by granting its sincere professors the efficacious illumination of his Holy Spirit and the strength of will to embrace the truth! And we, Catholics, unworthy as we are of any of God's special favors, unworthy both on account of what we were and of what we are: sinners by nature and, alas! sinners by choice, yet, somehow, still remembered in mercy and not cast out for our misdeeds, how better shall we show forth our sense of gratitude for his unspeakable mercies than by living the life of service and of prayer; humbly, believingly, and lovingly interceding for those who are away from the fold of the Good Shepherd through no guilt of theirs, ay, for all infidels, heretics, and schismatics, beseeching God that through the power of his grace he would fetch them back, that they may come to the knowledge of the truth and be saved among the remnant of the elect.

THE REVOLT OF WOGAN'S WOLF-DOGS.

BY P. G. SMYTH.



REAMY, languid tropical quiet had settled down again over Madura. The whole place was as quiet, as Orientally calm, as destructive of Caucasian energy and suggestive of lotus-eating and the easy-going, evasive "mañana" in regard to everything under the sun, as it had been ere the sudden cyclonic blast of war came to tear fissures in the ancient fortifications and play havoc with the houses. Most of the ruined edifices had been rebuilt. The battered walls of the old Spanish fortress had been repaired, the new masonry showing in lighter spots against the old gray structure. The defences had been strengthened by the addition of several new guns of great range and calibre.

Business went on as before the war. The natives had returned to a life of peace and cock-fighting and selling of farm produce. From the market-place, dotted with white costumes, rose a drowsy hum.

The yellow, crimson-barred flag had disappeared. Soldiers in blue did proprietorial sentry duty under the stars and stripes. Spanish rule was as obsolete, as seemingly forgotten, as in some old adobe fort in Florida.

American national airs floated from the band playing on the Esplanade, but almost as often floated those of another and distinctive nationality, "Columbia" alternating with "Garryowen," and "The Star-spangled Banner" with "The Wearing of the Green"; for Madura was garrisoned by the famed fighting Irish-American regiment known as "Wogan's Wolf-dogs," which had had most active and honorable part in the late storming.

The colonel of the Wolf-dogs was Nicholas Wogan, known to his ruggedly affectionate command as "Cloosheen" (Little Ear), from his having lost the lobe of his right ear by the bullet of a Spanish marine. Needless to say he was a brave and capable officer; otherwise he would not have lasted in his position one week—and it was now many months since the Wolf-dogs had been sent to "the front," as military parlance

included sundry isolated posts and garrisons lying here and there, thousands of leagues of sea from the United States.

General Hank J. Bennett, a veteran of the American Civil War, was military governor of Madura. He and Colonel Wogan were sitting together this morning—the morning of a day destined to be of strange and wonderful memory in Madura—sitting sipping their wine, smoking their cigars, gazing out upon the blue harbor with its darting craft, exchanging chance conjectures on the hypothetical current of outer events and hearty grumblings at the delay in repairing the cable, which left them cut off from all knowledge of the whole world outside of Madura, save what was brought them by occasional coaling cruisers and tramp steamers—when there entered to them hurriedly Harry Simpson, his face and manner showing that he had some new and interesting information to communicate, as indeed he nearly always had, or professed to have, such being his unhappy vocation.

Simpson was a newspaper correspondent who had been marooned, so to speak, excommunicado at Madura, by the stern commander of an American gunboat, on which, in despite of orders, he had stowed himself away in his zeal for news-gathering, thus leaving him where there was not anything of consequence to transmit, and no means of transmitting it if there was.

"Well," he said cheerily and breathlessly, "here's real news at last. We have found a good friend, our troubles will soon be over, and we'll soon be back in our happy, happy homes, wearing the victor's laurel. Hail Columbia, ditto Britannia. It's signed!"

"Whatever is the matter with you—what is signed?" growled the general.

"Why, that treaty, of course; and a mighty good thing, too, I think."

"Do you mean the treaty of peace between us and Spain?"

"Oh, dear no!—not a stale bagatelle of that kind. I mean a treaty of strong and firm alliance between the United States and England, a compact that will embrace in its wide, generous, protecting arms the whole noble Anglo-Saxon race, whose members speak the same grand language, and whose blood is thicker than water, and whose interests—"

"Say, young man," interrupted Colonel Wogan, "this daily round of fake-making may be useful to you, as the practising of your profession. But you might husband your resources

and take a needful rest until such time as your return to yellow journaldom. At least you might desist trying your inventions on us, for we have long since failed to find them amusing."

Wogan grew angry as he proceeded. He tossed his cigar out the window and glared at the news-bearer as if he would annihilate him.

"You're mighty hard on him, colonel," remarked Governor Bennett, languidly surveying the blue nicotian rings that aureoled his white head. "Let him go ahead. Excellent story that—splendid joke—nuptials of Mme. Columbia and Mr. John Bull. Go to, friend Simpson, go to!"

"But it's so, general; it's the truth, colonel," declared Simpson with hurt expression of voice and manner. "The captains of two trading vessels have just brought the news from different ports. It is quite solid and authentic, and may be confirmed at any hour by the arrival here of a United States man-of-war with despatches."

"Strange—if true," commented the governor. The colonel nodded his head moodily.

"Why," continued Simpson, "the news is by this time all over town. It has spread like wildfire, and one part of it—which may or may not be untrue—is causing intense excitement among the garrison. In fact, I wouldn't be surprised if it led to a revolt or riot or something of that kind before nightfall."

"And what is the specially sensational item, pray, Mr. Simpson?"

"It is this, governor: that America, as an article of the treaty of alliance, has ceded Madura to England, and that an English regiment is even now on its voyage hither to take possession and to raise the union jack in lieu of the stars and stripes."

Governor Bennett gasped and stared. "Cloosheen" uttered something that sounded like a malediction.

"The report of the long-expected union of the Anglo-Saxon race, by virtue of which the kindred banners of England and America will flutter side by side in fraternal union and triumph," went on the correspondent, as if producing copy for his newspaper, "has been received here with varied feelings and opinions. The views of the natives, so lately rescued from the oppressive bondage of Spain, have not yet been ascertained; but it is already known beyond doubt that the treaty of alli-

ance is regarded with the utmost disfavor and dissatisfaction by the Irish regiment in garrison here, the famous 'Wolf-dogs,' under Colonel Nicholas Wogan, who, however, states— By the way, colonel, what have you to say on the matter?"

"Oh, nothing—not a thing, thank you—but if it has really happened that those infernal dolts and traitors—I mean those able and patriotic statesmen—who have had the engineering of this confounded deal—that is, this lofty diplomatic achievement, have really succeeded in their miserable— Hello, how's this?"

A gun, answered by another, boomed at the entrance to the harbor, and a large transport vessel, her decks crowded with troops in scarlet uniforms and the British flag flying at her masthead, came steaming in. She presently dropped anchor, and soon came the message to the governor:

"The British transport *Grampus*, with troops under Major-General Sir Melville Mowbray."

The governor looked gravely at the colonel, and the colonel returned the look with great interest on the *gravamen*. Then they both arose and bowed stiffly to the clipped-wing recording angel, who was beginning:

"Ten to one there comes the future garrison of Madura; and now, gentlemen, in honor of the great Anglo-Saxon alliance, I would respectfully propose that—"

"Mr. Simpson, you will kindly excuse us; we have some urgent matters for private discussion."

The correspondent precipitately retired in the face of a chilling frost. The governor and the colonel of the Wolf-dogs drew their seats closer together.

"Somehow, Wogan, I have been expecting something like this," said the governor, "yet I hardly thought it would come so soon. Ever since such an influential section of our press and such a large number of our preachers and public men took up the advocacy of an Anglo-American alliance—"

"Instigated by English interests and English secret service money," indignantly snorted Wogan.

"Now, there you go again, colonel! There are no proven grounds for any such assumption. I say, ever since the initiation of this blood-thicker-than-water racket I have felt in my bones that this proposed alliance would become an accomplished fact. It seems it is one now. I am no more in love with it than you are; I dislike it, I deplore it. True, my people came originally from England, good old *Mayflower* stock. But my great-grandfather was hanged in Boston as a

sequel to the Tea-party, and my granduncle fell at New Orleans resisting English invasion, and the bullet I still carry in my person as a relic of our Civil War was of lead that came from England to the Confederacy, and, all personal and political reasons considered, I don't see why in thunder we should need hitch ourselves to John Bull. Ours is a big country, with plenty of men and money, and in my mind we stand in no pressing need of a foreign partner to help us run our business. But these are only my private opinions, possibly my innate prejudices. If Uncle Samuel has decided in favor of a treaty with old Bull, then, as loyal American citizens, we know our duty, and treaty be it, for better or worse."

"The same here, governor," coincided the colonel, in the tones of a sick enthusiast in a sepulchre.

"It is too bad, too bad," continued the governor meditatively. "My ambition was to see the splendid resources of this country developed under the fostering stars and stripes, to aid and witness its progress from poverty to prosperity; but now my desire is proved the vainest dream—that is, if this blamed report is true—and the greatest blessing that can befall us is an immediate summons home. That summons will arrive, I naturally suppose, simultaneously with our orders to deliver this place into the keeping of the red-coat garrison that is waiting yonder."

The governor sighed deeply as he lighted a fresh cigar.

"Nice prospect for the Wolf-dogs—oh, charming, delightful consideration for the Wolf-dogs!" commented the colonel. "How pleasant it will be to the Irish volunteer soldiers of Columbia to learn that, with great loss of life and limb, they have captured a fine fort, town and island, merely for the purpose of delivering over the same as a generous diplomatic present to their dear old friend England, who persecuted them, starved and burned them out, exiled them from their native land, hanged and imprisoned, and—"

"Oh, there, there, Wogan! You make me nervous. Of course I understand your intense Celtic feeling on the matter; but you and your men will have to get over it and make the best of it. And now I suppose I must pay a formal visit of courtesy to this English Sir Somebody on board his ship. You may as well accompany me; we will get some news from what is called civilization."

As they passed down towards the docks they were joined by several other leading military magnates of the place, re-

splendent as to uniform. Various knots and groups of soldiers, who had been excitedly talking and gesticulating, paused to look upon them as they went by, and few of the gazing faces wore a pleased expression; some were serious, some scowling, some flushed as from the efforts of vehement argument.

Most flushed and vehement of all was Private Finnegan Mullarkey, the wit, orator, and poet of Company C of the Wolf-dogs. He was perched in an embrasure of the ramparts, with one hand resting on a great gun and the other waving and beating graceful emphasis to the sentiments he uttered.

"There they go, my brethren," he said, as the launch containing the governor and his party skimmed towards the *Grampus*; "there they go to complete the disgraceful terms with our ancient foe, the hated *Sassenach*. Soon, no doubt, the infamous compact will be fulfilled, and British bayonets will replace ours on those walls that have been baptized with Irish blood and won by Irish valor. Soon, no doubt, the beloved and honored flag of the Great Republic, which through shot and shell we have borne to glorious victory, will be replaced on these walls by the bloodstained rag of the notorious Pirate of the Seas. Soon will the mangy British lion grab the spoil won by the proud American eagle. Brethren, shall this be? Is it for this we abandoned our peaceful homes in Chicago and elsewhere? Is it to become jackals for the *Sassenach* beast of prey that we bade tearful yet manly adieux to our folks in the fiery Nineteenth ward and in the gory Seventeenth, that we threw up our long-sought and hard-earned jobs in the City Hall and elsewhere? I pause for a reply, but don't let anybody interrupt me now, unless he wants trouble."

"Hurroo! Bravo, Finnegan, give it to them hot, avic—bad luck to them!" cried the military *vox populi*, and the excited Wolf-dogs gave their charging yell, with variations.

"Yes, my grossly deceived and wronged brethren, my too credulous and confiding children of the Green Isle, little we thought when, in loyal obedience to Columbia's call, we girded on our arms and made ready for the fray—little we thought that our business would be, not to relieve the oppressed and down-trodden victims of effete European monarchy, but to add to the spoil and plunder of that thief of the world, John Bull. Yes, my gullible children of Mars, after proving our Irish valor in a way that must have edified the spirit of every grand old patriot, from Brian Boru to Shane the Proud, we are made the unhappy victims of dark and infamous treachery, the worst

that ever happened since the delegations from the Tenth and Twelfth swung against Tim Ryan in the fight for the assessorship. As the immortal poet says:

“‘We are bought and sold
For English gold—
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!’”

The stormy cheers of the Wolf-dogs floated out over the harbor and brought a pallor to the rugged face of Colonel Wogan as he comprehended the significance of that fierce, menacing growl.

“Mutiny, as I’m a helpless and unhappy sinner!” he gasped; but he refrained from revealing his apprehensions to General Bennett. “And here come some of the materials for an awful shindig. There’ll be a big and bloody row in Madura before one hour passes.”

Several boats went by laden with scarlet-clad soldiers, laughing and singing at the prospect of a pleasant time ashore.

“This is hardly discreet,” remarked Wogan; “it is like shaking a red rag at a bull to let these fellows near ours. Some proper precautions should have first been taken. As it is, there is every chance of a bloody collision between the Wolf-dogs and the bull-dogs.”

“A doubtful opening chapter of the alliance,” said General Bennett uneasily. “I think we had better get back as soon as possible.”

On the deck of the British transport the party was received with frigid and pompous courtesy by General Sir Melville Mowbray, a haughty, old-port Tory type of commander, imperialism personified to the tips of the white “mutton chops” that framed his florid face. Formal salutations over, he expressed annoyance at the non-repairing of the cable, as he had expected to receive some important orders from his government on his arrival at Madura. He had no definite news as to the much-talked-of treaty of alliance, but he understood such a treaty was imminent.

“Imminent, though I should think unnecessary and ridiculous,” he remarked; “the idea of over-anxious or over-sentimental statesmen. This blood-thicker-than-water talk may sound nice after dinner, but you Yankee gentlemen mustn’t suppose that stout old Britannia is demmed hard up for an ally. We are not dying for that alliance, I assure you.”

“Neither, it seems, are we here,” replied General Bennett.

"You see, sir, the garrison here is Irish—Fenian Irish at that—and there may be trouble between them and your men who have gone on shore—leave if—"

"Have no apprehension. Ours are Irish also, soldiers of the famous Eighty-eighth, or Connaught Rangers. But hullo!—what means all that whooping and yelling yonder? What is the cause of the noisy celebration?"

As a mighty peal of cheering rang out over the harbor an American officer came hastily on board, looking the picture of alarm.

"Governor," he said, "there is desperate work ashore. The Wolf-dogs, mad at the idea of having to surrender the place to England, have revolted. The Connaught Rangers have fraternized with them. They all declare that sooner than see the union jack of England raised over Madura they will establish what they call the Irish Antipodean Republic, with a government and flag of their own. You cannot believe it—well, look there!"

Amid another gust of cheers a large green flag, bearing a harp, went soaring up the flagstaff of Madura fort, which hailed it with a salute of twenty-one guns!

Dumb for some minutes with amazement and anger, the party on the deck of the *Grampus* watched the emerald banner of Ireland floating in the tropical breeze.

"The dolts! the idiots! the traitors!" exclaimed the governor. "But I'll soon find a means of bringing them back to their allegiance."

"A mutiny, egad!" commented Sir Melville; "and these are the troops that we are to have as allies!"

"No, faith," said Colonel Wogan; "it looks more like these are the troops that you're not going to have as allies. And it looks, general, as if you'll have a mighty hard job of it rounding up your Connaught Rangers."

The governor and his staff, accompanied by Sir Melville, now proceeded ashore. At every step their anxiety and exasperation increased at sight of men in blue and red uniforms, fraternizing Wolf-dogs and Rangers, dancing arm-in-arm along the streets, lustily cheering for the Irish Antipodean Republic. They were refused admission to the fort, but President Finnegan Mullarkey of the new government, late private of Company C, graciously parleyed with them through a loop-hole.

"What is the meaning, sir, of this shameful and outrageous nonsense?" hotly demanded the governor.

"The president of the Irish Antipodean Republic must insist upon being addressed with respect and courtesy becoming his exalted office," was the grave reply.

"Don't you know, sir, that this is an act of mutiny—that your neck is in danger of the rope?"

"The president knows no considerations but those of duty to his people."

"Come, come, Mullarkey," urged Colonel Wogan, "enough of this nonsense. A lark is a lark, but this is carrying the thing too far. As your superior officer I command you to admit us at once and to return to your duty."

"The government of the Irish Antipodean Republic must decline to recognize the authority of any officers save those bearing its own commission."

"See here, my good fellow," said Sir Melville Mowbray, "you will please inform those soldiers of the British army who are now in the fort that their shore-leave is cancelled, and that they are required to return immediately to the ship on pain of being court-martialed."

"Until its diplomatic service is fully organized," said the president, "the Irish Antipodean Republican government prefers not to enter into any entangling arrangements or complications with a foreign power. And now, as the urgent and important business of forming a cabinet demands his attention, the president is compelled to close this interview." And he withdrew his head from the loop-hole.

A period of doubt and dismay ensued, attended by volleys of the most fancy invectives and imprecations known to American and English *militaires*. As the party, which was momentarily swelled by alarmed-looking officers of both armies, moved aimlessly towards the docks, the generals were accosted by the war-correspondent Harry Simpson, pencil and paper wad in hand. He gravely requested their views on the revolution.

"Oh, pshaw!" growled the governor, "call this confounded prank a revolution! We'll soon quench the revolution and make some remarkable examples of the revolutionists."

"I doubt it, governor," said Simpson. "You see we are eight thousand miles from everywhere, the cable is cut, and it may be weeks before the news of our changed condition reaches the outer world. The fortifications are strong and armed with splendid new rifles; the harbor is sown with torpedoes; the soldiers of the new republic are brave and enthusiastic; the natives, of whom twenty-five thousand will be immediately

armed from the fort arsenal, heartily sympathize with them, saying they strongly prefer an Irish to an English government."

"By Jove!" said General Mowbray, "it occurs to me, although not certain as to international law in the case, that I ought to open on the mutineers with the guns of the *Grampus*."

"If you do," said Simpson, "it occurs to me that your *Grampus* will be promptly distributed over sky and water by a single shell from Fort Madura."

"Well, may I trouble you for your views on the revolution and the general bearing it may have on international affairs?"

"Oh, rot! Anyhow, what use could you make of our views as long as the cable is cut?"

"Why, I want them for my own local paper, the *Madura Monitor*, official organ of the Irish Antipodean Republic. It will be issued immediately—clean, wholesome, enterprising, spicy, and devoted to the best interests of the republic. Here are some of my opening grist of items"—and he read from his notes:

"Michael O'Houlihan, the popular improvisatore of Company F, is in the field as candidate for city clerk of Madura. Mr. O'Houlihan has already made a rapid but successful canvass of the electors, who all recognize the fact that Mr. O'Houlihan's long experience in the city hall of Chicago amply qualifies him for the post."

"If the sincere expectations of his friends are fulfilled, we shall have a most efficient chief of police in Mr. Martin Gilhooley. Mr. Gilhooley served on the Chicago police force before the war, and rendered excellent party services by clubbing malcontents who created disturbance at the primaries."

"Several public-spirited citizens are caucusing energetically to secure the nomination as commissioner of public works of Phil Finnerty, who is such a favorite among the boys of Company G for his most enjoyable vocal imitation of a cat-fight. If Phil's friends only rally around him his battle is as good as won."

"Our amiable friend Billy Murphy, of Company A, whose rattling Irish jig is such a pleasing feature of regimental celebrations, is out for the comptrollership."

"Tom Bourke, of the Connaught Rangers, is spoken of as coming superintendent of streets."

"For the important office of consul at Ballyhooley no worthier claimant has come forward than Mr. Mike Ryan, whose ability as a performer on the bagpipes is so well—"

"Oh, there, that will do—go to Jericho with your list of irrepressible political, place-hunting fiends!" roared the governor, thrusting his fingers in his scanty gray locks. "The fellows are mad—stark, staring, hopelessly, diabolically mad!"

"Yet admit the method in their madness. Well, governor, if you intend to run for any office under the new *régime* remember that the power of the press is at your service."

And Simpson went whistling on his way.

A succession of bewildering sights now shook the senses of the governor and the general, and their respective staffs. Round a neighboring corner came a brass band playing "Garryowen," behind which marched a stout, red-faced Wolf-dog, flanked on each side by merry and stalwart Connaught Rangers, who bore aloft a banner with the sprawling inscription, "*Vote for Mulligan, the Friend of the People, as Alderman of the First Ward.*" They were surrounded and followed by an excited, yelling, yellow-skinned crowd of natives. To this succeeded another and evidently opposing procession, headed by another burly Irish soldier, beneath the motto: "*Down with Bulldozing! Support Cassidy, the Man that Gets the Jobs!*"

"The hardest drinker and the greatest gambler in the regiment!" groaned Colonel Wogan, and he wrathfully shook his fist at the aldermanic candidates as they went by.

"Aha, you rascals, I'll settle with you for this!"

As the dismayed and bewildered officers proceeded vaguely on their way, their thoughts too confused for utterance, they suddenly found themselves amid a crowd of men, soldiers and natives, assembled in front of a house whose windows bore the hastily painted inscription, "Registration and Polling Place."

"Get in line there, get in line!" cried a man with an improvised helmet and club; "you must register if you want to vote."

"Pinch me, Wogan," gasped Governor Bennett; "I want to find out if all this is real or merely an awful nightmare."

"Come on now; do ye want to register or not?" demanded the "copper," fixing a stern eye on General Mowbray; "do ye want to register and take out your papers and come under the laws and constitution of this grand republic? If so, just get in line and don't be obsthuctin' public business."

"Register!" exclaimed the amazed and indignant Sir Mel-

ville, his shaggy eyebrows contracting fiercely over his glittering monocle. "Egad, sir, do you know, demmit, that you have the audacity of addressing a loyal British subject?"

"Oh, let him alone, Chief Gilhooley," said a man in the crowd; "don't you see that the gintleman is an Englishman?"

"What business has the trampling Saxon here, then?" growled Gilhooley.

"Oh, that's all right—he's out after a brewery syndicate or maybe a street-car franchise."

"Capital is what we want, sonny," continued the speaker, patronizingly addressing Sir Melville; "capital is what we want to develop the resources of this great country, and maybe you'll be the right man in the right place. Just drop round to the city hall afther election and I'll talk business with you. Inquire for Alderman Hooligan—for I know the boys are with me and that I'm as good as elected."

"That's what you are, Mike," cried several intending supporters of the would-be alderman, heartily slapping him on the back and raising a yell of endorsement.

"That's what he's not, thin, ye designing gang of ward heelers!" shouted an opposing candidate; "that's what he never will be unless this lovely and delightful city is to be given up to a reign of terror of ballot-box and pay-roll stuffing. No, Hooligan, we know your terrible record in the Twenty-eighth, and divil a seat ever you'll warm in the Madura council chamber, not while we have good men and true to rally round Cassidy and prevent you."

"That's the talk, Dinny," yelled several voices; "hurroo for Cassidy, reform, and civil service!"

"No, faith, no civil service for Madura; them cranks wouldn't give a poor woman a scrubbing job under the city unless she knew algebra and conic sections!"

"Right you are, Mike—down with civil service!" came the opposing cry; and the rapidly increasing crowd, cheering, gibing, and laughing, surged to and fro round the entrance to the "place of registration."

"Order, keep order," remonstrated "Chief" Gilhooley, "or I'll knock all your heads off first and throw ye in the patrol wagon after."

A sudden rush carried the American and British officers, entangled in the crowd, into the building so suddenly devoted to political purposes.

"Egad, the Celt is in his element!" exclaimed Governor

Bennett, and he laughed for the first time since the *coup d'état*.

Around a table, with books and papers in front of them, sat several soldiers in blue and scarlet uniforms, the judges and clerks of election, who, aided by native interpreters, were engaged in the work of registering voters, both Madurese and invaders. The former class of newly enrolled citizens of the Irish Antipodean Republic were evidently causing much trouble and embarrassment to the interrogating officer, a stalwart sergeant of the Wolf-dogs, who wiped his steaming brow as he addressed a native whose name had just been entered on the books.

"Well, my yellow-skinned child of darkness and ignorance, you surely bang Banagher as the making of a free and independent elector! I've acted as judge of election in the Tenth, the Seventeenth, and even the heavenly Nineteenth wards of the City of Chicago; I've initiated Bohemians, Bulgarians, Dutchies, sheenies, dagos, Greeks, and Polaks into the grand mysteries of proud American citizenship; but not in all that trying experience, not even in drilling the awkward squad of the Wolf-dogs, was my angelic patience tested so severely as is being done this blessed day. Why, my saffron-faced son of new-born freedom, you don't know nothing at all. You don't know what precinct you live in. You don't know the duties of an independent voter to the ward boss. You wouldn't know a caucus or a primary from a hole in the wall."

"Oh, spare the poor fellow's feelin's, Sullivan," protested another of the Wolf-dogs; "remember 'tis mighty little you knew of politics when you came over to the Seventeenth from old Tralee—very little indeed till we took you up and educated you, showing you how to make an odd V peddling tickets at the polls."

A yell of delighted derision arose. The judge of election got very red in the face.

"Put out that disturber, Crowe," he roared; "put him out at once or he'll be making off with the registration books and the ballot-box, as he did out in the Twenty-fifth when Doherty sold out to Fitzpatrick."

"Chief" Gilhooley made a rush at the contumacious Crowe for the purpose of ejecting him into outer sunlight, but several men interfered, and after some commotion, which raised the temperature of the room several degrees, quiet was restored.

"Let us have peace and order, boys, and show ourselves worthy citizens," one man expostulated. "Let us remember that the eyes of the world are upon us and govern ourselves accordingly."

"Very sensible advice," commented Sir Melville Mowbray; "under present circumstances it is consoling to know that the demmed fellows will never be able to act on it. No, sir; at home or abroad those crazy, confounded, fire-brained Irish can never govern themselves."

A well-known Depewism promptly arose to Governor Bennett's lips, but he checked it and remarked: "Their race has supplied some pretty good governors to several States in the Union, and also to various British colonies."

"Shove on the registration business, judge," urged a perspiring citizen; "don't keep us roasting here all day for the sake of the Republic—although I don't begrudge my blood or my sweat to the cause."

"Right, right, shove on the business!" cried an impatient chorus.

Another amazed-looking native gave down his name, but his examination, from an Irish-American citizenship-conferring point of view, was more unsatisfactory than that of his predecessor.

"And this is the kind of stuff the American eagle was going to take under his wing," commented the irrepressible judge of election; "this is the kind that was to have the right of bein' United States senator and sittin' on the same bench with Billy Mason and Mark Hanna!"

"Never mind, me benighted son," he continued, addressing the elector, "with the help of public schools, potatoes, corned beef and cabbage, we'll make you a good, sturdy voter yet, and if you manage to survive the enervating effects of trolley cars, live wires, cracked boilers, sewer gas, gasoline stoves, and other resources of civilization you'll be a fit and proper candidate for the Union League Club. Otherwise, my sweet yellow aster, you had better emigrate to America, tie a cheese-cloth round your head, call yourself Swami something-or-other, talk theosophy to them and claim that you have most intimate relations with some queer folks called the Mahatmas, who live in caves in Thibet. A blessed country Thibet, for whenever they catch an Englishman there, looking maybe for the Mahatmas or for an excuse to grab the country, they ride him on a saddle stuck full of big, sharp spikes. Go to the States, my

son; the less they understand you the more they'll appreciate you. But in the meantime go home, put Hooligan's lithograph in the window, and come out after supper and carry a torch."

"Stop that right here, Sullivan," thundered aldermanic candidate Cassidy; "'tis just like your gall to barefacedly take advantage of your position to influence illiterate voters. I remember in the Nineteenth how you made Brizzolara believe he'd lose his peanut stand unless he brought in twenty votes for Johnny Powers. Such tricks don't go in the Irish Antipodean Republic, and the sooner you know it the better."

At this point a number of the Connaught Rangers entered the room, and their leader, tall Sergeant Dee, asked for information as to the system of voting to be adopted by the Republic. He stated that his comrades being mostly sons of small farmers and tradesmen in the "old country," whose property valuation did not entitle them to vote for members of Parliament—there being no "one man one vote" principle there—they were best acquainted with the open system of voting, used in Ireland in minor elections.

"Is it possible," inquired a Wolf-dog in a tone of commiseration, "that in this late stage of the nineteenth century there lives a man who does not know the nature and the beauties of the Australian ballot?"

"I know the nature of it well enough," said Sergeant Dee; "but what do you mean by the beauties?"

"The beauties are these," explained a diminutive Wolf-dog, late an efficient ward hustler, "that when you scratch a guy he needn't know the 'con,' else when he gets at the milk in the cocoa-nut he'll throw you down and give you the marble heart."

The tall sergeant stared in bewilderment.

"Be the elephant on my collar"—alluding to the regimental badge, the memorial of a victory in India—"I believe there's an interpreter needed between the Irish Irish and the American Irish. For the sake of your great-grandmother's soul tell me what you mean."

"Oh! he means that the ballot is secret," said the judge, "that you can vote for a man or not, as you please, without his knowing anything about it. That's the beauty of it."

"Then that's the beauty I object to," vociferated the lofty Ranger, thumping the table. He was eloquent and proceeded to demonstrate the fact. "I'd deeply regret any dissension in our councils," he said. "I detest the cloven hoof of discord."

But fair play for a Connaughtman as well as for a Christian. The days of Irish faction-fighting are gone, thanks be to Heaven and Jemmy Stephens. Limerick 'buttermilks' and Tipperary 'stone-throwers,' Wexford 'yellow-bellies,' Kilkenny 'wet-the-guns,' Ulster 'far-downs,' and County Mayo 'God-help-us' people, all meet in fraternal harmony with no cause of quarrel. The same red, warm Irish blood courses through their veins. 'One in name, one in fame, are the sea-divided Gaels,' as McGee says. But we don't want treachery. We don't want deceit. We don't want the chance of cutting a man's throat behind his back. We want everything fair, open, and above-board. What do we care who knows how we vote? Let every man show himself behind his vote as he'd show himself behind his gun. Who's afraid?" And he lapsed into song:

"My father cared little for shot and shell,
He laughed at death and dangers,
And he'd storm the very gates of hell
With a company of the Rangers."

"Open vote! open vote!" "Ballot! ballot!" rose the opposing cries, each side striving to convince the other of the superiority of the system of voting advocated by it.

While Madura labored in the throes of an excitement as intense as was caused by the late siege, an American cruiser entered the harbor and sent ashore an officer and a file of marines.

"What is the cause of all this?" inquired the amazed naval man of Governor Bennett.

"Simply that blamed Anglo-American treaty, that's all."

"But there's no such treaty. The attempt to carry it out has failed. At Washington the proposition was almost unanimously rejected."

The tidings brought by the officer passed rapidly from mouth to mouth. A murmur rose which presently increased to a cheer. Then cheer succeeded cheer, climbing like echoes up the streets to the fort, whose ramparts were soon crowded with wildly applauding soldiers. When the governor's attention was attracted by the shouts he noticed that the green flag had disappeared and that the stars and stripes waved as serenely as usual. Boys in blue were seen at their various posts. The American military machine at Madura, stopped for the space of a few hours, clicked on as regularly as ever. The Connaught

Rangers, preserving long faces before the indignant glare of General Mowbray, blandly announced themselves as ready to return on board the *Grampus*.

Harry Simpson came sauntering from the fort. "I am requested to inform you, governor," he said, "that the Irish Antipodean Republic has gone out of business, it being suddenly learned that there was no very urgent reason for its existence. I may also add that its proposed brilliant official organ, the *Madura Monitor*, is not likely to reach publication."

"A little more of this shock and strain would have killed me," said Governor Bennett, wiping his dewy brow. "Now that it is over I suppose we shall be worn to death holding court-martials."

"Pshaw!" laughed the American naval officer, "we are near the equator."

"Egad, sir, I think you're right," coincided General Mowbray. "Sailors have their pranks and privileges when on or near the line, and why not soldiers? I certainly shall not dignify the grotesque business with an official report."

"Neither, I think, on consideration, shall I," said the governor. "But say, Simpson, you would-be cable fiend, may we depend on you to keep this ridiculous affair out of the newspapers?"

"Unfortunately you may; it would make a splendid 'scoop,' but I have no means of sending it."

Dreamy, lotus-eating, tropical quiet settled down once more over sunny Madura, of whose three-hour revolution no account ever reached either the public press or the war-offices of the United States or England.



AN AUTUMN ECSTASY.

BY FRANK X. ENGLISH.

Oh! soon the Lake shall hush its flow,
Soon all the mountain glory go,
And Life uplift to Maiden Snow
The sigh of deathful fears!

But ah! afar from tropic trees
Come wandering sweet prophecies
Of song, and all the rhapsodies
That burst with April's tears.

And oft, within the mystic land
I feel the snow upon my hand;
Yet whilst I die at Love's command,
Life silently appears.

At last, from Death for ever free,
Still captive shall my spirit be
In Love's deep-anchored ecstasy
Through glad eternal years.

St. Mary's of the Lake, September 3, 1899.



*"Oh! soon the Lake shall hush its flow,
Soon all the mountain glory go."*

NATURE-WORSHIP A CHRISTIAN SENTIMENT.

BY REV. JOSEPH MCSORLEY, C.S.P.



SOME years ago a famous English writer published a charming and suggestive essay on the contrast between pagan and mediæval religious sentiment. His statements were quite justifiable, no doubt, and still it is not improbable that many of his readers would be led to form an utterly false notion of the Catholic sentiment about the material universe. So few, indeed, even among ourselves, thoroughly appreciate the church's teaching on this point that it may well be deemed a profitable subject of consideration. True though it be, as Arnold says,* that the Idyls of Theocritus and the literary gospel of the Ages of Faith are inspired by an altogether different, nay, an opposite view of the natural world, only a short-sighted and narrow criticism can suppose the characteristic sentiment of Christianity to be an exclusive supernaturalism, scornful and intolerant of the worth and beauty of visible things.

NATURE WORSHIP THE OFFSPRING OF RELIGIOUS CON-
TEMPLATION.

And yet many, at different times, have been impressed by the vivid contrast of the two views concerning the nature and office of the material world. Generally speaking, undue exaltation of the visible universe—Nature-Worship—is assumed to be an essentially pagan characteristic; and Christianity, on the other hand, aiming at things that appear not, seems to centre its efforts on drawing man away from the contact and tangle of matter, that he may rise to a life supernal. Still, proper appreciation of the world of Nature is no weak or uncertain force in the religious development of a human soul, and that church which is the accredited representative of formal religion has recorded its faith in the real greatness of Nature, has safeguarded Nature's sanctity with protecting anathema, has proclaimed in all the solemnity of magisterial definition Nature's winning power to influence and instruct the mind of man unto godliness.

How meaningless, then—we may fairly say stupid—is any

* *Essays in Criticism*, by Matthew Arnold: Essay on Pagan and Mediæval Religious Sentiment.

résumé of Christianity's Nature-doctrine, such as that given by the distinguished geologist who declares that the outcome of Christian teaching in centuries past has been to place man in an attitude half of fear, and half of hostility toward the material universe—from which delusion he has been rescued by the newer developments of science, teaching him that earth is the surest pillar of Heaven, that Nature is worthy of man's trust and reverence, and that in place of there being a supernatural realm distinct from the lower world, only one order, one kingdom, one control obtains in the universe.*

Need we proclaim that due appreciation of the real grandeur of the universe, its exaltation to the uttermost limits of the sublime, the setting of its every curve and color in composition most beautiful and impressive, is not the proper fruit of recent discoveries in natural science, not the work of evolutionist, materialist, and pantheist, but rather the offspring of religious contemplation, whereby the sweet face of Nature, even as God's gracious sunlight streaming through stained cathedral windows, grows more thrilling in its glow, more mystically fair? It must be realized that in gaining the loftiest conception of Nature's unity and dignity, men perforce hark back to truths proclaimed by dogmatic Christianity, and strenuously defended by the old church of the centuries. True, like every good thing, this fact is slighted or forgotten, and its power belittled there where it best might expect recognition and honor; but that happens because men still will be deaf to Wisdom crying aloud on every high hill and under every green tree.

NATURE LEADS UP TO NATURE'S GOD.

Let us, however, profess our belief in the divinity of Nature, that open book wherein God's mind is writ, that most learned and most solicitous of mothers, who has both power and goodness to bestow some of the deepest, holiest joys that man can experience. Readily enough, we declare ourselves out of sympathy and sickened with commonplace eulogy of "scenery" and "beautiful sights"; but those very objects which to the shallow, or the frivolous, are but occasions for ecstatic outbursts of washy sentimentalism, have a native dignity and significance ranking them with the highest, most sacred influences in a man's life,—his love for his mother, his history of grief, his hope of a hereafter.

What best serves at once to illustrate and enforce this state-

* N. S. Shaler: *The Interpretation of Nature.* Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1893.

ment is the fact that the attitude of men's minds towards visible Nature always, and as of necessity, has been colored and shaped by their religious belief. In appreciation of Nature, as in spiritual life, men may rank as infidels, as lukewarm believers, or as fervent saints. We would insist on the truth that, *cæteris paribus*, the more spiritual a man is, the deeper his love of Nature and the firmer his touch upon the Universal Life throbbing through all creation; and that the principles of dogmatic Christianity and approved mysticism—supposedly hostile to Nature—do, in proportion as they are assimilated, lift man more and more away from the commonplace, clothe him in the thrill of eternal verities, and draw him deeper into the harmony of creation than do the wildest dreams of materialist, pantheist, or humanitarian.

REVERENCE FOR NATURE INTERTWINED WITH EARLIEST RELIGIOUS THOUGHTS.

In the oldest poetry of the world—the early pagan mythology—we see how to its first children Nature dawned as the physical embodiment of Divine power and beauty.* Unguided by higher teaching, men framed a religious creed, stamped, or rather informed, by the awful presence of Nature; and her appearances so interwove themselves with ethical and metaphysical concepts as to become ultimate verities beyond which nothing farther was to be sought. So the innocent brightness of the dawn, the "clouds that gather round the setting sun," the majesty of the storm, the flowing waters, the luminous firmament, the roaring ocean, and the whole glorious round of never-ending beauties, drew forth man's deepest sentiments of awe and reverence, and he fell down to worship, imagining "either the fire, or the wind, or the swift air, or the circle of the stars, or the great water, or the sun, or the moon, to be the gods that rule the world."† Morn's sweet approach was the flashing of the fiery chariot of the god of Day. Alternations of rain and sunshine, the changing of the seasons, seed-time and harvest, these were the coming and going of unseen divinities. And as man rose from this animistic interpretation of the phenomenal world to a purer monotheism, he merely ranged the subordinate intelligences, controlling particular events, into a sort of hierarchy under the sovereignty of a Supreme Being, whose manifestations they were. The loftiest expression of this exaggerated Nature-worship we find at last in the refined Pan-

* Read Ruskin's lecture on Athena Chalinitis, in *Queen of the Air*.

† Wisdom xiii. 2.

theism which conceives of life as God, and sees the divinity pass under varied form into sunset cloud, and living water, and evening star, and mountain daisy, into the whispering winds, the beasts of the field, and the birds of the air.

THE PSEUDO-SCIENTIFIC VIEW FROM THE GREEKS.

In evident contrast with this, which we may call the pseudo-religious interpretation of the natural world, is what may be termed the secular, or pseudo-scientific. The Greeks, from whom is inherited the scientific spirit so dominant in our modern world, seem to have been the first to frame a conception of a universe excluding the constant personal interference of unseen divinities. The Platonic theory of universals, and Aristotle's further invention of utterly impersonal categories, are apparent foreshadowings of that explanation by means of which modern science interprets Nature as quite apart from any invisible or supernatural influence. Its supreme exaggeration is found in the *doctrinaires* who systematize and classify all natural beauties, just as science has systematized the divers departments of the visible world; nor have these any patience with one who professes to discern in Nature something more than can be seen with the eye and touched with the hand.*

Quite a number there are, keenly sensitive to the physical charms of natural beauty, who nevertheless blind themselves to the perception of that which rounds out and exalts these earthly graces. The gifted Morris, who can portray Nature with the hand of a master-artist, professes himself without understanding of that which he paints.† An earnest and life-long student of Milton, Mr. St. John, declares: "Landscapes are only valuable as a background to human action; they are nothing in themselves. And the utter inability of mere brute matter to call forth the energies of poetry is evident from the writings of those *doctores umbratici* who in every age have wooed the muse; their representations, like nothing in the heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth, being but so many wild dreams, and their sentiments and language every way worthy of the matter."‡ Similar, no doubt, was the belief of the clever writer who said that "to us the heavens reveal not the glory of God, but rather the glory of Isaac Newton."

* See an article on "Nature and the Poets," *Dublin Review*, January, 1872.

† See *The Earthly Paradise*, by William Morris.

‡ Preface to *Milton's Prose Works*.

THE INTERPRETATION OF THE GOLDEN MEAN.

We have dwelt upon two views of the world of Nature, both of them extreme and therefore false. But between the neo-Pagan, or Naturalist, and the Pantheist there is room for a just mean, and therein we find that interpretation of the glorious world about us, dear to the true mystic, based on an accurate estimate of Nature's relationship to God on the one hand, and to man on the other. Though the sympathy of many may be withheld from us, we cannot but profess our belief in the religious significance of Nature. Certainly the conventional attitude of mind is one of scornful ridicule for such an opinion, but it is an attitude as false as it is unjustifiable. The everlasting and many-sided sympathy of man for his environment should intimate to every one that Nature stands for something undreamed of in a commonplace philosophy. Here, as elsewhere, errors born of exaggeration will be found concealing truths of startling import and deepest worth, for the great mysteries of the visible world will yield golden fruit to patient culture; not to every one in equal measure indeed, but still ample reward cannot be wanting

"To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms,"*—

to him who, with Goethe, can say: "I pass whole days in the open air and hold spiritual communion with the tendrils of the vine, which say good things to me"; or to him who will listen to Wordsworth, advising his "dearest friend":

"Let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;
And let the misty mountain-winds be free
To blow against thee."†

AN AID TO GROWTH IN SPIRITUALS.

But this apparent concession to Nature is really, be it remembered, an aid to growth in the spiritual life, which thrives best when order and proportion are conserved, and the whole man is developed harmoniously and symmetrically. The time is coming, said Claude Bernard, when the scientist, the philosopher, and the poet will all understand one another. And, indeed, let us hope that the reign of narrow absolutism, whether religious or scientific, is no more. If we would comprehend the whole message revealed to man, we must glean from many

* Bryant's *Thanatopsis*.

† *Tintern Abbey*.

quarters; for man's inquiry embraces not only the world of matter and the action of unseen intelligence, but further still, the play of an infinite spiritual Force, to whose influence the human world of mind and matter is sensitive, and who is in some sense related to, though essentially beyond, these. The failure of the pseudo-science which attempted to dethrone God from the sovereignty of the physical universe has been repeated in the passing of that Naturalism which aspired to rule the literary and artistic world. French literature, since the triumph of the younger Dumas, has reacted from distorted realism to at least a moderate idealism which aims at the perfecting of life; and serious men will turn from the Rougon-Macquart series to Paul Verlaine, the converted Huysmanns, or even the older school of the Romanticists. Perhaps they may not stop short of learning from Châteaubriand of "relationships and correspondences, and secret affinities between nature and man, and between nature and the Creator, and thus arrive at a perception of the bond of union between the feeling for nature and the religious sentiment."* The psychological fad, and the popular manifestations, often ridiculous, of a craving for the occult and the mystical, may be things of a day, but can we not hope that with larger experience we are coming to recognize that not only the human being and the social organism are proper study for mankind, but that further and beyond these a Divine control is running through all things, shaping them into unity, and breathing a message through every sensible manifestation that reaches us:

"A something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man.
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thoughts,
And rolls through all things."*

So that, in fact, both physical and psychical worlds are but parts of an order, the hidden beauty and poise of which is nobler far than their partial interpretations. Perhaps the dawn of Nature's unity—misappropriated by evolutionists as due to their discoveries—shows best of all how progress is tending back to the securing of first principles, those fine old-fashioned ideas of God as the First Cause, Good, True, Beautiful, One and Multiple, of

* See *Manual of the History of French Literature* and *Le roman naturaliste*, by F. Brunetière.

† *Tintern Abbey*.

Whom came all things and through Whom are all things, Whose footstool is the Everlasting Hills, Who speaketh in the rain and the wind and the thunder, Who holds this universe in the hollow of His hand, in Whom we, too, live and move and have our being. There is a truth then, as well as an error, in the scientist's declaration that all matter is but the result of the action of energy, and that all phenomena whatever are but manifestations of power; but the fact has come to light not so much through the discovery of Natural Law in the Spiritual World as through the revelation of a Spiritual Law in the Natural World.

NATURE HAS A MESSAGE ON HER LIPS.

It argues naught that this glorious prerogative is unseen by many, for we cannot expect Nature's full splendor to dawn on minds untutored, or perhaps warped by false influences. Often the light that shineth into the darkness is comprehended not. Very entertaining is the following account of instructions given by an enthusiast in Nature-worship to a conventional young lady anxious to learn:*

"‘Tell me,’ he says, ‘did any flower ever make you cry?’

‘No,’ answered Mercy, with a puzzled laugh; ‘how could it?’

‘Did any flower ever make you a moment later in going to bed, or a moment earlier in getting out of it?’

‘No, certainly. You would not really have me cry over a flower? Did ever a flower make you cry yourself? Of course not; it is only silly women that cry for nothing.’

‘A man may really love a flower,’ was the answer. ‘A flower comes from the same heart as man himself, and is sent to be his companion and minister. There is something divinely magical, because profoundly human, in them. In some at least the human is plain; we see a face of childlike peace and confidence that appeals to our best. Our feeling for many of them doubtless owes something to childish associations; but how did they get their hold of our childhood? Why did they enter our souls at all? They are joyous, inarticulate children come with vague messages from the Father of all. If I confess that what they say to me sometimes makes me weep, how can I call my feeling for them anything but love? The eternal thing may have a thousand forms of which we know nothing.’”

And then when the speaker learns that his pupil cannot remember to have been ever consciously alone, he bids her, if she

* *What's Mine's Mine*, by George Macdonald.

would commune with Nature, to climb a lonely hill, sit down on a solitary rock, look out over the wide world and up into the great vault above, be still, and listen for a whisper.

Reading the above strong speech in the pages of a novel one might, no doubt, be tempted to call it exaggerated sentiment. We are likely to listen with more reverence and yield greater credence to the poets who may be considered as having come from the contemplation of Nature with her message on their lips. Whittier's "Worship of Nature," for instance, if not of the first rank as a work of art, is, however, instinct with suggestions that appeal most strongly to us. And so with others, many more in number than we could wish to mention. But let us turn to the poet-royal of Nature, the man whose song rings echoes in the heart of every lover of the visible world, and who has bared for our enlightenment the wondrous secrets of his own intercourse with our common Mother. Mark how he came to regard her with the fervent ardor of a boy's first love, through living constantly in her presence:

"Fair seed-time had my soul, and I grew up
Fostered alike by beauty and by fear,

.
Thanks to the means which Nature deigned to employ;
Whether her fearless visitings, or those
That came with soft alarm, like hurtless light
Opening the peaceful clouds.

.
In November days,
When vapors rolling down the valley made
A lonely scene more lonesome, among woods,
At noon and 'mid the calm of summer nights,
When by the margin of the trembling lake,
Beneath the gloomy hills, homeward I went
In solitude, such intercourse was mine;
Mine was it in the fields both day and night,
And by the waters all the summer long.

.
I held unconscious intercourse with beauty
Old as creation, drinking in a pure
Organic pleasure from the silver wreaths
Of curling mist, or from the level plain
Of waters colored by impending clouds.

.

Even then I felt
 Gleams like the flashing of a shield; the earth
 And common face of Nature spake to me
 Rememberable things.*

And so the influence that we see portrayed in that exquisite gem,

“Three years she grew in sun and shower,”
 gradually wrought in him a positive growth, a development of hidden powers:

“The floating clouds their state shall lend
 To her; for her the willow bend;
 Nor shall she fail to see
 Even in the motions of the storm
 Grace that shall mould the Maiden’s form
 By silent sympathy.

The stars of midnight shall be dear
 To her; and she shall lean her ear
 In many a secret place
 Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
 And beauty born of murmuring sound
 Shall pass into her face.”

He had but passed his boyhood when he found the following to be the result of his sympathetic intimacy with Nature:

“The sounding cataract
 Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
 The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
 Their colors and their forms were then to me
 An appetite, a feeling, and a love.”†

But further—and it is Wordsworth’s treatment of this point which raises his verse to the dignity of a message—the sensuous enjoyment of Nature’s beauty proves but the entrance to an unseen world wherein man is led on from joy to joy, his mind enlarging, his soul deepening, until in rippling brook, and pattering rain, and mountain wind will be found an inspiration,

“In which the burden of the mystery
 In which the heavy and the weary weight
 Of all this unintelligible world
 Is lightened.”‡

* *The Prelude*, i. and ii.

† *Tintern Abbey*.

‡ *Ibid.*

It is Nature interpreting to man the still, sad music of humanity :

“The human nature unto which I felt
That I belonged, and revered with love,
Was not a punctual presence, but a spirit
Diffused through time and space.

Thus was man
Ennobled outwardly before my sight,
And thus my heart was early introduced
To an unconscious love and reverence
Of human nature.

In the midst stood Man,
Outwardly, inwardly contemplated
As of all visible nature's crown, though born
Of dust and kindred to the worm : a Being,
Both in perception and discernment, first
Through the divine effect of power and love :
As, more than anything we know, instinct
With godhead, and by reason and by will
Acknowledging dependency sublime.” *

And thus, finally, is the worshipper led through Nature up to Nature's God. The day comes when he can read the world as a Divine Scroll, when all living things breathe upon him the fragrance of the Divine Presence and reflect the light issuing from the Divine Bosom, when the sunset cloud on the mountain shines beautiful as the feet of those who bring glad tidings from an unseen world.

“I looked for universal things, perused
The common countenance of earth and sky :
Earth, nowhere unembellished by some trace
Of that first Paradise whence man was driven :
And sky, whose beauty and bounty are expressed
By the proud name she bears—the name of Heaven.
I called on both to teach me, and I felt
Incumbencies more awful, visitings
Of the Upholder of the tranquil soul
That tolerates the indignities of Time,
And from the centre of Eternity
All finite motions overruling, lives
In glory immutable.

* *The Prelude*, viii.

Wonder not
 If high the transport, great the joy I felt,
 Communing in this sort through earth and heaven
 With every form of creature, as it looked
 Toward the Uncreated with a countenance
 Of adoration, and an eye of love.
 One song they sang, and it was audible.

If in this time
 Of dereliction and dismay I yet
 Despair not of our nature, but retain
 A more than Roman confidence, a faith
 That fails not, in all sorrow my support,
 The blessing of my life: the gift is yours,
 Ye winds and sounding cataracts! 'Tis yours,
 Ye mountains! Thine, O Nature!"*

Schooled in this reading of Nature, we rise to that sentiment so thrillingly worded in the sunset scene at the conclusion of the great poem of the great Nature-poet:

"Eternal Spirit! universal God!
 Power inaccessible to human thought,
 Save by degrees and steps which thou hast deigned
 To furnish; for this effluence of thyself,
 To the infirmity of mortal sense
 Vouchsafed: this local transitory type
 Of thy paternal splendors, and the pomp
 Of those who fill thy courts in highest heaven,
 The radiant Cherubim,—accept the thanks
 Which we thy humble Creatures here convened
 Presume to offer; we, who, from the breast
 Of the frail earth permitted to behold
 The faint reflections only of thy face,
 Are yet exalted and in soul adore."†

And now to consider how far such a sentiment may be claimed as a flowering of Catholic faith. It is significant that a passage of the *Excursion* represents the Solitary objecting to that ardent and intimate love of Nature which bursts forth in religious imagery, because, as he declaims with true Protestant fervor:

* *The Prelude*, ii. and iii.

† *The Excursion*, ix.

"How, think you, would they * tolerate this scheme
Of fine propensities, that tends, if urged
Far as it might be urged, to sow afresh
The weeds of Roman phantasy, in vain
Uprooted?"

Indeed, the above passages, interpreted in their finest sense, are but the splendid artistic expression of that sublime concept which the Church of God has ever defended, alike against the fanatical Manichean and the extravagant Animist. This shows us the touch of Nature making the whole world kin in adoration of the Creative Spirit, whose Unity, Beauty, and Imensity our universe faintly reflects. Saint Paul's profession of faith in the visible things through which the invisible are clearly seen and understood is adopted into the solemn definition of the Catholic Church proclaiming the cognoscibility of God by the natural light of reason. And is it more than the formal expression of such sentiments as the following?—

"Go, demand
Of mighty Nature, if 'twas ever meant
That we should pry far off yet be unraised.

And if indeed there be
An all-pervading Spirit, upon whom
Our dark foundations rest, could he design
That this magnificent effect of power,
The earth we tread, the sky that we behold
By day, and all the pomp which night reveals;
That these,—and that superior mystery,
Our vital frame, so fearfully devised,
And the dread soul within it,—should exist
Only to be examined, pondered, searched,
Probed, vexed, and criticised?"†

TRUE FLOWERING OF CATHOLIC TEACHING.

And we find this creed echoed and re-echoed through the ages by those pre-eminent in claim on the Catholic's love and reverence: by the Three Children singing their *Benedicite* in the fiery furnace:‡ by God's servant Job learning of his Master from the earth, and its beasts, from the birds of the air, and the fishes of the sea:§ by the Psalmist, as he sings of the

* "Those godly men
Who swept from Scotland, in a flame of zeal,
Shrine, altar, image, and the massy piles
That harbored them."

† *The Prelude.*

‡ Third chapter of the Book of Daniel.

§ *Job* xii. 7.

heavens revealing the glory of God, or of the eternal hills that spoke to him as they do to us in our sorrow: "I have lifted up mine eyes to the mountains, whence cometh help unto me"; or of the glad chorus that he hears breaking forth from the whole adoring universe: "Praise the Lord, fire and frost, snow and mists, stormy winds that do his will, mountains and all hills, fruit-trees and all cedars, beasts and all cattle, creeping things and fowl with wings, kings of the earth and all peoples, princes and all judges of the earth, young men and maidens, old men and children."* When Saint Augustine sought God in the sea, and the deeps, and the fleeting air, in the heavens, the sun, the moon, and the stars, they answered: "We are not God; it is he that made us." "My asking was my considering them," he says, "and their answering was the beauty I discovered in them."† A thousand years later the hill-side of Subiaco, and the Umbrian plain, resounded with the song of another saint, worshipping Nature, the handmaiden of God. Even the martial-spirited Loyola in his communing with the Creator "loved to contemplate the splendor of the starry skies and to behold the flower-besprinkled meadows and fields where he became rapt in God." Thus do the centuries, linked in common adoration, encircle the shrine builded upon the pillars of the everlasting hills.

ST. FRANCIS A LOVER OF NATURE.

Perhaps we may take the Poor Man of Assisi as the typical embodiment of that combination of lofty mysticism and artistic sensitiveness which is the true flowering of Catholic teaching. To him everything in creation from the sun to the glow-worm was instinct with divine existence. His was not that spirit of artificial sentimentalism commonly and noisily displayed by so many. It was an integral property of his great soul, an outcome of his inborn sympathy with Nature, due to his abiding sense of an omnipresent Deity animating and sustaining the whole universe, its meanest as well as its noblest part, rendering all alike in a certain sense divine. It was what made him really the first of those artists soon to awaken lethargic Italy into the life of the Preraphaelite movement,—artists to whom men are turning to-day, moved by the instinct of piety, for their awkward drawing and ungraceful forms contain a spiritual suggestiveness sought elsewhere in vain. Even in the midst of his contemplation, Francis is ever communing with the visible creation. He is fascinated by the gloomy

* Psalms xviii., cxv., and cxlviii.

† *Confessions*, x. 6.

forest and ravished by the massing of splendid clouds; he tastes a joy unutterable as he gazes into the running stream, or caresses a fragrant flower.* His Cantic of the Sun records an ecstatic burst of song possessing at once the immortal beauty of an artistic masterpiece, the calm grace and natural dignity of a summer evening, or a starry night, and the solemn religious thrill of a thousand-voiced *Te Deum*, or a midnight Mass. It is the harmony of Nature worshipping her Maker, caught and translated for us by a mystic soul, steeped in Divine knowledge and aflame with Divine love.

The story of the Seraphic Saint presents a wonderful instance of Nature's power as a religious influence. That her language is not always audible, nor her symbolism intelligible, merely presents the artist with the opportunity of winning her secrets and voicing them in tone, or color, or line. The writing on the wall must be interpreted to ordinary mortals, and to read it with prophetic ring is the artist's duty. And who greater than Wordsworth, among the poets fulfilling this office? Nature's favored child, for whom the language of forest, and ocean, and storm held no secrets, whose music was in thunder and wind and sounding water, he more than any other has impressed on his generation how

"We, like foolish children, rest
Well pleased with colored vellum, leaves of gold,
Fair dangling ribbons, leaving what is best,
On the Great Writer's sense ne'er taking hold.
Or if by chance we stay our mind on aught
It is some picture on the margin wrought."†

Can we help recalling "the ethereal Ruskin," and his wondrous reading of visible forms, his interpretation, for instance, of the "ordinance of the firmament"? Can any one rest satisfied if an alien to his faith in the clouds as messages from God, thus expressed in a chapter of *Cæli Enarrant*? "And all those passings to and fro of fruitful shower and grateful shade, and all those visions of silver palaces built about the horizon, and voices of moaning winds and threatening thunders, and glories of colored robe and cloven ray, are but to deepen in our hearts the acceptance, and distinctness, and dearness of the simple words, 'Our Father, which art in heaven.'" We may not, indeed, possess his, or Wordsworth's, wonderful faculties and

* See the first *Life of Saint Francis*, by Thomas of Celano.

† *The Lessons of Nature*, by W. Drummond.

marvellously keen insight, together with perfect opportunity for observation. We may not be sensitive, as some known to us, so that Nature's beauty lifts us into momentary rapture and leaves our vital energy terribly wrought upon. But nevertheless—and mark it well!—all of us as we go farther in the worship of Nature will grow closer to Nature's God.

CREDE EXPERTO, AND MAKE THE TRIAL.

It may be on some mountain lake by night with a wondrous silver moon rising beyond a mile of shining, starlit water, over dark walls of forest and rock, that out of the utter stillness unheard-of things will be whispered to you. Or perhaps in the breaking of some dawn a silver sheen from the Great White Throne will filter through gray clouds, and steal over mountain tops, to stray in among myriad forest leaves, to soften the grass, and rouse the birds, and burnish the cold dew lying dull on the violets. Or maybe, again, as you lie on the spur of a cliff, and miles away across the flashing waters the Day hides in clouds he has touched into ethereal golden glory, there will come flying to you the glitter of El Dorado through a rift in the western sky; and you will see, be it only for an instant, the Holy City having the glory of God, the light thereof like unto a precious stone, as it were a jasper, or a crystal, its gates of pearl and its streets of pure gold, clear as shining glass, and the Lamb the lamp thereof.

Ah! were we to sit at Nature's feet, she would teach us strange secrets. Wherever she is, there too is her Life, there too is her God, thrilling her into communicative gladness. The man that cannot read God in Nature must be insensitive alike to God and to Nature, dead to the influence of the all-pervading spirit that animates whatsoever springs from the Creator's living fingers. For through all these the Creator speaks: each hour he stands at the door and knocks, looking through the windows, peering through the lattices, his head wet with dew, and his locks with the drops of the night, and if any man open, He will enter in.

And so again I say to thee, were thy heart pure every creature—rippling water, and floating cloud, and flashing sunshine—were, indeed, to thee a mirror of life and a book of holy doctrine,* as with him who sang:

“To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.”†

* *Imitation*, ii. 2.

† *Intimations of Immortality*.



HOUSE OF THE MISSIONARIES AT SURINAM.

THE BUSH NEGROES OF DUTCH GUIANA.

BY REV. CHARLES WARREN CURRIER.



SURINAM! What a host of memories arise before me when I recall that name! Unforgotten scenes, beloved forms of the dead past are clothed with life again, old familiar faces greet me, and voices long since hushed fall upon my ear. The fragrance of its early mornings, when the sun would burst suddenly upon awakening creation, and the tropical woods begin to teem with life; the rapid course of its broad, yellow rivers; the fierce glare of its midday sun, and the coolness of its declining day; the varied hues of the heterogeneous population, and the delightful association with my fellow-workmen in that far-off portion of the vineyard,—all these are features of the kaleidoscopic picture now passing before me.

Memories like these which often flit before my mind were forcibly recalled by a recent despatch from Kingston, Jamaica, which appeared in our daily press. I reproduce it in full, that it may serve as an introduction to this article:

RELAPSED INTO SAVAGERY.—FUGITIVE NEGROES IN GUIANA
AGAIN MAKING TROUBLE.

Kingston, Jamaica, September 11.—The "Bush negroes" of Surinam, Dutch Guiana, have been calling attention to themselves in a sensational exhibition of savagery, according to a newspaper published at Nickerie, in that colony.

These people are the descendants of fugitive slaves who have relapsed into savagery, making Goejaba and the other territories occupied by them counterparts of Equatorial Africa. The Dutch government long ago concluded to let them alone.

The trouble that has just brought them into prominence grew out of a fishing dispute. Some neighbors of the Goejaba community poisoned the fish in a creek that appears to have been common to both parties. The Goejabans then went on the war-path; but apparently got the worst of it, for their village was burned and they lost six warriors killed and many wounded. Later advices will probably bring further details.

The incident is important as furnishing the Dutch authorities a pretext to intervene and bring the natives under subjection to the laws of the colony, whose peace they menace. As an ethnological study, illustrating the possibilities of the negro when left almost entirely to himself, these "Bush negroes" have, perhaps, not had the attention they deserve.

The last sentence is especially worthy of note, for though they live in our Western Hemisphere, the Maroon negroes of Surinam are less known to us than the inhabitants of Equatorial Africa, whom the writings of Stanley and others have introduced to the world.

The name of Guiana has, within these last years, frequently been brought to our notice. It was Guiana that figured in the Venezuelan boundary dispute, and, on the occasion of President Cleveland's message to Congress, wrought our people up to fever heat. It was off the coast of Guiana that for five long years the unfortunate Dreyfus languished in prison. Guiana is the name borne by the entire region lying between



FATHER DOUDERS, C.S.S.R., WHO DIED]
AMONG THE LEPERS OF SURINAM.

the Amazon and the Orinoco, and five countries exercise jurisdiction over it. The eastern portion, watered by the Amazon, lies within the limits of the Republic of Brazil, and the extreme western, bounded by the Orinoco, belongs to Venezuela. The central part is divided into French Guiana, or Cayenne, on the east, British Guiana, or Demerara, on the west, and Dutch Guiana, or Surinam, in the middle. The general features of Guiana are the same from river to river. Low, alluvial lands on the coast, rising toward the interior, impenetrable forests, divided by gigantic streams that color the ocean with their yellow mud for twenty or thirty miles out to sea, the fauna and flora of the tropics in rich abundance—such are some



ORANGE STREET, PARAMARIBO, ON THE SURINAM RIVER.

of the characteristics that mark the region which helps to form the basins of the Amazon and the Orinoco.

Dutch Guiana is inhabited by representatives of the five great races into which humanity is divided. The aborigines whom the first white settlers found there, when the French, under Poucet de Bretigny, occupied the site of Paramaribo in 1640, still dwell in the land. Their tribes bear the historic names of Waraws, Caribs, and Arrawaks. The Caribs and Arrawaks were known to Europeans long before the names of Huron and Iroquois, or even of Aztec and Inca, had been heard. Living, some on the coast lands, others buried in the primeval forests, they are peaceable neighbors, whose independence has long been respected by the present masters of Surinam.

The whites, comparatively few in number, are descendants of Europeans, of Jews exiled from the Portuguese dominions—they are Portuguese emigrants from Madeira—or they belong to the official circles, and to the clergy, the army, and the navy.

A number of Chinese live scattered through the country, occupied principally in mercantile pursuits. Since the emancipation of the slaves, large numbers of coolies have been imported from British India. These perform the labors of the sugar plantations. They have brought India with them to the New World in their costumes, their language, their religion, and their mode of life.

African slavery was introduced into Surinam at an early period in the history of the colony. During its long duration, which came to an end with the emancipation in 1863, the slaves were, with few exceptions, systematically kept aloof from Christianity, the slaveholders fearing that the Christian religion would diminish the unrestricted dominion they exercised over the souls as well as the bodies of their victims.

It is to slavery that the settlements of Maroon, or Bush, negroes owe their origin. Imported from Africa to work on the coffee and sugar plantations, the number of slaves increased to such an extent that by the year 1690 there were about 25,000, and in 1791 53,000 in the colony. From the beginning of the European settlement the slaves began to run away from their masters. This was not quite so difficult as it might appear. The plantations, generally on the banks of creeks and rivers, were surrounded by the dense growth of South-American vegetation. It was quite easy for any man, or body of men, to hide in the fastnesses of the forest and defy the onslaught of civilization. The negro, accustomed to African forests, and hardened against the murderous climate of Guinea, Congo, or Sierra Leone, had nothing to fear from the dreadful miasma of a soil that would inevitably prove fatal to a white man. He needed little to live upon, and what he needed the forest and the river furnished him in abundance. The climate dispensed him from clothing, and a hut of palm-leaves sufficed him for shelter. Under the yoke of the white man he had barely touched the outskirts of civilization, so that, when the opportunity presented itself, he plunged into the savage state, like a fish into water. Banding together, for the sake of convenience and of mutual protection, the runaway slaves soon formed themselves into villages, whence they made their depre-

dations upon the plantations of their former masters. As early as 1684 or 1685 they had increased to such an extent, and had become so formidable to the colonists, that the latter earnestly wished to conclude an advantageous treaty of peace with them. Nevertheless, continually increasing, they carried on for a century and a half their warfare against the whites. Expedition after expedition was sent against them in vain. The negroes had the impenetrable forest and the climate in their favor, while the greater number of the European troops found death in the unhealthy atmosphere of the forest. To defend themselves against such enemies cost the colonists thousands of lives and immense sums of money. As I think of this stubborn resistance of a handful of blacks to the disciplined soldiers of Europe, I cannot help wondering how long it will take the Americans to subjugate the Philippine Islands.



ARNOLD BORRET, C.S.S.R.

During the present century the Maroon negroes have conducted themselves peaceably in the enjoyment of their independence. They live far from the white settlements, isolated in their villages, on the banks of the rivers. Treating with the representatives of the Dutch government as freemen, not as subjects, their chieftains rule their tribes as monarchs, exercising the right of life and death. It is quite likely that another war would be just as disastrous to the Dutch as the previous ones were, and it is possible that the negroes would not find it very difficult to lay Paramaribo in ashes, if they took it into their heads, as I have heard they once threatened to do.

At present the Maroons are divided into three principal tribes, the Acecanians, Saramaccans, and Matoarians. They live principally in the districts of the Upper Surinam, the Upper Saramacca, and the Marowyne. I remember having read of them in the "*Lettres Édifiantes*" of the Jesuits, who many years ago had charge of the missions in French Guiana. The old military cordon which, no doubt, served as a base of operations against them, and which stretched from Post Gelder-

land, in the interior, to Post Orange, on the coast, is now completely abandoned.

The camps of the Maroons are generally situated on the banks of the rivers. The cutting of wood constituting their principal industry, these rivers serve as a means of communication with Paramaribo. There are no roads in Surinam worth mentioning, and all travel must be done by water. The wood is made into rafts, and thus floated down the river, in the same manner as we see the work done in the lumbering regions of the United States and Canada. Their vessels are hollow trees which are known as coryals, and which they navigate with paddles.

The camp I visited was well kept, and built upon a level plain of white sand. Their cottages are made of the leaves of trees, such as the palm and cocoa-nut, and sometimes a porch is added to the cottage. The apparel of these children of the forest consists of very little, some of them going about almost nude. A visitor to one of these camps might easily imagine himself in Equatorial Africa, and an engraving taken from works of travel

in the Dark Continent would answer to perfection for an illustration of a camp of Bush negroes.

I have never been able to discover much religion among them, although I have made inquiries to that purpose. Their worship seems to be nothing but a tissue of superstitious practices, which prevail among the other pagan negroes throughout the



CHURCH OF ST. PAUL, SURINAM.

colony. The whole religion consists in propitiating deities, apparently evil. Great veneration is shown to a large tree,

known as the cotton-tree, and offerings of beer and other articles are laid at its foot. Propitiatory sacrifices are also offered to the "Wattra - mama," the Mother of the Waters. Christianity has made little progress among these people, and the Catholic religion none whatsoever. The Moravians are the only ones who, perhaps, have made a few nominal converts among them.

Their morality is at a low ebb, and I have heard it said that disease is, in consequence, thinning their numbers. Polygamy is carried on, the limit of wives being a man's ability to support them.

The government of the tribe is vested in a Granman, or upper chief, who is succeeded after death by another member of the family. Each village is governed by a captain.

The language of Surinam presents a philological problem. Although the English have occupied the country but little, yet the English language is the basis of the jargon now spoken from one end of the colony to the other. It seems scarcely credible that the short-lived British administration, which lasted only seventeen years after the departure of the French, whose sojourn was brief, should have stamped its features upon the language of the colony. And yet such seems to have been the case; for the language of Surinam, the Negro-English, bears all the evidences of a corruption from our language, with a number of Dutch and other foreign elements.

Besides the seventeen years which elapsed between the



THE LATE RT. REV. JOHN SCHAAP, C.S.S.R., BISHOP OF NATALONIA AND VICAR-APOSTOLIC OF SURINAM.

landing of Lord Willoughby, Earl of Parham, and the conquest of the country by the Dutch, the English were again masters of Surinam for a few brief periods, some months between 1667 and 1668, again from 1799 to 1802, and, finally, from 1804 to 1816. That the English language has exercised an overwhelming influence upon that of Surinam is quite evident, nor do I see how that influence could have been exerted if it is not to be traced to the first occupation of the colony by the English between 1650 and 1667. At all events, the Negro-English, spoken from the Marowyne to the Corantyne—that is, from Cayenne to Demerara—is now the predominant language of the colony, the language of the street and of the home, though not of the school. Although the Indians have preserved their native tongue, which differs widely between the tribes, yet for intercourse from tribe to tribe, and with the rest of the population, they use Negro-English.

The Maroons speak no other language. Although they have preserved their African mode of life, the language their ancestors brought from Africa has, with the exception of some words, almost completely disappeared.

The two predominant elements of this tongue are English and Dutch, the former for words of every-day life, the latter for religion and expressions relating more to the world of ideas than to material objects. This Dutch element was introduced principally by the Moravian missionaries, who, having to deal almost entirely with the negro population, cultivated the language, reducing it to some kind of a system. Besides these two elements, we find also Spanish and Portuguese words, together with some African. It is quite natural that the Maroons, isolated as they are, should possess certain peculiarities of language, and speak the Negro-English in a manner different from the rest of the population. Although I have never observed it, yet it seems reasonable to suppose that they have fewer Dutch words, and more of the original features of the language.

From my first landing in the colony my attention had been drawn to this singular people. They would occasionally come to town in groups, either to bring their lumber, or perhaps to make purchases. Their appearance alone marked them from the rest of the population. Tall and powerfully built, of a jet-black hue, without the admixture of white blood that is slowly turning the negro into a yellow race, sometimes tattooed all over their body, their plaited hair rising from their head like horns, they might have looked like demons were it not for the many-colored pieces of cloth in which they draped themselves.

As the law forbade their coming into town in their nude condition, they complied with it by adopting the most fantastic and incongruous attire.

One day a number of them, impelled, no doubt, by curiosity, walked into the church. Glad to have the opportunity of coming into personal contact with them, I followed them and, as they stood looking around in wonder at the various objects that met their gaze, I began a conversation. Poor creatures! how extremely ignorant they were of all religion. Pointing upward, I told them of God, and, as they attentively listened to me, their eyes followed my gesture as though they expected to see God. They questioned me regarding a statue of the Blessed Virgin. I told them it represented "na Mama foe Gado"—the Mother of God; but

how difficult it was to convey these ideas of our religion, some of the highest and most metaphysical we have, to their untutored minds! God certainly has his own way of dealing with these poor children of Adam, which, whatever it is, is a just and holy way.

It was not long before the opportunity presented itself of visiting these poor blacks in their own homes. The bishop had decided to pay a visit to the leper station of Batavia, and he had chosen me to accompany him. The terminus of the journey was to be a camp of Bush negroes, for the bishop wished to find out if there were any possibility of doing missionary work among them.



RT. REV. WILLIAM WULFINCH, C.S.S.R., BISHOP OF
PHILIPOPOLIS AND PRESENT VICAR-APOSTOLIC
OF SURINAM.

It was the month of September, the dry season was at its height, and not a drop of water had for weeks moistened the heated atmosphere. Our party consisted of the Bishop, Mr. Arnold Borret, of Paramaribo, and myself, as first-class passengers. A negro servant and a leper, whom we were conveying to the leper station of Batavia, were in what I might call the steerage, as they housed out-of-doors on the top of the wooden tent at the stern of the boat. The crew was made up of about ten stalwart negroes, who plied the oar with a vigor worthy of a more temperate climate, besides the man at the rudder.

How I love to remember those pleasant days! Of the three travellers who set off from Paramaribo on that Sunday afternoon I am the only survivor. Right Reverend John Henry Schaap, my beloved father in Christ, and one of my dearest friends, has long since been numbered with the dead. He sleeps beneath the cathedral he erected in the heart of the tropics. Arnold Borret, at the death of whose father, once his cabinet minister, old William III. of Holland could not restrain his tears, was then one of the three judges of the Supreme Court of Paramaribo, the friend of the governor-general, and a man with a brilliant career before him. I loved him as I have loved few since. After he sent his resignation to the king and left all the world had to give him, I accompanied him to the foot of the altar, saw him invested with the livery of religion in the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, and we bade each other a last farewell. For a few brief years he exercised the priestly office, and now, "Consummatus in brevi," he too rests beneath the palm-tree in the torrid zone. He preceded our friend, the bishop, to the tomb.

Such was the party that, with the turning of the tide, rowed up the Surinam River, on a voyage to the interior of Guiana. The night had suddenly fallen, as it does in those regions, when we found ourselves in the canal that connects the Surinam with the Saramacca. Tall and weird arose, like black shadows on either bank, the giants of the forest, while the clear moon shot down its rays between them, and the voices of the oarsmen singing hymns floated over the silent waters. The next day we glided down the broad Saramacca to the Atlantic, and in the afternoon, cutting through the breakers of old ocean and turning into the Coppename River, we reached the leper station of Batavia.

Here we were hospitably received by the saintly Father Douders, who had spent twenty-five years of his life among the lepers of Guiana. A few days' rest in that abode of soli-

tude and suffering, and the journey was resumed. Up the Saramacca we went, further and further from civilization. The plantations were left far behind; we passed several negro settlements, exercising our ministry on the way, until the last vestige of civilization had vanished, and we knew that the only inhabitants of the country were the Indians and the Bush negroes, excepting the laborers in the gold fields beyond the cataracts.

The beauties of tropical scenery with its luxuriant vegetation and the magnificent solitude of South American forests have been so often described that I pass them over in silence, though they stand like an indelible picture, imprinted upon my imagination with all their gorgeous coloring, and I still seem to hear the sounds from the animal world greeting the new-born day.

It was four in the afternoon, after several days of travelling, when we sighted the camp of the Bush negroes. Children were sporting in the water, and a number of black forms were moving to and fro upon the shore. The approach of our boat had evidently caused a stir in the camp.

On landing, we at once inquired for the "Granman," and volunteers were not wanting to conduct the "Roomsoe Katholyki Biskopoe" and his companions to the august presence. We found his highness and several members of the court ready to receive us, for we must have been observed when we first turned the bend in the river. The palace was a thatched cottage, apparently of two rooms, situated in the centre of the camp. The chieftain, his wife, an old negress, as well as the former's brother and son, had donned their clothes, which were no better than those of a day-laborer on the plantations. The old chieftain received us with the greatest courtesy, and what struck me more than anything else was his natural dignity. It was hard to conceive that he was merely the descendant of a runaway slave. Yet, within the limits of his jurisdiction, he was probably more powerful than any of the European constitutional sovereigns.



FATHER CURRIER AT SURINAM.

They had come to the conclusion, they said, that there was only one God to be adored, and consequently they had permitted the Moravian missionaries to establish a church among them. We saw the little frame church in which, if I remember well, there was a small organ. The Moravians do not seem to be as exacting in their demands as the Catholics must necessarily be. Whether they have met with any marked success I am not prepared to say. We found polygamy the great obstacle to the evangelizing of these people. The present zealous Bishop of Surinam, Monseigneur William Wulfingh, who has done wonders for the colony, has, I believe, made further efforts toward mission work among the Bush negroes, but the difficulties of the task are immense.

Bidding the old chieftain farewell, we accompanied his brother and son on a tour of inspection through the camp.

In one of the huts we found an old sick negress lying on the floor. The bishop gave her his blessing, and her cure which followed, as we learned on a subsequent visit of some of the negroes to Paramaribo, was regarded as the result. Quite a sensation was created among the population when Mr. Borret sat down to make a drawing of the camp. How I regret that I had not then a camera in my possession!

The impression made upon us was by no means unfavorable to the blacks. They seemed kindly disposed and gentle in their disposition, yet, as I think of the strong and well-developed bodies of the men, they appear to me no mean adversaries, when their savage nature is aroused.

The great evil among them, the curse of the colony, is immorality, and how can it be otherwise without the restraining influences of the Gospel? It may, however, be said that they have not the refined vices of civilization. Their almost nude condition seems natural to them, nor does it appear to exercise any immoral effect.

Our visit over, we shoved off from the land, and the negroes congregated on the shore to bid us good-by. As the camp gradually receded we could still see the old negro chieftain, standing at the door of his hut and bowing his adieu. Thus ended our visit to the Maroon negroes of Guiana, and I returned to Paramaribo with a burning fever, brought on, no doubt, by exposure to the sun and the miasma of the forest. A few months later I had left Surinam for the United States.

REMINISCENCES OF A CATHOLIC CRISIS IN
ENGLAND FIFTY YEARS AGO.

BY REV. C. L. WALWORTH.

XI.

CARDINAL WISEMAN AND CARDINAL NEWMAN IN THEIR TRUE
MUTUAL RELATIONS.

IATHER BERNARD being chosen Provincial for the United States in 1850, it was not long before he made a demand to have the services of the two American fathers in their own country. This claim being acceded to, brought our five years and a half of life in Europe to a termination. Leaving this return home to be spoken of hereafter, I wish to make these reminiscences linger a little longer in England in order to place the noble personage of Cardinal Wiseman in juxtaposition with the equally noble figure of Cardinal Newman. I wish to show them in their true relations to each other, for in history they cannot be alienated. Truth has yoked them so together that no false glamour can ever separate them, or disturb that substantial confidence which existed between them. In their very pains and trials there was a sympathy which minor differences, always existing more or less, could never disturb. Cardinal Wiseman had for a very considerable time, an all-sufficient time, the opportunity to act as patron to his friend. Who can doubt the fulness of that gratitude which the great English convert felt for the patronage that helped in time of need to seal his own grand life-work?

Newman's appreciation of Cardinal Wiseman's masterful management of the storm which awaited him on his return to England after the establishment of the new Catholic Hierarchy is given us in a letter of his to Sir George Bowyer. Unfortunately the exact date of this letter is not furnished us in Ward's biography. It must, however, have been written in January, 1851. These are Newman's words:

"He is made for the world, and he rises with the occasion. Highly as I put his gifts, I was not prepared for such a display of vigor, power, judgment, sustained energy as the last

two months have brought. I heard a dear friend of his say, before he had got to England, that the news of the opposition would kill him. How has he been out! It is the event of the time. In my own remembrance there has been nothing like it."

So much for Newman's confidence in Wiseman as the man of the hour for England and for the new hierarchy. The following letter shows how Newman expresses his personal attachment to this great friend and benefactor:

"EDGBASTON, February 1, 1854.

"MY DEAR LORD CARDINAL: Your Eminence's letter arrived yesterday evening, the very *anniversary* of the day of my having to appear in court, and of the sentence from Coleridge. And to-morrow, the Purification, is the sixth anniversary of the establishment of our Congregation, and completes the fifth year of our settlement in Birmingham. As to the Holy Father's most gracious and condescending purpose about me,* I should say much of the extreme tenderness towards me shown in it did not a higher thought occupy me, for it is the act of the Vicar of Christ, and I accept it most humbly as the will and determination of Him whose I am and who may do with me what He will. Perhaps I ought to remind your Eminence that to do it, the Holy Father must be pleased to supersede one of St. Philip's provisions in our Rule, which runs: '*Dignitates ullas nemo accipere [debet], nisi Pontifex jubeat.*'

"As to yourself, I hope, without my saying it, you will understand the deep sense I have of the considerate and attentive kindness you have now as ever shown me. I shall only be too highly honored by receiving consecration from your Eminence.

"I do not know that I have anything to add to the second letter I sent your Eminence about a fortnight ago. I go to Ireland to-night or to-morrow morning. My purpose is to call on different bishops about the country, and to try to talk them into feeling interest in the university. Now that I am to be recognized as having a position in it, I have no hesitation in doing so at once. I wrote to Dr. Döllinger about six weeks ago, asking him to assist, if only for a time; but I have not had his answer yet.

"The reports in England are that your health is much bet-

* To secure for Newman a satisfactory status as rector of the Irish University the Cardinal had sought to obtain for him a titular bishopric, and, believing himself to have succeeded had written of it as assured.

ter for the change of scene and work; it was very pleasant to have your own confirmation of them.

"Pray convey my hearty congratulations to dear Dr. Manning. I hope he is not so ailing as he was last winter.

"Kissing his Holiness's feet, and your Eminence's purple, I am, my dear Lord,

"Your affectionate friend and servant in Christ,

"JOHN H. NEWMAN,*

"of the Oratory."

I will here introduce another letter. There is a lesson in it. The lesson needs no expansion. It expands itself. *Cela va sans dire*. There is a second lesson in it which may not speak so plainly for itself. A few words from me will fill the blank. The letter reads as follows:

"THE ORATORY, BIRMINGHAM, May 16, 1866.

"MY DEAR FATHER WALWORTH: Though I have left your kind present of your volume† so long unacknowledged, you must not suppose it to have been from any want of gratitude to you, or any want of interest in its contents. It treats of one of the main religious difficulties of the day and is a noble attempt to meet our needs—and you deserve the thanks of all Catholics for making it.

"Then why have I not written to you about it sooner? The reason has been that I am too much perplexed with your subject to be able to say anything upon it which would be worth saying, and I did not like to write without saying something. My perplexity arises out of the continually shifting condition of physical discoveries, and the indeterminateness of what is Catholic truth as regards their subject-matter, and what is not, in a province in which the church has not laid down any definitions of faith. None but an infallible authority can separate Apostolical tradition from hereditary beliefs, and till this is done we must be at sea how to think and how to act.

"You have opened the subject, well and boldly—and, while a writer so acts, and submits all he says to the judgment of the Catholic Church, his writings *must* tend to edification. But I am much interested to get information as to the *matter of fact*, whether your volume has been taken up, whether it has made a disturbance, whether it has elicited any other works on the subject. You are more outspoken in America than we are

* See *Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman*, by Wilfrid Ward, vol. ii pp. 74, 75.

† *The Gentle Skeptic*.

VOL. LXX.—16

here. I do not know enough of the state of science and the teaching of divines to know whether all that you have said may be safely said—but, if I held it ever so much, I should not dare to say it; first in consequence of the scandal that it would (needlessly) give *here*, and next because I should be involved in a controversy, for which I have neither time nor relish, nor strength.

“A letter like this is a poor return for your kindness—but it will be enough, I trust, to show why I have delayed my acknowledgments to you, on an occasion when you would naturally be desirous to receive as many criticisms upon your work as possible.

“I am, my dear Father Walworth,

“Most sincerely yours,

“JOHN H. NEWMAN.”

The second lesson to which I have already adverted before giving the above letter is this: The prevalence of infidelity in the general public, both in England and in America, brings every clergyman, whether Protestant or a convert, or Catholic by heredity, forward. It forces them to the front. And the higher they stand and the more they are known and the greater their influence with the public, the more distinctly they are forced to speak their minds out.

Wiseman met the question fairly and frankly. Those that wish to know how he met it will find it all in his far-famed work on science and revealed religion, acknowledged by all who have read it as dealing most learnedly and most liberally with the subject. Some Catholics, who have never read any book on the subject since, think they know all that is to be known about it by posting themselves up on this book. They expose only their own ignorance. Science, real science, has progressed wonderfully since that day, and they ought to know it before discoursing on the subject. The position of a great leader of religious thought in regard to it can be gathered from the preceding letter.

Here comes in very properly a letter addressed by Newman from Rednall to Archbishop Manning at Westminster:

“REDNALL, 10th August, 1867.

“MY DEAR ARCHBISHOP: My memory differs from yours as to the subject of that letter of mine to Patterson last spring, which he felt it his duty to show you. It did not relate to Mr. Martin, but to Cardinal Reisach.

"You are quite right in thinking that the feeling, of which (alas!) I cannot rid myself in my secret heart, though I do not give public expression to it, towards one whose friendship has so long been a comfort to me, has nothing to do with the circumstance that you may be taking a line in ecclesiastical matters which does not approve itself to my judgment.

"Certainly not; but you must kindly bear with me, though I seem rude to you, when I give you the real interpretation of it. I say frankly, then, and as a duty of friendship, that it is a distressing mistrust, which now for four years past I have been unable in prudence to dismiss from my mind, and which is but my own share of a general feeling (though men are slow to express it, especially to your immediate friends), that you are difficult to understand. I wish I could get myself to believe that the fault was my own, and that your words, your bearing, and your implications, ought, though they have not served, to prepare me for your acts.

"I cannot help thinking that having said this, I have made a suggestion, which, if followed out, may eventually serve better the purposes you propose in our meeting just now, than anything I could say to you in any conversation, thereby secured, however extended.

"On the other hand, as regards, not me but yourself, no explanations offered by you at present in such meeting could go to the root of the difficulty, as I have suggested it. I should rejoice, indeed, if it were so easy to set matters right. It is only as time goes on that new deeds can reverse the old. There is no short cut to a restoration of confidence, when confidence has been seriously damaged.

"Most welcome would the day be to me, when, after such a preparation for it as I have suggested, a free conversation might serve to seal and cement that confidence, which had already been laid anew.

"But such a day, from what I know both of myself and of you, cannot dawn upon us merely by the wishing; and the attempt to realize it now would be premature, throwing back the prospect of it.

"That God may bless you and guide you in all things, as my own sun goes down, is, my dear Archbishop, the constant prayer of yours affectionately,

"JOHN H. NEWMAN." *

* See Purcell's *Life of Cardinal Manning*, vol. ii. pp. 330, 331; for Oakeley's letter urging a meeting with a view to a reconciliation see p. 327. Letters of Newman to Oakeley, pp. 328, 329.

CANON OAKELEY'S LETTER.

"ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, DUNCAN TERRACE,
"ISLINGTON, N., 6th July, 1867.

"MY DEAR NEWMAN: The Archbishop has more than once expressed to me his great regret that there should exist between himself and you what he feels to be a state of personal alienation, and his earnest desire of doing anything in his power to remove it.

"I have ventured to say, on my part, that the case was hardly one, as I feared, to be met by mutual explanation, inasmuch as there was, I conceive, no personal quarrel nor breach of charity on either side, but only the absence of those cordial and intimate relations which depend on similarity of character, antecedents, personal views, and the like, and which no mediation can bring about.

"I think, however, that you ought to know both what the Archbishop feels and what I have said, in order that I may not be the occasion, through any misrepresentation, of hindering what is abstractedly so much to be desired, and what I should be so happy to promote.

"I have not told the Archbishop that I have written to you.

"Ever yours affectionately,
"F. OAKELEY."

NEWMAN'S LETTER TO OAKELEY.

"THE ORATORY, BIRMINGHAM, 28th July, 1867.

"MY DEAR OAKELEY: I will answer you as frankly as you write to me. The only and the serious cause of any distance which may exist between the Archbishop and myself, is the difficulty I have in implicitly confiding in him. And I feel this want of confidence in him especially in matters which concern myself. I have felt it, and, as I think, on sure grounds, for four years past. But I cannot state those grounds, for various reasons: first, because they lie in a number of occurrences which are cogent mainly in their combination; secondly, because they lie in communications which have been made to me confidentially.

"Such grounds, it may be objected, are not capable of being met, and I ought not to expect others to accept them, it is true; I will appeal then, in my justification, to the general sentiment of Catholics in the matter. Mr. Martin testified to that sentiment when, on presuming last April to write on the subject of obstacles at Rome to my going to Oxford, he found

it necessary to assure his readers that the Archbishop had nothing to do with the matters to which he referred. And, when an address was, in consequence of his allegations, sent to me from the laity, certain distinguished laymen testified to the same sentiment, when they declined to sign it on the simple ground that to do so would seem to be taking part against the Archbishop.

"This being the general feeling of Catholics in England and at Rome, the best means which the Archbishop could take to set the world and me right, and to show that he had nothing to do with barring me from Oxford, would be to effect the removal of any remaining difficulty which lies in the way of my undertaking the mission. In saying this, I do not mean to imply (what would be untrue) that it would be any personal gratification to myself to have such difficulty removed; but that such an act on his part would be going the way to remove an impression about him, which every one seems to share, and no one seems even to question. Ever yours affectionately in Christ,

JOHN H. NEWMAN,

"Of the Oratory."

NEWMAN TO OAKELEY.

"THE ORATORY, BIRMINGHAM, 31st July, 1867.

"MY DEAR OAKELEY: I have no objection to your using my letter. However, I don't expect, any more than you, that any good will come of it. The Archbishop will answer, 'I have literally taken *no part* in the Oxford Oratory matter. My action has been confined to the question of education.'

"If by 'his action' he means what he has said or written to Rome, his assertion is quite intelligible and credible. But if by 'his action' he means to assert that the action of York Place has been simply withheld either way, nothing is more opposed to fact. The question is, whether his house has not been a centre from which a powerful antagonism has been carried on against me; whether persons about the Archbishop have not said strong things against me both here and at Rome; and whether, instead of showing dissatisfaction publicly of acts which were public, he has not allowed the world to identify the acts of his *entourage* with himself. No one dreams of accusing me of thwarting him—indeed, the idea would be absurd, for I have not the power. The world accuses him without provocation of thwarting me; and the *prima facie* proof of this is, (1) that his *entourage* acts with violence against me. (2) That, instead of taking any step to prevent

them, he contents himself with denying his having done anything against me himself, and with deeply lamenting that there should be a distance between us.

"The world thinks, and I think, that he has virtually interfered in the Oxford Oratory matter—and the world and I have to be convinced to the contrary, or we shall continue to think so. Ever yours affectionately, JOHN H. NEWMAN,
"Of the Oratory."

NEWMAN TO MANNING (Two years later).

"THE ORATORY, 3d November, 1869.

"MY DEAR ARCHBISHOP: Thank you for your kind letter.

"I can only repeat what I said when you last heard from me. I do not know whether I am on my head or my heels when I have active relations with you. In spite of my friendly feelings, this is the judgment of my intellect. Yours affectionately in Christ,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.*

It must be well understood that none of this correspondence, brought on through the agency of Canon Oakeley, led to any satisfactory results. They certainly in no way represent any reminiscences of my own concerning the relations which actually existed between Dr. Newman and his ecclesiastical superior at Westminster. They came to my knowledge only recently. They came to me, as they must have come to others interested in religious matters there, as an unexpected revelation. The words are monumental and documentary. The revelation must remain as we find it lying before us, and not as we previously conceived things to be or wished them to be. The seal set upon Newman's life work by our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., cannot be removed. The memory of Catholic England will henceforth see him gilded with the light which belongs to his true apostleship; and under all the circumstances of his later years, as we now know them, his last thoughts could only be what his last words of joy give us: "ALL IS LIGHT." It is painful to think how both Catholics and Protestants who took part in the tidal wave which moved so many forward towards Rome, including not only Newman but Gladstone, had to struggle, until comparatively a late date, with their suspicions of Wiseman's successor in the Archdiocese of Westminster. How could they continue to address him as "My dear Archbishop" at the head of letters, when the body of those letters show so positive a want of confidence?

* See Purcell's *Life of Cardinal Manning*, vol. ii. p. 346.

It is passing strange that Dr. Newman, after so distinctly declaring in his letter to Archbishop Manning that he could neither understand him nor put confidence in him, should address him in terms of apparent affection. We know, however, how hard it is to lay aside old terms of friendship when founded on religious sympathy. We know, moreover, how hard it is for Catholic readers to cease to recall as facts things which never were facts, although for the time we received them as facts. So it is, however. Cardinal Manning has furnished the world with his own record. He has made his own bed in history, and on that bed henceforth he must lie.

XII.

WISEMAN AND NEWMAN.—THEORY OF DEVELOPMENT.— BROWNSON, HALL, AGASSIZ.

My recollections of England's great Cardinal-Archbishop of Westminster, Nicholas Wiseman, are strong and vivid. His relations with Dr. Newman, and with that crowd of converts which clustered around that great founder of the English Oratory as their natural leader in the current of conversions to the old and only true Faith, has no signs of weakness in it. My judgment will not tolerate any theory which imputes any weakness to Wiseman's will. No theory of that kind can ever be made to hold water. It is contrary to Wiseman's natural disposition, which in the recollection of too many living men that once knew him towers above all suggestion of such weakness.

In Newman's letter to Wiseman of February 1, 1854, given in chapter xi., the reader will find these words: "As to yourself, I hope, without my saying it, you will understand the deep sense I have of the considerate and attentive kindness you have now as ever shown me." This considerate kindness did not consist merely of courteous language which, in order to avoid scandal, often passes between old friends and allies although in reality much alienated. Dr. Newman wrote this letter frankly and cordially. He was not referring to fair words but to kindly deeds intended for the benefit of Newman and of Newman's cause. The letter was written, be it remembered, at the time when Newman, through Wiseman's influence, had been elected to preside over the new Dublin University. It was considered necessary that the new president should be clothed with the dignity of bishop, an official stamp

from Rome to add to the *prestige* which his personal characteristics had already given him. Newman put in no profession of modesty to waive away this proffered honor. He entered heartily into Wiseman's plans. Having been assured by the Archbishop that Rome was ready to carry out this purpose in his favor, he writes: "As to the Holy Father's most gracious and condescending purpose about me, I should say much of the extreme tenderness towards me shown in it, did not a higher thought occupy me, for it is the act of the Vicar of Christ, and I accept it most humbly as the will and determination of Him whose I am and who may do with me what He will." He goes on to point out a difficulty in the way of accepting a bishopric, not in order to oppose the purpose but, on the contrary, to further it. The Oratorian rule under which he had now lived for five years forbade his acceptance of a bishopric except by command of the Pope. This would require a special dispensation from Rome.

At the date of this important letter from which we are quoting, namely, February 1, 1854, Newman was already the acknowledged Rector of the Catholic University, and in the letter he announces his intention of going directly to Ireland to enter upon the duties of his new post there. The first work to be done was to call upon the Irish bishops and "to try to talk them into feeling interest" in that foundation, so eager and prompt in action was this simple-minded, single-hearted man in all that belonged to his apostolic vocation.

When I said just now that Newman entered *heartily* into Wiseman's plan with regard to his selection as Rector for the new institution of a Catholic Irish University, I must not be misunderstood. This Catholic University for Ireland was not Newman's own idea. His own zeal and judgment was in favor of a Catholic College at Oxford.

Was the founding of the Irish University an enterprise started by Wiseman as the best thought left to utilize the position and powers of his friend? It may be so. It proved to be a failure, however, and the bishopric would not have helped it. The great Cardinal of Westminster had perhaps overrated his influence, and a retreat both for him and for the Rector became manifestly necessary. Chief-Justice Coleridge's insults, with the foul shadow of Achilli, soon passed away. The fine of \$46,000 was soon paid up, with a remainder of \$18,000, the most of which went to the Irish University fund.

Newman was soon restored once more to the Birmingham

Oratory. Wiseman was forced by circumstances to change his thought of a bishopric for his friend, and Newman was forced to change his first desire to establish a college at Oxford. Can any one doubt that God overruled both these plans in Newman's favor that he might do greater things to promote the work of England's conversion?

I trust it will not be too much of a digression to introduce here a remarkable feature in the character of England's great Cardinal-Priest. His love of truth he carried out to a critical tenacity to what is most perfect in duty and accurate in detail. In order to illustrate this last characteristic I must borrow an anecdote from a lecture given by Mr. Adams, a clerical convert, at Union Hall in Albany, on Thursday, March 2, 1899.

When John Henry Newman was five years old he went with his mother on a visit to a friend. One of the first questions the lady hostess asked of her guest was:

"On what train did you start?"

Newman's mother answered: "On the five o'clock train."

The boy at once corrected her statement by saying: "The train, mamma, started at fifteen minutes to five."

"Why, child," said she, "what difference does it make?"

"I want you to be accurate," said the little John Henry.

"I am afraid I shall have trouble with that boy!" exclaimed the mother to her friend.

I cannot leave the stately figures of the two great English Catholics with which I have just been occupied without comparing them with another prominent form which rises before me, namely, that of our own Crestes Brownson. He was like these former, a true Catholic. He resembled both in many personal peculiarities. He was unlike either in many other respects. He was of English blood, but no Englishman. Americanism is to be found in him and strongly marked. Keeping in mind the distinctions so neatly and justly made by the Head of our Holy Church, now happily ruling,* Brownson had "certain endowments of mind which belong to the American people, just as other characteristics belong to various other nations." It is not necessary here to dwell on any peculiarities not commendable. When wishing to speak fairly and courteously of nations and of people, it is best to dwell on the nobler types of character. St. Francis of Sales says somewhere that we owe to our own country a preference of

*Leo XIII.'s Letter to Cardinal Gibbons on "Americanism" (see CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE for April, 1895, p. 139).

affection not always of reason and in argument. Brownson was not always so courteous and considerate as the two great English Cardinals of our day. He was a Rough Rider and could be rude betimes. Whether he was, as Lord Brougham is recorded to have said of him,* "the master mind of America," is a point I forbear to discuss. He was unquestionably a master mind in America, and American Catholics especially may well be proud of him as a noble-hearted and faithful Catholic, "an Israelite indeed" and without "guile."

I have said that this great American Catholic convert was a "Rough Rider." I do not mean this in every sense of that word, but in the best sense, perhaps, that that word will admit of, unless we descend to slang, which I do not wish to do. I mean simply that sometimes when engaged in argument and getting warm, as he often did in such case, he was not always sufficiently considerate. He did not always consider what kind of person he was talking to or talking of. Dear and valued as he was to me, I do not hesitate to acknowledge this of him. When speaking or writing calmly he would often acknowledge it, and without excusing it. In fact, I have known him to criticise others for failing in this kind of considerate charity even towards adversaries from whom he differed very widely. I know him to have criticised a most friendly intimate for showing suddenly a book to a learned professor, taken down from a shelf, when the learned man insisted no such author or book had ever existed. I have this from the doctor's own mouth. He could be rude sometimes, as Dr. Newman said he was. A beautiful trait in him and a remarkable one was that when he committed an error of faith or memory he would not deny the truth in order to make himself consistent, however recently the mistake may have been made. He would rather say:

"When I said that last year I was mistaken. I know better now."

Dr. Brownson is well known to have criticised severely Newman's theory of Development. What that theory really was I do not well know, either from the author's own lips or from the book itself. From what I have heard of it, I have no doubt that it has helped to solve a question which must come up and must be solved by Christians who stand by the ancient faith once delivered to the saints, and whose duty and anxiety it is to defend it against all adversaries so far as

* See CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE for April, 1899.

they feel themselves capable. Newman and Brownson may claim to have done this. Thus differing and yet co-operating in their way of explaining Catholicism to prejudiced outsiders, both are made orthodox and conforming to the ancient faith by teaching under the protection of the same chair of Peter from which both sought to derive instruction. Neither meant to disregard the memorable maxim of St. Vincent of Lerins: "In necessariis unitas, in dubiis libertas, in omnibus caritas." St. Vincent would have united with both in adding: "Erga auctoritatem docentem, docilitas."

I cannot leave this point without giving the reader an anecdote to illustrate Newman's position—I mean his position as I gathered it at the time of my residence in England, and from the lips of one of his own disciples. One of these was making a spiritual retreat in our convent at Hanley Castle. If I am not mistaken, it was Dalgairns, the Oratorian, at that time attached to the London community. Before he left he was asked one day, at our table:

"What does Dr. Newman think now of his theory of Development?"

The answer was: "This seems to be his present position. He does not intend to argue the subject any further; but his opinion is that at the bottom of the question, as treated by him, there is something true which a more perfect scrutiny and a more competent authority may bring into better light."

Passing by at this moment what theologians on religion, charlatan philosophers on all subjects, or infidels, may say in regard to the difference between development and evolution, let me here repeat the opinion of a dear friend of mine, one of the most thorough scientists I ever knew, and one of whom this State of New York has reason to be proud. I refer to Professor James Hall, so long State Geologist of New York, and predecessor of John M. Clarke, the able student and assistant of Hall, succeeding him in his duties under a new title of State Palæontologist. I asked Professor Hall:

"Please tell me what is your opinion of evolution? And how does it differ from what we used to call development?"

He answered: "By evolution we mean in geology nothing different, that I know of, from development. The former, however, is a more convenient term for us. We do not wish to be confused by any special definition by others, outside of our work, in other sciences for which we are not responsible."

Professor Hall then mentioned to me the name, I think, of

Babbage, the mathematician of Cambridge, who has also written on geology, as an author who had given him a light or a clew of light to harmonize his faith with new discoveries in science. I could never get access to the book he referred to, but from that conversation I had this confidence in him, that his faith in Revelation was as true as my own. Neither of us felt that there was any need of controversy between ourselves on the main question.

Somewhat later, when giving a mission at Cambridge, Mass., I visited the celebrated Louis Agassiz, and spent a whole morning with him in his museum by his own invitation. I would not have visited him otherwise; hearing it reported, although unjustly, I believe, that he was apt to be uncourteous when clergymen called upon him. It was not so, however, in my case. What pleased me most at his museum was the last chamber of collections that he showed me. It was a large, long room full of coffins, not opened as yet but containing human bodies obtained from every quarter of the world.

"I am not content," he said, "when I study different races of men to have only their skeletons or skulls." He then showed me a few large glass jars filled with heads and faces. "I have some of these things," he said, "but I do not value them very highly now. I look for the whole man with his whole flesh on him, and then I compare him with what I know of man before death, with his various pursuits and habits which guided him through life. This is my way of studying zoölogy, including anthropology, and as far as possible the *fauna* of palæontology."

After this we returned to his private room. There he encouraged me to talk, and I introduced questions regarding the relations of Sacred Scripture with natural science. He believed firmly in one God, the Creator of heaven and earth. His great difficulty was not a disbelief in the supernatural, but an aversion to admit miracles in nature, which he thought argued a want of order in the Creator. He was not a Christian, neither was he a heathen nor an atheist. I do not praise this great man for everything he did or said. I cherish his memory, however, for his readiness to acknowledge a mistake, and his love of light when it was made to gleam on his understanding and his conscience. For all such men, especially when I am brought in contact with them, my prayer is:

"Solve vincla reis: Profer lumen cæcis."

"THE CONSENT OF THE GOVERNED."

BY E. B. BRIGGS, D.C.L. (*Catholic University of America*).



IN an article contributed by the writer to the July number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE the following propositions were advanced, viz.:

1st. That the inhabitants of the Philippine Islands do not, as yet, constitute a jural "society" or "people"; and 2d. That until such a jural "society" or "people" shall have been developed in those islands (the possibility of which no "expansionist" has, to the knowledge of the writer, attempted to deny), there will be no "*moral entity*" therein, capable of giving the "consent of the governed" spoken of in the "Declaration of Independence."

In view of the fact that the above propositions have been fiercely assailed by a great number of Catholic editors, even to the absurdity of personal attacks upon the writer, he proposes, in this paper, not only to substantiate the same, but to prove, from the writings of the most eminent Doctors of Holy Church, for centuries acknowledged, in the words of Suarez, as "*ancient, received, and true*," the third and further thesis that, until a jural "society" or "people" exists, *i. e.*, until organic *social and civil or political* society, as contradistinguished from the family, patriarchal, and tribal forms of *domestic* society, is evolved, there can exist, nowhere, a moral organism capable of giving the "consent of the governed" spoken of in the immortal "Declaration."

Is it true to assert that, "Wherever men are found, organization is found"? that, "Wherever human society exists, in the tribal or barbaric forms, as well as in the civil, the principle of the Declaration of Independence is applicable"?

The opinions of the great Catholic Doctors, accepted for centuries as "*ancient, received, and true*," not only say "Nay!" to this, but clearly and distinctly point out the radical and essential difference between the purely *domestic* society of the family, patriarchal, and tribal types (the patriarchal and tribal forms being universally conceded to be but amplifications of the family), and social and civil society; in other words, "nation," or "state," or both combined. They go on to affirma-

tively show: 1st. That *social* and *civil* society does *not* come into being by any "consent," expressed or implied, of the "members" or "people," if you will, of the pre-existing three *domestic* types of society; and 2d. That it does come into existence by the direct act of God, operating through the "*jus naturale*," and upon being so constituted, and only so constituted, *collectively*, and as a "moral entity," gives the "consent of the governed" by the institution of its agent, *political government*, by virtue of the "*jus gentium*."

That the foregoing observations do not constitute "sophistical special pleading" is proved by the subjoined literal quotations, viz.:

Balmes, *History of European Civilization*, chap. xlviii.: "Nature herself has pointed out the persons in whom resides the paternal power; the wants of the family *mark the limits of this power*." "In *society* it is otherwise: the rights of the *civil power* are tossed about by the storms of human events. The rights and duties of parents and children are written in characters as distinct as they are beautiful. But where shall we find, with respect to the *civil power*, an expression as unequivocal? If power comes from God, by what means does he communicate it? In what channel is it conveyed? Was there ever a man who by natural right found himself invested with *civil power*? It is clear that in this case power would have no other origin than paternal authority; that is to say, in that case the *civil power* ought to be considered as an amplification of that authority, as a transformation of *domestic* into *civil* power. We immediately see the difference between the *domestic* and the *social* order, their separate objects, the diversity of rules by which they must be regulated, and we see how different are the means which they both use for their government. I do not deny that the type of society is found in the family, and that society is in the most desirable condition when it most resembles the family in command and obedience; but mere analogies do not suffice to establish rights, and it always remains indubitable that those of the *civil* power must not be confounded with those of the *paternal*."

"On the other hand, the nature of things shows that Providence, in ordaining the destinies of the world, did not establish the *paternal* as the source of the *civil*. Indeed, we do not see how such a power could have been transmitted, and the legitimacy of its claims have been justified. We can easily understand the limited rule of an old man, governing a society

composed of two or three generations only, who were descended from him; but as soon as this society increased, extended to several countries, and consequently was divided and subdivided, *the patriarchal power must have disappeared*, its exercise must have become impossible, and we can no longer understand how the pretenders to the throne could come to an understanding with each other and the rest of the people, to justify and legitimize their rule. The theory which acknowledges the *paternal* as the origin of the *civil* power may be as promising as you please; it may sustain itself on the example of the *patriarchal* government, which we observe in the *cradle* of society; but there are two things against it. First, it asserts, but does not prove; second, it has no means of attaining the end for which it was intended, viz.: the consolidation of government, for it cannot establish itself by proving its legitimacy. I have not been able to find this theory either in St. Thomas or in any of the other principal theologians; and to go still higher, I do not know that it can find any authority in the doctrines of the Fathers, in the tradition of the church, or in Scripture itself. It is, consequently, a mere philosophical opinion, of which the explanation, and proof, belong to those who advance it."

Billuart, *Moral Theology*: "I maintain, in the first place, that legislative power belongs to the *community*, or to its *representative*. It will be objected that the right of commanding and compelling is vested in the superior, and cannot belong to the community, since it is not superior to itself. To this I reply: Society, in one sense, is not superior to itself, but in another it is. The community may be considered *collectively* as one *moral body*, and in this sense it is superior to itself as considered *distributively* in each of its *members*."

Concina, *Theology*, Rome, 1768: "In support of the opposite opinion, many answer, and certainly with more probability and truth, that, in reality, all power proceeds from God, but that it is not delegated to any particular individual directly, *unless by consent of civil society*."

St. Thomas Aquinas, *De Regimine Principum*: "It is in the nature of man to be a *social* and *political* animal, living in *community*. Thus, if it be natural to man to live in society, it is necessary that some one should direct the multitude."

Bellarmin, *Bell. de Laicis*, I. iii. c. vi.: "In the first place, *political* power, considered in general, and without descending in particular to monarchy, aristocracy, or democracy, emanates im-

mediately from God alone; for being necessarily annexed to the nature of man, it proceeds from Him who has made that nature. Besides, that power is by natural law, since it *does not depend upon men's consent*, since they must have a government whether they wish it or not, under pain of desiring the destruction of the human race, which is against the inclination of nature. In the second place, observe that this power resides *immediately*, as in its subject, in all the multitude, for it is by divine right. In fine, *society should be a perfect state*.

"In the third place, observe that the multitude transfers this power to one or more by natural right, for the *republic* not being able to exercise it by itself, is obliged to communciate it to one or to a limited number; and it is thus that the power of princes, considered in general, is by natural and divine law; and the whole human race, if assembled together, could not establish the contrary, viz., that princes or governors did not exist.

"Observe, in the fourth place, that particular forms of *government* are by the *law of nations*, and not by divine law, since it depends on the consent of the multitude to place over themselves a king, consuls, or other magistrates, as is clear; and, for a legitimate reason, they can change royalty into aristocracy, or into democracy, or *vice versâ*, as it was done in Rome.

"Observe, in the fifth place, that this power in particular comes from God, but by means of the counsel and election of man, like all things which belong to the *law of nations*; for the law of nations is, as it were, a *conclusion* drawn from the *natural law* by *human reasoning*."

Suarez, *Defence of the Catholic Faith*, Book III. c. ii.: "We consider the opinion of the illustrious Bellarmin *ancient, received, true, and necessary*."

Thus is the contention of the writer thoroughly and completely supported by the unanimous opinions of the most brilliant galaxy of Catholic divines who have ever discussed the theory of the state; and in language very plain, very simple, and very easy to understand.

Nor do our American publicists fall behind these illustrious Catholic Doctors. Lack of space forbids a citation from more than one of them; but the name of Theodore Woolsey will appeal to every student of his country's institutions. He says, *Political Science*, vol. i. chap. ii.: "If, however, the question refers to the *rational grounds* on which we can justify the ex-

istence of an organized society, the answer is found in the nature and destination of men, in their being so made as to seek society, for which they are prepared by the family state, and in the impossibility that society should exist, be permanent, and prosper, without law and organization. The individual could make nothing of himself or of his rights except in society; society unorganized could make no progress, could have no security, no recognized rights, no order, no settled industry, no motive for forethought, no hope for the future. The need of such an institution as the state, the physical provision for its existence, the fact that it has appeared everywhere in the world unless in a few most degraded tribes, show that it is in a manner necessary, and if necessary natural, and if natural from God."

The Catholic Doctors have proved the meaning of the "consent of the governed" in the natural law, and in the law of nations, *i. e.*, that it is, solely and alone, the act of *social* and *civil* society in ordaining for itself a frame of *political government*.

Has it a different meaning in political science and constitutional law?

A citation or two will suffice to answer the question.

Woolsey, *Political Science*, vol. i. c. vi.: "Is any formal assent of the individual necessary before he is morally bound to obey the laws and conform to the Constitution? Or what is meant by the maxim that government depends on the 'consent of the governed'? Does it mean that a single person, when he comes to the age of reflection, is free to renounce his allegiance to his country while he remains within its borders? If by allegiance we intend obligation to obey the laws, this obligation certainly can never be refused, unless there is some higher obligation requiring disobedience, for to admit such a rule would destroy all order and confidence. The society would not consent to it without ruining itself, and this consideration alone ought to make the individual feel that he cannot, in this respect, act as he chooses." . . .

"Or, again, will it be said of a whole people that a constitution which they had no hand in making imposes on them no obligations, unless they give each one for himself a voluntary adhesion to it?" . . . "Society" (sec. 68), "in short, has more wisdom and right than the sum of its members, and much more than contending claimants in a given case. *The right comes not from renounced power but from the state's being,*

in the natural order of things, God's method of helping men towards a perfect life."

"If, again" (sec. 73), "it be asked, What is intended by a public act of a *people* occupying a large territory? as, for instance, the adoption of a new form of government, or the choice of a line of kings, the answer must be that if the people act at all, they act either in masses constitutionally gathered at various points through a country, or by representatives constitutionally appointed, or appointed by some of those rude methods of which history furnishes so many examples."

This, and this alone, is the only "consent of the governed" known to Anglo-American jurisprudence; and, hence, spoken of by the representatives of the *American people*, in the "Declaration of Independence." It comes into being with the birth of the *state*, and is the act of the *juristic people*, the *collective citizenship* of the state, through its representatives, not only in the creation of its political agent, *government*, but in all legitimate acts of that government, once it is created.

What, then, is meant by the term "Juristic People"?

It has a threefold meaning, viz.:

1. It has a *social* meaning, implying a *distinctive civilization*. Bluntschli, *Theory of the State*, c. ii.: "The conception of a 'people' may be thus defined. It is a union of masses of men, of different occupations and social strata, in a hereditary society of common feeling, spirit, and race, bound together especially by *language* and *customs*, in a common *civilization*, which give them a sense of unity and distinction from all foreigners, quite apart from the bond of the state."

2. It has a *civil*, or *national*, meaning, viz.: "When we speak of the *people* we designate those who live within the territory of the nation" . . . "organized into a jural society and occupying a position among the independent powers of the earth." (Black, *Const. Law*, c. ii.)

3. It has a *political*, or *state*, meaning, implying the *political citizenship* of the *state*. (Penhallow v. Doan, 3 Dall., U. S. Sup. Ct., 93; Chisholm v. Georgia, 2 Dall., 472; Dred Scott v. Sanford, 19 How., 393.)

Do the "Filipinos" fall within *any* of these three classes?

It "goes without the saying" that they do not fall within the second or third. It takes more than "proclamations" to constitute a "nation" or a "state."

Do they fall within the first of the above three-fold meanings? It is *asserted* that they do; but, as remarked by Balmes,

assertion does not prove; and, so far, not one *scintilla* of *evidence* has been placed before the level-headed and common-sense American people to *prove* the assertion. On the contrary, instead of proofs, we have been regaled by "senators" and "editors" with a grand revival of the social and political theories of Jean-Jacques Rousseau.

What do we know of them? We know that the Spaniards found them barbarous tribes; and that such civilization as they have was forced upon them by Spanish *power*. We know, in the words of Ramon Reyes Lala, himself a "Filipino," that they have a "half-civilization"; that they are divided; that, of Malay origin, "they probably number from 6,000,000 to 8,000,000; and are divided into a great many 'tribes,' scattered through hundreds of islands"; that of these "tribes" the "Tagalogs," of Luzon, the "Visayas," of the central and southern islands, and the fierce "Moros," constitute the bulk. We know, too, that a part, and a part only, of the "Tagalogs" are in insurrection against the United States. We know, too, that among them more than *sixty* different languages are spoken; and that they never have had any form of *civil or political* government of their own.

It is asserted that the American people were in the same position as the Philippines at the outbreak of the Revolution!

Is this true? It is not only *false*; but *legally false*, in English constitutional law. Prior to the American Revolution the colonies were recognized by English constitutional law to be a juristic "people," social, civil, and political!—Campbell *v.* Hall, King's Bench, 1774 (Cowper, 204).

Admitting, with the "Declaration," that the just powers of government are derived from the consent of the governed, and claiming that the "Filipinos" are incapable of giving that consent, whence come our just powers to govern them?"

The answer is easy, viz.:

1st. Because the "Filipinos" are *not* a "people."

2d. Because the "*jus gentium*," which is *not* violative of "*natural law*," but is "a conclusion drawn from the *natural law* by human reasoning" (see Bellarmin, above), has always recognized title by "occupancy," by "conquest," and by "cession"; and this doctrine has been incorporated from the "*jus gentium*" into international law. (Glenn, *International Law*, chap. iii.)

3d. Because international law is adopted in its full extent by common law; and is a part of the municipal law of the

United States. (Blackstone's *Comm.*, Bk. IV. c. 4; Talbot *v.* Seeman, 1 Cranch, 1; The *Amelia*, 4 Dall., 34; The *Charming Betsy*, 2 Cranch; Kennett *v.* Chambers, 14 How., 38; The *Scotia*, 14 Wall., 170.)

4th. Because the American Union is *not* "a contract or compact between the States of the Union" and concerning "only those entering into it"; but *is* a "national sovereignty," supreme within the limits of its powers. (*McCulloch v. State of Md.*, 4 Wheat., 316; *Ex Parte Siebold*, 100 U. S., 371.)

5th. Because *external* and *general* "sovereignty" are vested in the *Union*; because the United States, by virtue of its *external* and *general* sovereignty, possesses precisely the same right as any other sovereign state or nation to acquire territory by "occupancy," by "conquest," and by "cession"; and possessing the right to acquire, it would, in the language of the Supreme Court in "*Mormon Church v. U. S.*," be "absurd" to say that it has not the right to govern. (*Rutgers v. Waddington*, Mayor's Court, City of N. Y., Aug. 27, 1784; *Am. Ins. Co. v. Cantor*, 1 Pet., 511; *Mormon Church v. U. S.*, 136 U. S., 1, 42-43; *Jones v. U. S.*, 137 U. S., 202; *In Re Ross*, 140 U. S., 453; *Fong Yue Ting v. U. S.*, 149 U. S., 698; *U. S. v. Kagama*, 118 U. S., 375.)

The foregoing observations, authorities, and citations are submitted to the calm judgment of my Catholic fellow-citizens.

It is for the "unhyphenated," plain, sensible "American People" to decide whether our country is "right" or wrong.





*Holland and the Hollanders** is a pretty bit of book-making ; paper, printing, and to some extent the illustration, being of the best. The writer has given us generous information regarding a country not sufficiently well known to the ordinary European traveller, and while not exactly destined to do duty as a Baedeker, the volume would make an interesting *compagnon de voyage* in the land of dikes. Descriptive comment on the political, racial, and physical peculiarities of Holland constitute the chief element in the book, the literary part of the work being done in bright and pleasing style, and the plan being methodical and thorough. Of special interest is the part devoted to matters religious, where the writer notes the national passion for sectarianism as extreme enough to be compared with our own American vagaries. We fail, however, to find any notice of the important gains that the Catholic faith has actually made in Holland during recent years. All told, the book is a welcome one and will probably tempt new visitors to the Zuider-Zee.

It is the possession of simplicity and freshness, so far removed from affectation, yet so little marred by dulness or triviality, that has gained fame for Madame de Sévigné's letters. Culture, natural refinement, charm of manner, all lend their tone to her simplest sentence ; and sound judgment together with sparkling wit are characteristic of her style. The selections published in the volume† before us, being principally drawn from her correspondence with her daughter, bring out in strong relief the prominent traits of the writer's personality, and will give considerable aid in the study and formation of the qualities essential to perfect letter-writing.

An abundance of stories and illustrations told in masterly

* *Holland and the Hollanders*. By David S. Meldrum. New York : Dodd, Mead & Co.

† *Selected Letters of Madame de Sévigné*. Edited for school use by L. C. Syms. New York : American Book Company.

fashion, simple but instructive treatment of doctrine, and a general tone of friendliness and good-natured interest will be sure to catch and retain childish attention. Now and then, perhaps, there may be language or topic in Mother Loyola's book* a trifle beyond the very juvenile minds for whom the book is destined primarily, but the commentary of an elder friend would make this a lasting gain rather than a drawback. Nor will the volume lack interest for those of larger growth; in fact, many a priest may find it wonderfully helpful in suggesting and exemplifying a mode of religious teaching which is sure to be most successful in Sunday-school talks, or in the conferences at children's retreats. Surely we cannot but be gratified at the skill, originality, and success with which the author has adapted the best educational methods to the imparting of solid and necessary religious instruction.

The translation of the Abbé Hébert's *Dialogue Philosophique*† puts an interesting little volume in the hands of English readers. They will find it to display rather clever handling of a rather formidable subject, and in both plan and treatment it must be credited with a charming originality. The idealist, or rather the metaphysician, personified by Plato, voices his sentiments about the nature of the universe from a point of view that can be occupied as well by the empiricist, the modern name of science, whom Darwin is made to represent. Using the very terminology of physical science, Plato develops with beautiful lucidity the thesis of Nature's unity. He shows how the invisible world is just as real as the world of matter, both being but expressions of a great unseen Reality; and working on the very premises of the empiricist, demonstrates the existence of the spiritual order and its ruling Divinity from man's actual *adaptation* to such existences. In similar fashion he brings the scientific mind to the recognition of evil as a necessary element in the evolution toward final good. And then, with a warning to him who would lay down symbols as a limit to further investigation, he dwells upon the unseen world as the one, true, and everlasting reality, absolutely unchangeable, interpreted now and then, partially and imperfectly, in ideas and definitions which never exhaust its immensity. The little volume thus affords interesting suggestions to the scien-

* *The Child of God*; or, What comes of our Baptism. By Mother Mary Loyola. Edited by Father Thurston, S.J. London: Burns & Oates; New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *Plato and Darwin: A Philosophic Dialogue*. By the Abbé Marcel Hébert. Translated by the Hon. William Gibson. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

tist, the idealist, and above all to the man who loves to see God manifested in the universal unity which makes beast and flower and human soul, in some deep, true sense, the mutually related offspring of the Primary Personal Cause.

*The Characteristics of the Early Church** has for its object the presenting in a brief and clear manner proof of the identity of the teachings and practices of the church now with those of the primitive church. Broadly speaking, the followers of the reform leaders agreed in holding that the church of the first five centuries was that of Christ as he intended it. It is good controversy, then, to identify the church of to-day, in faith and practices, and devotional life, with the church of the first five centuries. Father Burke handles his matter with decided ability, and he has, moreover, succeeded in compressing a vast amount of accurate information into a small volume.

In a work entitled *The Church*† Dr. Bagshawe considers the question: What is a Church? and in relation to that the objections to what people call the "Roman theory." The book, therefore, is intended for believers in the Lord's divinity and mission and who feel that he left some sort of system, not merely as a memorial, like a philosophical school, but to carry on his work. It would be irrelevant to ask what is a church unless those addressed held that something meant by the word was established. No doubt the author puts the question, Has Almighty God left a distinct living body upon earth with power to teach in his name, or has he not? But that is merely a prelude to the essential question: What must be the necessary characteristics of such a body? It is obvious, if we want to determine where that body is to be found, we must look for those essential marks. It may be said that Protestants of all kinds are agreed, or are tending to agreement, in the opinion that there can be no religious creed, no dogmatic teaching of any kind, without a divinely appointed and perpetual Teacher. This opinion has been forced upon them by the fact that among them Christianity is assuming by degrees the position of a rather uncertain system of morality, which each one is free to interpret for himself. If there be such a Teacher, it must naturally be that "pillar and ground of truth" which our Lord

* *The Characteristics of the Early Church*. By Rev. J. J. Burke. Baltimore: J. J. Murphy Co.

† *The Church*. By John Bagshawe, D.D., Canon Penitentiary of Southwark. London: Catholic Truth Society.

meant his church to be. Of course the question still remains: What is the Church?

We take it that it must be some kind of organization; the word body, other words of our Lord and those he inspired, establish this necessity; and being so, it must have certain qualities and attributes, and it must have received some measure of authority from God. If we were all agreed as to those points, it would be plain sailing enough. We want a definition of the word church as our Lord used it. If he intended something definite, we want to know the limit, the boundaries; to know who is included, who is excluded. If a definition cannot be had, there never has been a church, never a body, an organization, a society. Christians are a rabble or a number of rabbles, an Asiatic horde, a collection of atoms, anything; but they are not a body, not an organization. We have outlined the line of inquiry, and we send the reader to the work for the fuller statement of the question, with the answer; and we give the assurance that he will be well repaid for his pains. We regret, indeed, we cannot follow Dr. Bagshawe throughout his invaluable presentation of this divine fact. His is one of the rare books which can only be adequately examined by a review, and which cannot at all be made the subject of a mere book notice.

When we come to the function of the church as a witness to the Lord and his revelation, we find the writer in his happiest manner. He is careful, studiously considerate, but not weakly civil in his method of testing the claims to the title of witness of those bodies or institutions that are called by recognized names, and contrasting them with the church's claim. Of course no one would dispute the importance of this function—in fact, it includes in itself, or implies, the functions of teacher, ruler, guide in all that belongs to salvation—and yet, strangely enough, it has not been put forward by any body or association of believers, except that world-wide body which we call the Church, and which Episcopalians and other Dissenters call the Roman or Romish Church. Remember, not one of the schismatic bodies, even though by antiquity, the possession of the sacramental system and body of doctrine, these may put forward a claim to be reckoned Apostolic churches—not one has asserted a capability to give testimony, a title to be a witness for the revelation of our Lord. This is a consideration of the most pregnant character, and we wish readers to consult Dr. Bagshawe upon the point. He illustrates the necessity

and the character of a witness to the Lord's teaching in a remarkably lucid manner from common experience, and this analogy is running side by side with the Lord's own declaration that he wanted his church to be his witness to the uttermost ends of the earth and the last moment of time. In a word, he demonstrates in a way a fair man can understand that it is essential to a revelation, such as God has given in the Christian faith, that a permanent testimony to it should be left on earth, and that to give this testimony is the first office of his church. Again, if this office of witness be the primary object of his church, he must have so constituted her as to enable her to know her duty and to perform it. Now, the only body on earth capable of fulfilling the functions of a witness is the Catholic Church, or, as her enemies call her, the Romish Church.

Then the author, in the next chapter, expands the function of witness into the necessary senses of teacher and guide, and thence passes to the subject of "A Single Infallibility." He deals with the objections to what the High-Church people call the "Roman system." It is a tiresome task, in truth, to be for ever listening to these objections; but meaningless as they are often, and valuable as they never are, they must be answered lest fair-minded people should fail to see the real points in debate. We hear of "absolute dogmatic despotism," "will-worship," the "credulous ear," "not guided but driven," and so on; but what is the value of such phrases if God have in reality appointed an authority to tell men what is the truth? The useful course is to look for the authority, since we are all practically agreed—Protestants as well as Catholics—that such an appointment has been made. Of course our old friend Galileo comes up, and we are free to admit that the condemnation, to the Protestant mind, may present a difficulty to the church's infallible authority in matters of doctrine. If, however, you are convinced, as you reasonably can be, of her infallible authority, the right inference would be that you misunderstand the character, the meaning of the condemnation. Objections can always be found, doctrinal, critical, historical, if you look for them; but do they touch the marrow of the matter? We can understand objections going to the root of all revelation—nay, more, even to the existence of God; but if men believe in a revelation and its corollary, a permanent and infallible authority to expound it, does it not seem inconsistent to impeach the authority?

The plain truth is, that the meaning of the condemnation of Galileo is misunderstood by those who bring it forward as an objection to the infallible authority of the church or of the pope. There are two functions in the pope: that of supreme teacher and that of supreme judge. He acts differently in these two functions. The case rests upon the question, In which capacity was the pope deciding? There is no doubt whatever but that he was deciding as judge; and to the judgments pronounced in that capacity infallibility does not attach. The point has been well presented by a Protestant, Karl von Gebler, who concludes as follows: "The conditions which would have made the decree of the congregation, or the sentence against Galileo, of dogmatic importance were, as we have seen, wholly wanting. Both popes* had been too cautious to endanger the highest privilege of the Papacy by involving their infallible authority in a decision of a scientific controversy; they therefore refrained from conferring their sanction, as heads of the Roman Catholic Church, on the measures taken at their instigation by the congregation 'to suppress the doctrine of the revolution of the earth.' Thanks to this sagacious foresight, Roman Catholic posterity can say to this day, that Paul V. and Urban VIII. were in error 'as men' about the Copernican system but not 'as popes'." This sound criticism of a Protestant on the stock case of his co-religionists against infallibility is commended to their attention and to that of certain Catholics; and with it we close this very inadequate notice of Dr. Bagshawe's admirable treatise.

The author of *Idyls of Killowen*† gives us a number of short poems of rare merit. Before saying a word more we must ask the reader to learn from himself his reason for spelling "idyll" with one l. If the argument from analogy be sufficient, he has made out his case. No one would expect anything else from a man of Father Russell's reputation in polite literature; and having said so much we go to the first piece, which is entitled "The Irish Farmer's Sunday Morning." It is indeed an idyll—a glimpse of fairyland in life, of the purest happiness amid real fields; very sweet, very gentle, yet strong and earnest as homely things may be when seen in that light of fancy and spoken of with that power of expression which are gifts given only to the child of song. Charming is the only word we can use to describe the succession of pictures show-

* Paul V. and Urban VIII.

† *Idyls of Killowen*. By Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J. London: James Bowden.

ing a peasant family in their home before all things are ready for their setting out to Mass, then on the road to Mass, and finally in the chapel-yard. The humor is delicious, and natural as the scene and sunshine; the touch which shows the mother's pride in her children's appearance, particularly a more grown daughter's, is so benevolent that one would think the reverend writer was their own parish priest, to whom every thing of theirs was a matter of most amiable interest. The village patriarchs talking politics as they sit on the wall of the chapel-yard is as suggestive as Wilkie's masterpiece. There runs through all he has written in this book the evidence of two passions, each of which has caused men to do great things, but so naturally united in an Irish Catholic gentleman as we have them here—love of faith and love of country.

"A Picnic at Rostrevor" has all the airy grace of Praed, and we are reminded very much of Mortimer Collins by "The Yara-Yara Unvisited," "The Allo Unvisited," and one or two that follow. We do not think in his peculiar command of incidental expression and colloquial rhyme that Collins executed a verse superior to this one:

"Simmons of Blackwood here was 'raised'
(Loquendo Yankicé) at Kilworth,
Whose poems, by Kit North o'erpraised,
A passing glance are still worth;
And Edward Walsh not far away
Sang his 'Maergread ni Challa,'
But where his rustic school-house lay,
In sooth I know not Allo."

He has a great love for the poets of his own land, something akin to the sympathy which goes out to the peasants in the verses first spoken of. Poor Edward Walsh's life, dogged by the twin jailers that follow the steps of so many of our men of genius—humble birth and narrow fortune—rises before us in the lines which recall that "Maergread ni Challa," the pathos of which, now we are so far away, strikes upon our memory like the sobbing of a child grieving beyond the grief of childhood. As we have given this verse alone, it is just to add that the writer gave himself the task of ending every stanza with "Allo," that river of dreamland which "echoes" down to the Blackwater of real land; and so there is no mere rhyming in the last line, but confession to the naiad of his ignorance of the place where the poor poet taught the three

Rs. What a noble heart Jeffrey had! We now think of the effect produced upon him by the then just published *Ballads of Ireland*, and if for nothing else but for making us feel the spell of those enchanters of the lyre, those Irish singers in our memory, we would be bound to thank the author of these poems.

He rises to the higher platforms of song in "The Irish Children's First Communion," a poem in three parts or stages. One reads it with an emotion which makes him realize why soldiers left happy homes and marched over deserts with the cross upon the breast, why missionaries died on pestilential sands as though borne away on a triumphal car. And so they were borne, in good sooth.

"In Memoriam C. W. P." is worthy of the saint and scholar to whose memory it is sung, and with these words we give a *Cead mille faillte* to a volume which vindicates Father Russell's right to a high place among the singers of our time.

The Nineteenth Century and Other Poems,* by William A. Maline.—In the long piece which gives the principal part of the title of his book Mr. Maline tells the triumphs of the century in discovery and invention. We do not think that subjects of the kind are the most favorable for the exercise of the poetic talent. In that rather inferior variety of verse which halts between satire and burlesque matters of the kind may be treated, and have been treated, with force; but Mr. Maline is very much in earnest. Among his sonnets we think that "To Baby Julian on his First Birthday Anniversary" deserves favorable notice, and the odes are upon the whole promising.

Songs of the Settlement and Other Poems,† by Thomas O'Hagan.—Mr. O'Hagan has the rhythmic gift which with study will become music. "An Idyl of the Farm," which is the first in the collection, is bright and ringing. There is power in "A Dirge of the Settlement," and humor and expression in "The Old Log-Cottage School." We are reminded of Clarence Mangan's audacious fun by "The Old Brindle Cow," though we are bound to say the gaiety of Mr. O'Hagan does not carry him to that disregard of certain usages of verse in which

* *The Nineteenth Century and Other Poems*. By William A. Maline. Cleveland: The Burrowes Brothers.

† *Songs of the Settlement and Other Poems*. By Thomas O'Hagan. Toronto: William Briggs.

Mangan revelled, and which in him, while it delights one beyond measure, baffles all description. Mangan poked fun at his own ideas and did so remorselessly. This little volume is dedicated to the pioneers of the county of Bruce, Ontario, and we venture to say their poet-laureate has a better claim on their gratitude than Southey had on that of a king, or than Austin has on that of a queen of England.

It would be rather late in the day to insist on the value to the clergy of some knowledge of patristic literature, but one can readily understand how easily so many would hesitate about embarking in a course of reading which would mean the employment of every spare hour for the attainment of any considerable result. The number of volumes contained in the *Cursus Completus Patrologiæ* of the Abbé Migne would at the bare mention strike terror into the student's heart. Of the Latin Fathers and ecclesiastical authors from Tertullian to Innocent III. there are 217 volumes quarto, of the Greek authors from the time of the Apostolic Fathers to the Council of Florence there are 162 volumes quarto—and parenthetically we may say that this does not express the enormous service to the student of this branch of theological science rendered by this monumental work—and the question then arises, How is the fruit of this mass of learning to be brought within the reach of the hard-working missionary priest?

In answer to this question we suggest that a small and well-arranged guide to the epochs, authors, and the subjects will be of inestimable value by bringing down patristic literature to the hand, and such we think is this manual by Father Schmid.* For the students who are still in the seminaries some degree of study in the doctrinal inheritance of the church is required as a part of their training. Many of them have the opportunity to become fairly well read in the Fathers; but we consider it worth while to impress upon priests engaged in missionary work that it is largely within their power to acquire a habit of acquisition which will enable them at a moment's notice to turn to and lay hold of the opinion or testimony of some Father on any matter. This can be done almost insensibly from their existing knowledge; and is a very different thing from looking up for an occasion a subject accidentally connected with one's professional pursuits. As an illustration of our meaning we hear dogma spoken of as a prison for the

* *Manual of Patrology.* By the Rev. Bernard Schmid, O.S.B. St. Louis: Herder & Co.

mind. Theological students will sometimes dilate on the isolated character of the constituents of dogmatic theology and contrast them with the scientific sequences of moral; speaking of the first as if the subject were something arbitrary and pointing out how well the second rests on the experience of each man.

But he who has some tincture of the learning of the Fathers will see a new world in dogmatic theology. In that learning you have dogmatic theology in its historical aspect: you see how dogmas grew; you can see as though the long centuries were passing before you, and the struggle going on, the wrestling between falsehood and truth, the agony of fear in faithful hearts, and emerging at length the truth crystallized in a dogma. Now, under the guidance of such a book as this one can read a few portions of the more important Fathers; and he will be so well rewarded in the result as to be tempted to make opportunity for the study, instead of going to it for a hint in a sermon or an answer in a controversy. We are not to be understood as offering this manual as a text-book, however condensed, of patristic science; it can be nothing but an introduction to a knowledge of the Fathers. In fact *Patrology* is no more than the exposition of certain preliminaries to the study of the Fathers; but it can be used as an index and digest both in one. For such a purpose we doubt if there be anything better in any branch of study we are acquainted with; and we know of many very useful and some very excellent compilations of this kind in law, history, and economics.

To give some notion of Father Schmid's method of treatment and his power of imparting interest, we beg to allude to something mentioned in the second section under the heading of "*Patrology Proper*"—that is, the special as distinguished from the more general or preliminary part of the science.

He tells us that even in the earliest works of the Apostolic Fathers, scanty though the remains are, we are able to trace the ground-work of the different forms of future theology. In Clement we discover the first germs of Canon Law; in Barnabas the first attempt at dogmatic theology; in Ignatius and in the Epistle to Diognetus the outlines of apologetics; in the Interpretations of Papias the beginnings of Biblical exegesis, and in the Shepherd of Hermas the rudiments of ascetical and moral theology. The foundations were then laid of the science which in one form or another the world raves against, scoffs at, or dreads. It hates the authority, obedience, self-

denial, and union with God with which and of which some branch of the sacred science makes it its especial business to speak, and it fears the vastness and unchangeableness of its influence. Well, there it is beginning with the few pages of the Apostolic Fathers and growing like the growth of the divine society itself; and doctrine the same throughout, more like, even to the eye of the mind, than the sapling and the tree. How much of what Protestantism rejected in the sixteenth century is to be found in the *Doctrine of the Twelve Apostles*, a work quoted by so many early Greek and Latin authors! You have there the traditional doctrine of the church on the obligation and merit of good works, fasting included, the necessity of baptism, the Holy Eucharist, both as sacrament and sacrifice, confession, the duty of submission to ecclesiastical superiors, the divine institution, authority, and visibility of the church. The treatise was lost in the twelfth century, no trace of it when, in 1873, it was discovered in a codex containing other works in a monastic library at Constantinople. Even the practice of baptism by pouring "water on the head thrice in the name"* is shown from it. We wonder if it had been restored in the sixteenth instead of the nineteenth century what would have been the history of modern society.

Were any one to read the present work† of Mr. Hutton, and then ask himself if he had found anything that seemed to be original in the volume, he would certainly say that the happy thought of holding up Plato's Ideal Friendship as a model to be aimed at in our love for Christ was commendably novel. Mr. Hutton has taken the noblest of pagan ideals and read into it a Christian meaning. He has analyzed the Platonic conception of ideal love, and side by side therewith he has placed the outlines of the mystic love of the saints of God. When one sees these two analyses side by side, two thoughts at once arise, and the second is the outgrowth of the first. We take pleasure in the fact that such a book as Mr. Hutton's has been written—and hope that many of his readers will come to look on Christ as a personal friend. But after rejoicing for a moment in the consideration of that mighty ardent love which we would have for Christ could we but reach the Platonic ideal, we cannot help but think that, noble as this

* Kefalen tris udor eis to onoma.

† *The Soul Here and Hereafter*. By E. R. Hutton. London, New York, and Bombay : Longmans, Green & Co.

love would be, it is not and cannot be the love which saints have given to Christ over and over again in the nineteen centuries that have passed.

Plato did not anticipate, he could not in any way prefigure or foretell, in the loftiest soarings of his somewhat too speculative mind, the incomprehensible love which the saints have borne to God and Jesus Christ his Son. That love is altogether supernatural; the unaided powers of man cannot so much as conceive it; and since Plato was no prophet, and had no supernatural revelations to enlighten him, he could not have the faintest notion of this love. We cannot help but think that Mr. Hutton has gone too far in one direction, and lost in consequence an excellent opportunity. The idea of making a parallel between the Platonic Ideal Friendship and the love of the mystics for Christ is an excellent one, but here the author should have been less anxious to exalt Plato and more careful deeply to penetrate the almost fathomless meaning of the mystics. Had he understood the saints better than he did, he might have gone further and told his readers to strive after the Platonic ideal in a warm and personal love for Christ, and *then* wait and pray for that blessed time when God should make them feel and understand the nobler and still more ardent love with which his chosen spirits burn.

The main idea of Mr. Hutton's work, let it be understood, is excellent and deserving of much praise—more perhaps than we have given it; but we regret that he did not reveal to his readers the vision of a higher and more perfect life. Perhaps he has not perceived it himself, and if so it would be difficult to describe it.

Mr. Colby informs us that his *Outlines of General History*,* or, as he says, "the present volume," is designed for students who have not yet reached the point "at which special historical studies should properly begin." He adds that for "advanced work," whatever that means, "specialization is, of course, indispensable." No one can overestimate the importance of a good compendium for beginners; there are such books, but this is not one. It may be a fairly well digested collection of leading facts in the history of nations, but they are arranged and colored according to a preconceived theory or preconceived theories. Religion is an evolution from animism or fetichism; that is to say, this assumption—which has

* *Outlines of General History*. By Frank Moore Colby, M.A., Professor of Economics, New York University. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: American Book Company.

not even reached the stage of an hypothesis which explains the fact of universal belief in God, much less the influence which religion has on morality and morality on the establishment and preservation of states—is taken for an ascertained discovery, like the law of gravitation. The compiler of a compendium has no business with theories. When what he is pleased to call the period of “specialization”—by which, of course, he means the philosophical study of history—is reached, is it time to lay down theories. He should have reserved them to be estimated on their merits by the advanced students for whom he may write at a later date; in other words, for these students to whom the philosophy of history is a possible pursuit.

But even his theories do not hold water. When he speaks of the Hebrews the one just mentioned breaks down, for he tells us “the mission of the Jews was to found a religion which should influence the entire world”; they did not “add much to the world’s knowledge of art or science. Their mission was to spread a higher form of religion than any other race had developed. Their whole history seems to tend in this direction. Had they conquered and annexed other lands they would have felt to a greater degree the influence of other religions.” This is not like biological evolution. If they had a mission it must have been that which we find in the Sacred Books. We cannot permit this writer to evolve its characteristics from his consciousness while taking the fact of the mission from those books. Whether his view is a cynical interpolation into his system in order to satisfy certain opinions—possibly he might call them ignorant prejudices—or, on the other hand, it is the fair conclusion on the history of God’s relations with his people as they appear in the Scriptures, in either case he must take the mission as the writings present it, both as to its origin and method. Now, this mission is the preservation of a belief in one God, the Creator of all things and the fountain and vindicator of all morality. These are antecedent facts behind all society because behind all life. If the Jews had this mission, the reason is obvious why they had not conquered and annexed other lands. Indeed, certain critics imagine an influence of the Captivity on what they call the later developments; and it may be fairly inferred that if there had been such conquest and annexation, such minds would have found the whole formation of the worship and all the ideas, mystical, social, and moral, which were wrought into the life of the nation arising from that contact. We think the reasonable

theory, then, on Mr. Colby's statement is, that the Hebrews preserved the primal religion and had been set apart to preserve it. What we complain of is, first, that there should be theories in a class of books which properly is limited to undisputed statements of fact; second, we say when there was a theory of the origin of religion at all it should not be one springing from biological sociology instead of the belief in possession which acknowledges a direct revelation of God to man.

From the first letter of M. le Querdec's book* we learn, by implication, that Monsieur le Sous-préfet is so technically precise that the vicar, or other parish priest, is "an officiating minister" with him: not M. le Curé at all; that would smack of Catholicity and the old *régime*. In that letter we have incidentally a winning estimate of Monseigneur the Bishop, and in other letters we find proof of how excellent the rural clergy are, how hard the humiliating circumstances under which they live. In a letter at page 63 the Vicar says: "I have to convert my people, and am a true missionary in an infidel country. In the borough are some sturdy persons who profess to believe in nothing; I must bring them back to the faith; in the villages are poor baptized pagans who must be led to the Gospel." Now, this is a chance for that Mr. Sabatier who wrote an insolent letter the other day to his Eminence Cardinal Vaughan.

The way our Vicar handled the village Figaro is admirable (Letter x.) We must premise that he is a Republican, so the barber had nothing against him on the score of politics; but religion—that is another matter. "In my young days I believed all that," says this fellow, and we fancy he is a good type of the scoundrel who will be civil to a priest as long as his pocket is the fuller by abstaining from rudeness. The good Vicar does not despair of him.

In Letter xviii., from the Marquis of St. Julien to the Comte de Beuregard, we have some of the little troubles of a country gentleman arising out of the Vicar's wish to promote a good understanding in his parish. It is very amusing and very natural. The Marquis has called upon him, and this is the account of the interview:

"'Monsieur le Curé,' said I, 'it is you who make them (his wife and daughter) persecute me.'

* *Letters of a Country Vicar*. Translated from the French of Yves le Querdec by Mara Gordon-Holmes. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

"The poor fellow grew pale; besides, he seems to be always afraid of me; I added at once, to reassure him: 'Yes, Blanche and her mother are always advising me to go to your Sous-préfet; it is a veritable persecution, and I strongly suspect your having something to do with their solicitations.'

"The Vicar settled himself in his chair and said: 'I avow, Monsieur le Marquis'—he is fond of using titles—'that I have talked with these ladies about the expropriation with which you are threatened, and I said that I thought—that is to say, that I saw, no other means of obtaining justice than by your applying to the higher administrative power.'

"And so you advise me to go and cringe to this Sous-préfet? I do not see myself easily in that position.'"

The conversation continued with the result that the marquis followed the vicar's advice and won, as indeed he had a right to win, along the whole line; but the most remarkable thing is that he found a Republican could be a man of sense and honestly anxious to discharge his official duty. Perhaps there ought to be a little more give and take, and the nobility should try and come out of their tents. Still, if the particular question be like those which divide the nobility and the Republicans in local politics, and we are rather inclined to think it is, it is hard to blame the former for sulking in their tents. The reasonable act the local council wanted to do was to cut and carve the marquis' park for a new road, and this simply to rob him. They are having their innings, but politics, local or national, should not be left to them, and the honorable classes have only themselves to blame for not possessing their proper influence. In this case the marquis made an important concession: he granted the land gratis to enable the local authority to widen the old road. This was a great deal more than that body and its followers deserved; but the concession was clearly due to the good offices of the vicar and the impartial spirit of the Republican sous-préfet.

I.—FATHER LUCAS'S SAVONAROLA.*

The writer's view of his subject may be gathered from his adoption of certain words in which Dr. Schnitzer (*Savonarola im Lichte der neusten Literatur*) expresses his judgment on the career of Savonarola and the cause for which he offered up his

* *Fra Girolamo Savonarola: a Biographical Study.* By Herbert Lucas, of the Society of Jesus. London: Sands & Co.; St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder.

life. "He died," says Schnitzer, "for the noblest cause for which a man can give his life—for the spread of God's kingdom on earth. The future belonged to him and he to the church." Such a life as this great man's must be always one of the highest interest and value to mankind. Errors of judgment there were, impetuosity of temper carried beyond bounds there may have been; but there was a zeal for truth and righteous living which lifted him high above his contemporaries and upon which the judgment of the world will rest without much regard to his mistakes of method, or what may be deemed his pride, and what certainly must be admitted as his disobedience of authority.

We must place ourselves in his day and amid his world in order to judge him fairly. It was a time of party passions, of abuse of power, of political vengeance. It may be regretted that he took so much interest in public affairs—it is hardly ever safe for a priest to be a popular tribune—at the same time it is probable he despaired of successful labor for souls as long as governments were corrupt and tyrannical and offered the prizes of life or the indulgence of passion as the inducements to prefer the present to the promises of the life to come. We think there is a blot on his name for not using all his influence to save Bernardo del Nero and the four others sacrificed to the vengeance of party because of the incitements urged by him in a sermon; at least he could have obtained for them the benefit of an appeal to the Consiglio Grande. The question has been much discussed. Father Lucas, in a somewhat hesitating manner, disapproves of his inaction; well, we have only to say that he let loose passions by those incitements and that acquiescence which within a year devoured himself. History teems with parallels of the kind. Often when men for the destruction of their adversaries advocated extreme measures, or searched in the remote past for bloody precedents, they found in the bitter hour the meaning of their lessons. Their own policy destroyed them.

The vexed questions which arise all along the great friar's life are treated dispassionately, learnedly, wisely. We have not the space at our disposal to consider either the political relations of parties in Florence or between Florence and the outside world; we need only say that there were feuds like the family feuds of Scotland, but with a political element in them, and they were transmitted from father to son, so that Savonarola's inroad on these evil legacies was a proof of the influ-

ence of his preaching. Neither can we say anything of the "prophecies," though this part of the subject has been handled with great ability by many of his biographers, and by none in a manner so just and reasonable as that of Father Lucas. We think his explanation of the fulfilment of so many of the predictions concerning public events is the true one. There can be such a thing as profound and far-sighted judgment applied to circumstances with the success and rapidity of intuition. We see it daily in the instance of great lawyers—we see it in a degree in the method of detectives; while the historical student has observed the exercise of it thousands of times on the part of great statesmen and great generals. This quality, or something like it, is the power to which Father Lucas attributes the predictions and the fulfilments of them in the given cases; and we are not at all disposed to agree with a very distinguished critic who seems to think the exercise of such a power is incompatible with Savonarola's good faith, or with common honesty, he might have added. These intuitive judgments might well have been taken for inspirations by a man on fire with the intensity of his conviction, taken or mistaken for inspiration by one who, like Savonarola, had sought in the prophecies of the Old Testament for the methods to be employed upon a wicked generation, and who had found, as he supposed, in the historical books the precise character of the consequences to be expected from God's justice in all instances. This, we think, is the answer Father Lucas might give the able and accomplished critic we have in view. We shall conclude with one word. Alexander VI. has more to answer for, perhaps, than most men, but we will not admit that in the death of Savonarola he has to answer for as much as the Signory and people. The judicial murder or the legal punishment, whichever it may be, that the unhappy and illustrious victim suffered at the hands of the ungrateful city for which he did so much was but in the smallest degree the work of Alexander.

2.—THE CATECHISM EXPLAINED.*

This English translation of the well-known work of Father Spirago is a clear, simple, interesting, and up-to-date exposition of Catholic doctrine, following the lines of the Catechism. It

* *The Catechism Explained.* By Rev. Francis Spirago. Edited by Rev. R. F. Clarke, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers.

is not, as so many other books of the kind, an adaptation of some previous work, but an original presentation of the old truths.

The beauty of the work consists in the fact that he makes the dry-as-dust catechism a living thing. Illustrations from church and profane history, quotations from the Fathers of the church and modern Catholic writers, examples from Scripture and from every-day life—these make a bright, readable book that will be of good service to our catechists.

The ordinary form of question and answer has been set aside as not affording ample enough scope for an intelligent grasp of Christian truth. The catechism, like the Scripture, always calls for an interpreter. Everything is put in a simple way, technical terms are avoided as far as possible, the connection between the different doctrines is clearly set forth, the heart is instructed as well as the head, and all the several branches of religious teaching—the Bible, church history, doctrine, morals, and liturgy—are treated under systematic headings.

It sometimes happens that teachers in our Sunday-schools know but little more of their faith than the children they teach. Again, some think they fulfil their duty by exacting a mere parrot-like recitation from their pupils. Unless the priest take the children well in hand himself, how can we expect the rising generation to remain true to the practice of their belief? No wonder the church lays so much stress on the instruction of youth, for she knows the lessons then taught are lasting. A book like Father Spirago's, explaining clearly and illustrating forcibly the doctrines of the faith, while at the same time breathing forth the love of God and the brethren, will help any one whose duty it is to instruct the young.

Again, take the Catholic layman. He has a duty to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ, as well as the priest of God. And with that duty goes a corresponding obligation to prepare himself for the task. Every day of his life he comes in contact with people whom the priest never meets. In his home, at his place of business, at his recreations—everywhere is the non-Catholic, uncertain, doubting, questioning. Every Catholic should be able to give a certainty for this uncertainty, a surety for this doubting, and an answer to the questioning. If he knows full well a book like the above, he is well equipped for his missionary apostolate. Many do not realize this duty. I was talking to a Catholic army officer the other evening. He

had been asked a number of questions by a High-Church Episcopalian, who was very much unsettled in mind, owing to many recent happenings in that body. "I cannot answer you," he said, "I do not know enough about such matters; you had better go to some Catholic priest." No wonder that his advice was not heeded. If he had satisfied better his questioner, there might have been more hope, humanly speaking, of deeper study. One question was whether a man could not believe the essential doctrines of Christianity and not bother about those of minor importance. Here is Father Spirago's way of answering it (p. 91):

"A faith which does not comprise all the doctrines of the Catholic Church is no faith at all. It is like a house without a foundation. A man who believes all other Catholic doctrines, but rejects the infallibility of the pope, has no true faith. What insolence is it on the part of men to treat God like a dishonest dealer, some of whose goods they accept, and others reject. . . . As a bell in which there is one little crack is worthless, as one false note destroys a harmony, as a grain of sand in the eye prevents one from seeing, so the rejection of a single dogma makes faith impossible. He who wilfully rejects a single dogma sins against the whole body of doctrine of the Catholic Church."

A busy priest on the mission will also find the book useful. The many paraphrases of the Fathers, the great abundance of Scripture texts, the historical references, the countless examples of saints and religious men and women, are all very suggestive to a mind that feels talked out from speaking Sunday after Sunday to the same people.

Books like these are a sign of the times. The church is assuming the aggressive, especially in this our country, and in the splitting up of the sects the intelligent layman must be the church's right hand to win hundreds from the infidelity towards which they are hastening. An intelligent and convincing, though simple and popular, presentation of the faith is given him in *The Catechism Explained*.

3.—THE FOUR GOSPELS (*Second notice*).*

To bring out at this date a new version of the Gospels, after

* *The Four Gospels: a new Translation from the Greek Text direct, with reference to the Vulgate and the Ancient Syriac Version.* By the Very Rev. Francis Aloysius Spencer, O.P. New York: William H. Young & Co. 1898.

so many others, seems at first sight to be both a useless and a presumptuous undertaking: useless, for so many translations have already been published of which none can equal the original; presumptuous, because the qualifications required for putting one's self in comparison with former translators ought to be very great. Are the reasons against the undertaking out-balanced by those on the other side? The Catholic version in use is far from being idiomatic; that a version should be made into idiomatic English, such as our Lord would have spoken had he lived now, seems desirable, so that to the busy mechanic, for example, the meaning may at once be made clear. If this can be done without sacrificing the exact meaning of the text, great good will have been accomplished. Moreover, a version made direct from the original Greek, and not, as the Rheims Version, from the Vulgate, would certainly form a distinct addition to the stock of Catholic Scripture literature, and would bring those who are unable to read the original into closer touch with the word of God, and thereby to a better understanding of it. These reasons seem to turn the scale in favor of Father Spencer's undertaking; and to the best of our judgment, making, however, some reservations, a large measure of success has been obtained by him—larger than was to have been expected. Of all literary work translation is the most difficult. To be literal and exact requires the sacrifice of beauty of style; on the other hand, to secure beauty of style requires more or less of a departure from literal exactness. Father Spencer has done about as well as the nature of the task allowed. The work reads like a book written by a scholar of the present day; the style is at once dignified and lucid. A point worthy of special praise is the way in which the exact force of the Greek tenses has been preserved; this is necessarily lost in the Vulgate and in every translation made from it. In this there is found an exception to what was just said about the conflict between literalness and beauty. Literalness is here in harmony with beauty. Father Spencer is to be congratulated especially on this feature of his work.

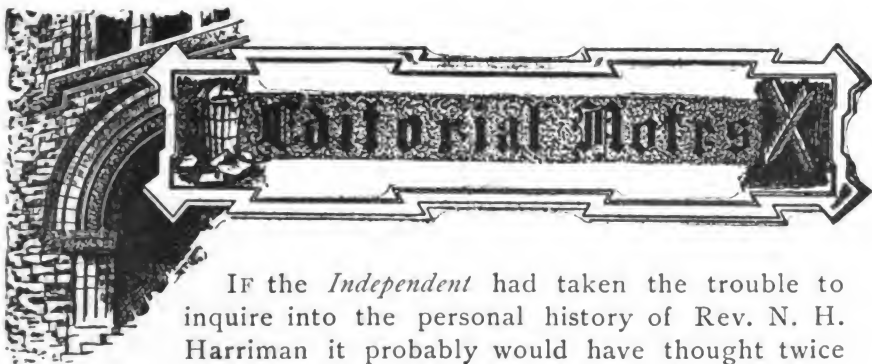
Another thing specially deserving of commendation is the version of what is perhaps the most difficult verse in the New Testament—John viii. 25. If our readers will refer to Father Hewit's *Teaching of St. John the Apostle* they will find a discussion of this point. Father Spencer's version seems to solve the difficulty. The only point about which we should hesitate is whether the Greek verb used admits the rendering "declare"

and governs an accusative. But every translation of this verse offers difficulties. We cannot think that the rendering of John ii. 4 is correct, and there are other points as to which we cannot concur in Father Spencer's judgment. The substitution of "you" for the more reverential "thou" and "thee" seems to us to lower the dignity. Again, while "I tell you most truly," or "certainly," or "assuredly," is better than the "Amen, Amen" of the Rheims version, it is not so good as the "Verily, verily" of the King James's. There are other criticisms which might be made, but to do so would involve a detailed discussion. The various renderings of Matthew vi. 25 show how great is the importance of an exact version of the divine teaching, and the wisdom of the church in condemning unapproved versions. According to King James's version our Lord instructs his disciples to take no thought for their life; the Rheims version has "be not solicitous for your life," which is a much more accurate rendering; the full force of the original appears best, however, in Father Spencer's "Be not anxious for your life." Upon the differences between the Catholic renderings on the one hand and the Protestant on the other an entire system of practical ethics, quite distinct from each other, might be built.

The Greek text which Father Spencer has taken has been derived from the consensus (not concensus, as appears in Father Spencer's Introductory Remarks) of well-known editors. Variations considered to be of considerable importance have been noted in the margin. What appears to us a very valuable feature of this edition for practical purposes is the way in which the parallel passages of the Synoptic Gospels have been indicated. We regret that St. John's Gospel, so far as parallel, was not included. Another useful feature is the division into sections with headings, as well as the indication in the margin of the Gospels of the Sundays and principal feasts. A few foot-notes have been given, for which Father Spencer acknowledges indebtedness to Archbishop Kenrick and Father Maas, S.J.

The church, in order to encourage her children more frequently and in greater numbers to have recourse to the Holy Gospels, that they may draw from these "most abundant sources, which ought to be left open to every one, purity of morals and doctrine" (Letter of Pius VI. to Archbishop of Florence), has recently granted an indulgence to those who read them. Father Spencer's version, made by a member of

the order which is most closely associated with the Inquisition, ought to show so clearly what the mind of the church on this point is as to put an end to the calumny that the church is against the use of Holy Scripture by the faithful, and that she wishes to keep it from them. All her measures have been taken to preserve its purity, to prevent abuse, and to preserve and maintain her own rights as the guardian and interpreter of Scripture. And now she stands before the world as manifestly the staunchest defender of that Bible and of its inspiration on which Protestantism, as against her, thought to build a stable religious system. Protestant principles have undermined their own foundation, and full belief is no longer given by any considerable number to the written Word of God, or at least cannot be required for church membership. On the other hand, the Catholic Church, speaking in the Vatican Council and by Leo XIII., has reaffirmed the ancient faith, and declared that the books of Holy Scripture and all their parts are divinely inspired—that is to say, have God for their author. God, that is, is the principal and immediate cause of the Holy Scripture, and the sacred writer is only the active instrumental cause. Moreover, as a further indication of her care for the maintenance of the divine authority of Holy Scripture, by the new Constitution of the Index all works are to be placed upon it in which the notion of inspiration is perverted, or its extent unduly limited. In this, among other ways, the church appeals to all who love and reverence the Inspired Writings as the defender of their integrity. In fact, she is now the only defender to be relied upon. When this is brought home to the minds of those who are outside, and who still reverence the Bible as the Word of God, we may hope that all such, if not brought within the one fold, will at least be brought nearer to it; that this her unflinching defence may become, as Leo XIII. says in his Letter to the Bishops of Scotland, “the starting point for the return to unity.”



IF the *Independent* had taken the trouble to inquire into the personal history of Rev. N. H. Harriman it probably would have thought twice before printing his glib statement concerning "Religious Liberty in the Philippines." Any one with a bit of insight, from his own story, without much other inquiry, can easily see the sort of a man he is. But if further details of his character are desired, it might be well to investigate, among other things, why the sailors on the *Indiana*, at Iloilo, made a protest against his company.

Our main purpose just now in the Philippines is to pacify the people. It is such fellows as Harriman who, associated with the army in "a semi-official capacity," by attacking the people on their most sensitive side, their religious beliefs and practices, render the task of pacification doubly laborious. Send a few more Harrimans to the Philippines, and it may take a decade of years and millions of money to accomplish our purposes.

It now is very evident where much of the antipathy to General Otis originates. The missionary societies precipitated the troubles in Samoa. They now have black-listed General Otis, and while they suggest certain secondary matters, in reality the cause of their antagonism is the refusal on the part of Otis to allow them to turn the war into the bitterest kind of religious conflict.

The best "missionaries to non-Catholics" nowadays are the non-Catholics themselves. They can do more work in ten minutes in rending asunder the Protestant structure than we can do from the outside in ten years. If we may judge from the number and character of the assaults that have been prominently published lately, the work of demolition is being vigorously carried on. Sedgwick's article in the *Atlantic Monthly* for September, Mosley's publication of Newman's letters in the

Contemporary Review, and Percival's "Future of the Christian Religion" in the *Nineteenth Century* are notable recent examples of this kind of warfare.

While these assailants are busy prosecuting their work it behooves us to open wide the door of the True Church in order that the thousands of souls who are wandering about seeking for the truth that will satisfy their minds, and for the spiritual peace which will calm their hearts, may be attracted hitherwards. In these days of crumbling creeds and wrangling voices the spectacle of a united church possessing the treasure of the ages and offering to a hungering people the Bread of Life must of itself draw many to her.

England will probably triumph in South Africa through mere force of numbers and strength of battalions, but it will be only another instance of the weak nation going down before mere brute strength. That this spectacle could happen on the very morrow of the World's Peace Conference, and during the closing hours of the century when all the world is recounting the triumphs of the Prince of Peace, is a sad commentary on the sincerity of the nations' proposals, and is conclusive evidence of the inefficiency of mere law, apart from the great moral factor of the world, to bring about the reign of peace.

It is pleasing to note that at last the American people are coming to a better understanding of the Philippine question. More and more are we realizing that we have to deal not with savages just emerging from barbarism but with a civilized people, and the policy of more diplomacy and less gunpowder will bring about surer and more lasting results. Archbishop Chapelle will succeed where men like Worcester and Schurman failed. If the administration will now make good its plea of "war for humanity's sake," let it bend its energies to suppress the American savage who fills the brothels of Manila, desecrates the Philippine churches, and degrades the American flag by his drunken orgies.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

CONSIDERABLE discussion has been aroused among those who may be designated as educationists by the publication of the *New York Catholic Teachers' Manual*. It appeals to all having an interest in educational work, whether as teachers, parents, or philanthropists. In brief form it is intended to show the gradual progress of the Catholic child in the parish school. A copy of this manual would refute the silly objection sometimes heard among Catholics, that the children learn nothing but their prayers in a Catholic school. The committee in charge of preparing the Manual have had many favorable expressions of opinion on their work from progressive observers in the United States and Canada. Especially gratifying to all concerned is the following letter of approval from Archbishop Corrigan :

"I have read the *New York Catholic Teachers' Manual* with great interest and pleasure, and warmly congratulate the committee charged with its preparation on the successful result of their labors.

"The many and attractive aids held out to our children in the pursuit of knowledge are not only a record of progress already accomplished, but also a hopeful sign of the still greater advance and improvement confidently expected in future, especially in view of the zeal and efficiency of our devoted Brothers and Sisters, whose lives are spent in the Apostolate of Catholic Education."

The *Ave Maria* contained these words of commendation :

"Teachers who are not inclined to rest and to rust all summer will be glad to examine a new Manual which is to be used henceforth in the Catholic schools of New York. Its object is two-fold : first, to arrange the course of studies of the various grades, so that it may be in actual accordance with the advancement in educational methods ; secondly, to afford useful hints and suggestions gathered from observation and experience."

From the *American Ecclesiastical Review* the following notice is taken :

"There is perhaps no surer means of raising and maintaining the standard of our Catholic schools than by securing for them uniformity of methods and subjects throughout the several grades of their elementary training. In this way the efficiency of the individual teachers may be tested, the results of the different schools more easily passed upon, and the diocesan examiners and supervisors are better enabled to suggest needed improvements and advance along the lines of true education. The little book before us is well calculated to serve this excellent purpose by introducing into our New York Catholic schools the same detailed plan, grade for grade, of the primary and advanced departments of our schools.

"Within the 109 pages of the Manual the teacher will find a wealth of practical suggestions—notes, they might be, of a course of exhaustive lectures on the different topics treated. First, last, and at all times attention must be paid to the inculcating and the preserving of the Catholic spirit and instinct. 'Since all truth belongs to God, there is no branch of learning in teaching which the instructor cannot in some way keep before the minds of the children the Almighty Creator, Redeemer, Sanctifier, and absolute owner of human beings.'

In the next place comes the English language course, which is strongly insisted upon. Arithmetic, geography, penmanship follow. Music is given a place which it has long been deprived of, and which it eminently deserves; and sewing lessons are prescribed. The whole, which is the work of a committee of the School Board, is a most valuable aid to the teacher. The paper and letter-press of the stout little volume are of high quality, and well worth the price asked for it—40 cents."

Orders for the *New York Teachers' Manual* and for the new Introductory Catechism may be sent to the Cathedral Library, 123 East Fiftieth Street, New York City, Borough of Manhattan.

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In the year 1898 the Rev. Josiah Strong, D.D., wrote a book entitled *The Twentieth Century City*, in which he attempted both a diagnosis and a prescription. The book consisted largely of a series of articles published in the *Christian Advocate*. He claimed a profound knowledge of modern civilization, its weakness and its peril, particularly in the cities of the United States. Among the forces having a stronghold in several cities he found a solidified body of voters not amenable to reason, governed by ecclesiastical authority in a way dangerous to the Republic. He then proceeds to make this amusing statement: "The growing spirit of charity which thinketh no evil is slow to recognize the fact that most Roman Catholics are Catholics first and citizens afterward. The fact remains, however, and makes it possible to throw the Roman Catholic Church into a single political scale. Those who do not believe that the priesthood has both the power and the disposition to cast a substantially solid Catholic vote, simply do not know what some others do know. . . . This control is not only claimed but actually exercised, which fact accounts for the solid battalions of Tammany Hall" (pp. 95, 96).

By a remarkable coincidence, or a plagiarism, the Rev. James M. King selected for the title of his recent volume words taken from his brother pessimist. The new diatribe is called *Facing the Twentieth Century*, and might be more appropriately named *The Wailing of a defeated Bigot*. He is far inferior to the Rev. Josiah Strong in literary skill. Over six hundred pages are filled with a dreary recital of his erratic attempts to protect American institutions. The product of his own ferocious imagination is set forth as accurate history, especially in relating his unsuccessful efforts to control the New York Constitutional Convention in the year 1894, and in his reckless accusations against distinguished representatives of Church and State. With an arrogance truly astounding, he ventures to present to the public distorted views of prominent ecclesiastics, and incoherent accounts of the work proposed for some organizations among Catholics. His pompous display of secret knowledge concerning church officials at Rome is supremely ridiculous. One of his wildest flights of imagination is shown when he declares that the Paulist Fathers acted under direct orders from the Pope in arranging for the Child-Study Congress at New York City during the latter part of December, 1897. He affirms, page 339, that, "The entire trend of discussion was to establish the necessity for Roman Catholic religious instruction in our primary schools, where the character of childhood is being shaped. The work of the congress was substantially the opening of a new crusade, based upon scientific principles, against the public schools."

A rumor has been circulated that some of the leading magazines have refused to allow their advertising space to be purchased by the agents for this

book of fabrications. Catholic readers should be vigilant in having the same plan adopted in any of the public libraries or journals dependent on their patronage. Fortunately, the number of bigots is now very small who defame and misrepresent their neighbors. There are still a few non-sectarian politicians, wearing the ministerial garb, who endeavor to raise a cry of alarm whenever Catholics combine to exercise their common rights as citizens. While these alarmists are seldom out of politics themselves, even when preaching in their pulpits, they become infuriated when denouncing any alliance between religion and politics. Honest observers are keen to see, however, that the precepts declared are not in harmony with the example given.

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We are indebted to the *Book Buyer* for an interesting sketch of Agnes Repplier, which is here condensed :

Some years ago an honored citizen of Philadelphia was attracted by the wit and style of an occasional essay appearing in the *Atlantic Monthly* attached to the name Agnes Repplier, and having known two or three generations of authors he determined to make his bow to this latest of the elect. To New York, to Boston, and finally to Baltimore he carried his inquiries, only to discover in the latter town that Agnes Repplier lived at his very threshold in Philadelphia.

There indeed she has always dwelt from that year, not so remote, when she became the second daughter of a household well known in the city's business annals and occupying one of the comfortable old houses which gave dignity to upper Chestnut Street. Her parents are of French extraction, a fact full of meaning to readers of the light-hearted essays, and adhered to the Roman Catholic faith, in which she, with her sister and brother, remains.

The influences which Miss Repplier early felt were such as might naturally develop literary instincts in a sensitive mind, but she appears to have foreshadowed the independence of view which she has since so gracefully matured. She persisted in refusing to learn to read, and at nine was so hopeless a case of illiteracy that a friend of the household pronounced her "plainly deficient," and despaired of her ultimate enlightenment. At eleven Miss Agnes and her sister were sent to the convent school at Eden Hall, near Torresdale, Philadelphia.

But Miss Repplier owes little to the pedagogue. She is an advocate, because an intense lover, of growth by unconscious assimilation. She holds that what has delighted her most and remained longest in her memory is that which she sought from preference and learned with pleasure.

Hence it is that one of the pleasant characteristics of Miss Repplier's books is her lively interest in children. This she has drawn from recollections of her own childhood. Her mind is a treasury of anecdotes of her youth; and indeed so vivid a memory has she always been blessed with, that even the droll incidents of her babyhood are woven into her sprightly talk, as they have frequently been into her written pages. The books read to her at home, old-fashioned novels and histories, *Vathek* and *Undine*, Miss Edgeworth and Scott, and the long poems and ballads which were taught her orally by her mother, and which she learned without effort years before she could read, these are the wellsprings from which come the apt illustration and sympathetic phrase of her essays; and that same inexhaustible memory which now acts with such unerring taste in the choice of its amusing store is the source of an education in letters which academic rules and respectable text-books are powerless to explain.

"You, Agnes, can write," said her mother in playfully assigning to her

daughters their future tasks; and write she did in earnest; sketches, essays, stories, poems, which appeared in the newspapers and in THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE, old readers of which will remember the romantic tales such as A Story of Nuremberg and A Still Christmas, and several poems on devotional subjects. Those who care to seek these out in the reflected light of Miss Repplier's growing reputation will not be surprised that the tales abound in bookish knowledge, and that both they and the poems are touched with singular charms of style.

The recognition of its own by Philadelphia has hitherto been of a slow and grudging order. This is illustrated by a minor incident of Miss Repplier's early career. It was after a number of her finest essays had appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* and were making Bostonians eager to know the new author that a certain hostess asked her to a reception of rather tame lions and benignly introduced her as the writer of a child's story in a daily newspaper. All this is changed now, and a fondness for society which was her birthright makes the author of *Essays in Idleness* a central star of all the constellations of bright people known to the drawing-rooms of the Quaker City.

According to a writer in the *Critic* Miss Repplier's new volume, *Varia*, owns the salient qualities of her other volumes. It has insight and humor; it is light-hearted and open-minded. The author has at times done work more conspicuously brilliant than any that will be found herein, but a few clever things more or less do not matter in such a warm and hospitable atmosphere of intellectual good cheer as that with which she surrounds her readers.

The Eternal Feminine is a much-needed demonstration of the fact that there is not and never has been such a thing as the "new woman," although complacently stupid human nature in each passing generation has heralded its re-discovery of her as something fresh and unheard-of. The mannishness of fashionable ladies was satirized in the last century. The pages of *The Spectator* parallel those of *Life* and *Punch* when it is a question of gibes at the educated girl, and champions of progressive womanhood have been using the same arguments at intervals for at least six hundred years. "The indifference of women to intellectual pursuits, which has earned for them centuries of masculine contempt; and their thirst for intellectual pursuits, which has earned for them centuries of masculine disapprobation," have always been contemporaneous, and the phenomena are as old as the conflicting estimates with which they have been received.

Where all is good it is invidious to choose, but probably Miss Repplier's protest against *Little Pharisees in Fiction* will appeal to a wider audience than any other of these essays, for who has not suffered from the heroine of the Sunday-school book? Beginning with the literature provided for children in the days of the Pilgrim Fathers, the author arraigns one popular favorite after another, from *The Fairchild Family* to *The Elsie Books*, and proves her charges of priggishness, self-righteousness, and lack of charity. There is no reason, of course, except lack of precedent, why Sunday-school books should not occasionally be good literature, but the fact remains that children like them immensely just as they are. The new theories maintain that the child in the different stages of its development retraces the long history of the race.

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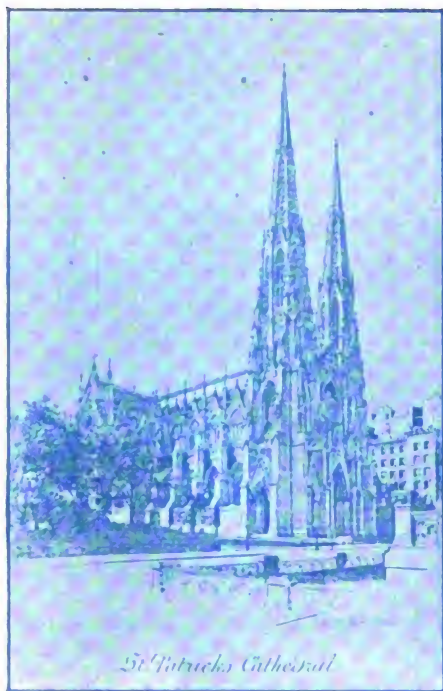
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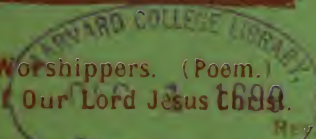
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*"An Angel sped from the joys above
All the wondrous news to bear*

*To the shepherds camped on Judea's plains,
Watching the night-flocks there."*



*"Where the Mother so meek and her King-Child lay
Safe from the might of the storm."*

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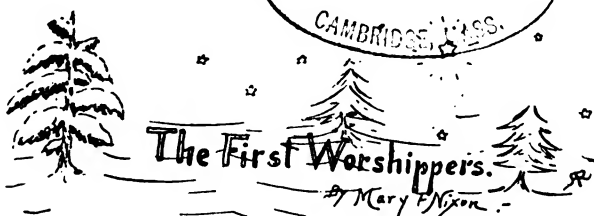
VOL. LXX.

DECEMBER, 1899.

No. 417.

DEC 1 1899

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.



The calm-eyed moon in the tranquil Heaven
To the chosen star cried, "Wake!
To the watchful kings in the fragrant East
Your glorious message take!"

An angel sped from the joys above
All the wondrous news to bear
To the shepherds camped on Judea's plains,
Watching the night-flocks there.

The patient ox from his sleep he woke
The ox that toiled all day,
And his knees he bent in worshipping awe
Where the little stranger lay.

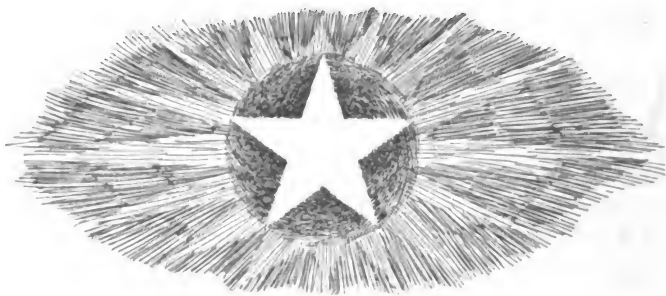
The ass and the sheep, they crept aear
With their breath the straw to warm
Where the mother so meek and her King-Child lay
Safe from the might of the storm.

The falling snow on Bethlehem's hills
Neath the stately cedars fall
Soft whispered - "Awake and worship your Lord!"
To the flowers neath the spotless pall.

Ah! Heaven and Earth, they eagerly vied
To greet The Incarnate Word -
And only the souls that He came to save
Neglected the Gracious Lord!

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VOL. LXX.—19



THE LIFE OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.*



ST. JOHN the Baptist was the saint with whom it pleased God to close the older dispensation and its long line of heroes—a saint whose virtues should be a worthy type of the ancient glories of Israel. His origin was from the purest sources of Hebrew holiness, the venerable couple Zachary and Elizabeth, and was intimately joined to the conception and birth of the Messiah, of whom he was appointed to be the precursor.

It was to Zachary that it pleased God to send the earliest announcement that the world's redemption was at hand. In the performance of his priestly duty in the Temple he had entered the Holy of Holies to offer incense. We may well suppose that God opened this true priest's heart to the entire race of mankind in preparation for his marvellous vision, but especially that his holy soul, forgetting personal unworthiness, expanded and embraced in its offering to God his own chosen race, upon whom Zachary well knew all other races depended for their redemption. As the fragrant incense ascended it bore his heartfelt petitions upward to the throne of grace.

Suddenly a flashing light dazzled and almost blinded him,—at the right side of the altar, just beside the bread of proposition, stood an angel of the Lord. Zachary's humility overwhelms him: is this a visitation for his sins?

* The extracts under the illustrations in this form are from the new LIFE OF CHRIST BY REV. WALTER ELLIOTT, C.S.P. This superb work has been going through the press for the last year, and it will be some months still before it is issued. Besides the strong devotional tone which makes its narrative so attractive, the work is adorned by over five hundred beautiful illustrations.

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"THE VOICE OF ONE CRYING IN THE WILDERNESS."

"He was troubled and fear fell upon him." The angel speaks and fear gives place to a thrill of ecstasy: "Fear not, Zachary, for thy prayer is heard; and thy wife Elizabeth shall bear thee a son." . . . More, oh! wonderfully more: he is to be a prophet, another Elias, a leader of Israel, "to prepare unto the Lord a perfect people."



THE ESPOUSALS OF MARY AND JOSEPH.



THE union of Joseph and Mary in uncarnal wedlock is the beginning of that marvel of our concupiscent manhood, the celibate priesthood of the Church of Christ. Love for Jesus and for his living tabernacle, his mother, was to Joseph the passion of passions. As he served Jesus and loved Mary in severe chastity, so do the members of the priesthood serve the ever-present Christ and his living tabernacle, which is his Church, in a spirit of joyful self-immolation, being so fascinated with this holy love that they forget the natural claims of flesh and blood. Understand the virginal spouseship of Nazareth and you have the key to clerical celibacy.





THE VISIT OF MARY TO ELIZABETH.

Since her miraculous conception of the forerunner of God's anointed Elizabeth had known that he must soon appear, but she had not the faintest notion where or how. The sight of Mary revealed it all, for the Christ-bearer was beaming in every loving feature of Mary's face, and quivered in the tones of her voice as she saluted her kinswoman. The dignity of Mary as the Mother of God made man, the promises of the angel to her, and the relation of the two babes to each other all was revealed. And not only to herself was this light given and this heavenly secret unfolded, but also to her unborn son. As Elizabeth was the first woman to acclaim the Saviour and his mother with the voice of divine worship, so was the son in her womb the first man to proclaim him now, though yet unborn, and again upon the banks of the Jordan amid the eloquent tones of his penance-preaching.



JOSEPH IN DOUBT.

St. Matthew briefly describes the hard trial of Joseph and its issue: "Now the generation of Christ was in this wise. When as his Mother Mary was espoused to Joseph, before they came together, she was found with child, of the Holy Ghost. Whereupon Joseph her husband, being a just man, and not willing publicly to expose her, was minded to put her away privately."



JOSEPH IS REWARDED FOR HIS FIDELITY.



YET it is not too much to say that the heart of Joseph was tried more painfully than Mary's, for the mystery was all revealed to her and was all hidden from him. To him the woe was overwhelming. God, therefore, chose to set forth his will not to Mary but to Joseph, and that by means of a vision. One night when he had fallen asleep, wearied with grief and doubt, the angel of the Lord was sent to him and spoke to him as in a dream. The angel came to him and saluted him with the great title of Son of David, called Mary his wife, and said, "that which is conceived in her is of the Holy Ghost."



JESUS IS BORN IN A STABLE AT BETHLEHEM.

ON arriving at Bethlehem the Holy Family found the little city swarming with people, like themselves come to the place of enrollment. •



Here it was that Mary became a mother, first looked upon the face of her Babe, offered him up to his Heavenly Father, pressed him to her heart, gave him to Joseph to embrace, suckled him most lovingly, "wrapped him up in swaddling-clothes, and laid him in a manger": then they both knelt down and adored him. It was a very humble cradle for the Son of God; but this monarch of the world will yet choose to reign from a throne so painful as the cross.





THE PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE.



MARY, under Joseph's escort, went to Jerusalem and stood at the door of the Temple when her forty days were accomplished, as if she too were unclean. One of the priests sprinkled her with the sacrificial blood and declared her purified. As she was too poor to offer the yearling lamb, she presented the legal substitute, a present of two turtle-doves.



JESUS AMONG THE DOCTORS IN THE TEMPLE.

The visit of Jesus, his parents all unknowing, to the precincts of the Temple, and what happened there, is a connecting link between the Presentation and his appearance as Messiah on the banks of the Jordan. The divine zeal of Jesus was not visible in early childhood, but the heart of the Boy was ablaze with it, and he allowed it suddenly to burst forth eighteen years before his public manifestation.



MARY AND JOSEPH SEARCHING FOR THEIR CHILD.



PERHAPS Mary and Joseph were for a time separated from each other, and when Jesus went back to the Temple the mother may have thought him with Joseph, and he have fancied the Boy to be with his mother; and so the first day passed without anxiety. But when the evening halt was reached at Sichem or Shiloh, and the scattered members of families came together to arrange for the night, the distress of Mary and Joseph was extreme: the Boy Jesus did not appear, he was not to be found. After an anxious night the holy couple started back to Jerusalem, arriving there only at nightfall, and darkness and the confusion of departing caravans hindered further search till the morning; and that was the third day. Finally they found him "in the Temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, hearing them and asking them questions."





THE HIDDEN LIFE AT NAZARETH.

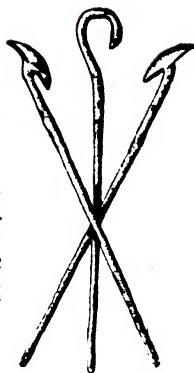
And he worked at his trade with Joseph, bending over his bench, his chisel in hand, or his saw or hammer, and thus his neighbors knew him until, eighteen years afterwards, he resumed the life-work he had claimed from his parents in the Temple at that memorable Passover.



JESUS AT PRAYER.



HOW all nature prayed when Jesus prayed on the green hill-top! The earth and the sun and the heavenly bodies all spoke a language to him but vaguely guessed at by the poets. How the whispering wind and the genial sunshine, and the musical notes of the birds, the happy voices of the little children, the murmur of the brooks, the bright tints of the flowers, the welcome rain—how all were eloquent of God to the heart of Jesus Christ at Nazareth!





CHRIST THE HEALER.

“Now there is at Jerusalem a pond called Probatika, which in Hebrew is called Bethesda, having five porches. In these lay a great multitude of sick, of blind, of lame, of withered,

waiting for the moving of the water." It was a place of miracles, one of those Holy Wells which God's loving providence has scattered over all parts of the world. "And an angel of the Lord descended at certain times into the pond, and the water was moved. And he that went down first into the pond after the motion of the water, was made whole of whatsoever infirmity he lay under."

As Jesus passed there, he saw among the anxious watchers of the water's motion a sufferer whose air of despondency aroused his compassion; he had been infirm for thirty-eight years, and our Saviour knew that he had been long and vainly waiting for his cure. "Wilt thou be made whole?" he asked him. The man supposed he meant the healing given by the pool. His pitiful and even reproachful answer deepened the sympathy of the Saviour, whose heart is a very ocean of healing. "I have no man to put me into the pond"; as if to say, other invalids are rich and have their servants to lift them up and hurry them in before me, a miserable pauper; by the time that I have dragged myself to the bottom of the steps the angel is gone. But Jesus lifted him up quickly and by a mere word: "Arise, take up thy bed and walk." Instantly the blood flowed new and fresh into his withered legs, the dead nerves began to tingle with the warmth of life. He stood up immediately, leaped and jumped, took up his bed and walked." . . .

EMMANUEL—GOD WITH US.

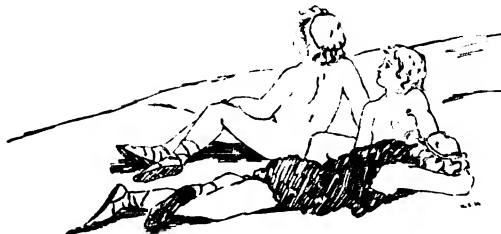


WHEN the first man, the Old Adam, was created, it was by infinite power breathing spirit life into dead clay. "He breathed into his face the breath of life, and man became a living soul." When it pleased the Blessed Trinity to renew the race of man through the Word made flesh, the New Adam was not brought into existence by a new act of creation; but God breathes the breath of life into the heart of Mary of Nazareth, unites the divine life to her pure blood, and thus forms Jesus Christ for the renewal of the fallen race. The New Adam is conceived and born of the old race, but generated by an exclusive act of infinite power and love without the co-operation of human paternity.



GOD'S loving condescension went even further than taking the same human nature that Adam had tainted by sin; Jesus is not merely Adam's descendant, and that of saintly men and chaste women, with the greatest of saints for his mother; but his blood is also that of apostate and idolatrous kings and shameless harlots. By his mother, however, that blood was passed to him as if through a divine alembic, and cleansed till it was the immaculate blood of a perfect humanity—worthy, if such a thing were possible, to be the humanity which should be made instinct with the divinity. This is the full meaning of the words of *Isaias*: "A virgin shall conceive and shall bring forth a Son, and his name shall be called Emmanuel—God with us."

Jesus was, however, a perfect type of the Hebrew people. The renowned race of Israel made Jesus of Nazareth its heir. The fulness of David's mighty courage was his; Abraham's peaceful contemplation of God and faith in the promises were his; every noble human quality of kindness or loyalty or bravery or patience inherent in the Jewish nature flowed down into the heart of Jesus. In the supernatural order, all the predestination of God for this favored people was concentrated upon Jesus, together with the completeness of all possible spiritual endowments of faith and hope and love. The glorious memories of the heroic past shall be radiant upon the brow of the Hebrew Messiah. Lowly as may seem his lot, the Man Christ shall outshine all his ancestors in majesty, a majesty only the more inspiring because it adorns the gracious quality of universal love, which is the paramount prerogative of his royalty.





THE NOON RELAY STATION.—CEDAR RANCH.

THE GRAND CANYON OF THE COLORADO.



JUST at 12 o'clock to the dot the heavy stage-coach with its trailer drew up at the Cedar Ranch for dinner. There were five of us, and we were dust-begrimed and hungry. We had been jostled about in the stage since seven in the morning, and had left thirty-five miles of dusty road behind us. We were on our way to see the greatest gorge in the whole country, the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. Dixon the driver, a small-sized, wiry "Arizona Kicker," with a great broad-brimmed, white sombrero, makes the seventy-three miles from Flagstaff on the Santa Fe route to the rim of the cañon every day with four relays of horses; and so well does he know his road that he hauls up at the relay stations almost with the exactness of a railroad train on schedule time. The road, to be sure, is one of the best in the country. There is very little of it that is not level, and for the most part it is through a beautiful forest of stately pines. But under the shade of the trees and then out in the open sun—of all places in the world the sun knows how to shine out in Arizona; they call it the land of sunshine, and there is lots of it—the four bronchos were urged at a steady gait, till just as the sun was overhead we hauled up for dinner. Around about the rough board cabin on the hill-side there was gathered a motley crowd that had evidently been regaling the inner man, for they were busy chewing wooden toothpicks. At first we thought they might be a kind of civilized Indians. They were all red enough to be classed with the red man, and some of the women were in short skirts with what at first sight seemed to be blankets

thrown over their shoulders, and they all had dangling from their belts what appeared on close inspection to be not a wicked tomahawk but an innocent-looking hammer. We learned later that it was Professor Salisbury, of the Chicago University, and a party of geological students out on a nature-study expedition. They had wisely selected Arizona, for probably nowhere in the wide world is so much of the stratified interior of the earth's crust exposed to view.

After we had hastily put away as good a luncheon as the flies would permit, we scrambled back into our places in the stage for the remaining forty miles. Away we started at a slashing pace, by the long line of trough filled with a bountiful supply of water. It was good to see the running water from the spring on the hill-side as we passed out the gate into the road again. Water is a precious treasure in this country, so



AT A SLASHING PACE FOR THE GRAND CANYON.

precious that in acquiring any property it is the water-rights that are bought and the land is thrown in, and so much is it prized by the natives that it is only the tenderfoot who can be induced to put it to such base uses as drinking or bathing.

As one crossing the continent in the summer time rides for miles over the dry and arid plains and sees the sparse vegetation languishing for want of water, and notices the animals panting in the heat with nothing but the dry ground about, it is a great relief to get into the Mississippi bottoms,



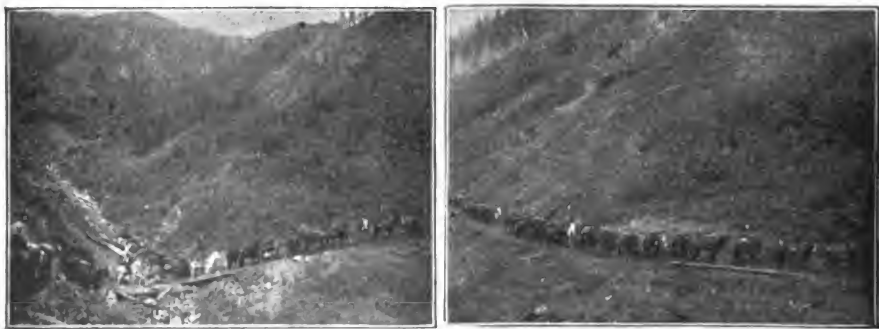
THE PANORAMIC EFFECT OF THE CANYON.

where one can drink to his heart's content of the refreshing beverage of nature. I presume it will always be a hopeless task to attempt any scheme of irrigation in Arizona on account of the geological formation of the soil and the tremendous drainage canal created by the Colorado River on its way to the sea.

The incidents of the afternoon were not of such a character as to lend to our trip the excitement of thrilling hair-breadth escapes of the dime-novel sort. We jogged along to the music of Dixon's snapping whip, and in high anticipation of the feast of sight-seeing that was before us for the next few days. Our destination was the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. People who have travelled much in this country, if asked whether they have seen the Grand Cañon, very often answer in the affirmative, and as often mistake some of the many cañons in Colorado, that usually are seen from the railroad train, for the Grand Cañon of the Colorado River in Arizona. There is no more comparison to be made between any of these minor cañons and the cañon we were aiming for than there is between the toy yacht and the

stately man-of-war. Undoubtedly there are many beautiful bits of scenery throughout the Western country, and nature in some of her wildest moods has tossed up high mountains and magnificent precipices and dug out spectacular chasms, the sight of which stirs our sluggish blood and elevates our ideas of what is magnificent. They are all worth seeing, and a lover of fine natural scenery is well rewarded for the magnificent distances he generally must cover to reach them. But all these should be seen first if one wants to appreciate them. There is, however, but one Grand Cañon, and when one has looked on its mighty vastness, and been entranced by its fascinating witchery, all these other sights dwindle into insignificance and become merged in the commonplace.

We knew something of the feast that was in store for us by the oft-repeated statements of dimensions. We were told that as we stood on Bissell's Point we could look down in the



PACK-TRAIN TO THE COPPER MINES IN THE CANYON.

gorge six thousand six hundred feet—that is, nearly a mile and a quarter. We were told that the Yosemite, great as it is, and magnificent in all its proportions, might be put into the Colorado Gorge and it would probably take a spy-glass to find it. The figures seemed to affirm the truth of this statement. El Capitan, the highest bluff in the Yosemite, is one of the crowning wonders of the West. It rises out of the valley of the Merced River in the Yosemite thirty-nine hundred feet, but if one would put another El Capitan on the top of the existing one, the two together would reach but a little above the rim of the Grand Cañon, while the perspective of a few miles that fills the view in the Yosemite is but a very small vista when compared to the one hundred and forty miles that stretch out before one's wondering gaze in Arizona.

These comparisons heightened our anticipation and led us eagerly on wings of imagination faster than Dixon could urge his bronchos. The third relay station was reached in the middle of the afternoon, and a fourth new team replaced the jaded beasts that carried us over the last stretch of twenty-six miles. We left the open country behind and we entered into a magnificent forest of pines. This Coconino forest is in itself one of the wonders of Arizona. It covers a belt of sixty miles wide by one hundred and eighty long. It is a forest oasis in an immense plain covering Arizona, New Mexico, and extending up into Utah and Nevada. All over this plain nothing larger than the sage-bush or the cactus grows, while in this timbered section the stately pine raises its plumed head for a hundred feet or more into the air. The government has prudently made this pine forest a reserve in order to preserve the trees, and the railroad which owns each alternate section sells



IT IS A HARD DAY'S WORK TO GO DOWN
TO THE RIVER.

timber rights only under certain restrictions. It is directly in the midst of this forest, at Flagstaff, that the Riordan Brothers have built one of the largest saw-mills in America, which they have equipped with the latest and best machinery, that is turning immense pine logs day by day into many thousand feet of manufactured lumber.

A little incident occurred which, because it varied the monotony of the staging, may be worthy of record. As we passed the old Supai trail which led from the Indian villages out on the northern plains to the pueblos of the Supai tribe, some miles down the river, a lone horseman approached us. As we saw him coming, and especially when we noticed the glittering revolvers fastened to the pommel of the saddle, and the angry-looking gun slung from his shoulder, visions of "hold-ups" flitted across our mind, and one of the party was preparing to slip his pocket-book and his jewelry into his boots,

and another was wearing his mildest and sweetest smile in order to charm the road agent and so soften his fierce demeanor should he demand the "hands up." But it was all useless. With a slight but commanding gesture he stopped the stage, and when we were expecting the word to deliver up all the treasure, in the blindest of tones he merely asked if we had seen a stray horse on the road over which we came. Though we began to breathe freely, it was a great disappointment all round that his intentions were so pacific.

It was over this same Indian trail that the Spanish padres travelled as they went among these Indians to bring the message of the Gospel. We have come across a very ancient map drawn by these same missionaries two hundred years ago, and one going over the same paths to-day can very vividly appreciate the dauntless courage that was needed in order to face the thousand and one dangers that must have beset these missionaries in that strange land. They undoubtedly passed on to the rim of the cañon and were the first white men to behold this stupendous chasm.

With such thoughts as these we bowled along with little or no apprehension that anything heroic in the way of natural scenery was even within hundreds of miles of us. We passed down into a little dell, then up a sylvan slope with grass and belated wild flowers carpeting the ground, and then along a level stretch of road, until the thought impressed itself on our minds that there must be some mistake about it all. Finally, not a little fatigued with the long riding and with appetites sharpened by fresh air, we reached the group of tents surrounding a log cabin where we were to put up for the night. The cañon itself was just beyond. We wanted to get a glimpse of it anyhow before darkness set in. It was but a step below the enclosure. We hastened down to the edge of the precipice, and there below us, wrapped in a mystical haze, was that immense under-world of crag and ravine and palisade and chasm, stretching away as far as the eye could reach and down precipice after precipice until it would almost seem that we had come to the jumping-off place of creation. I do not think I shall ever forget that first glimpse of this wonder of wonders. It seemed perfectly unreal. I was borne back through the ages to primeval chaos when the earth was void and empty and darkness was on the face of the deep. Here was another world about to be born. It seemed to be the dwelling place of eternal forces sporting in everlasting confu-

creations of Doré, magnified a million diameters, where all is weird and infinite, where distances have lost all sense of relation, and where thousands of angels seem floating down from untold heights. The time and circumstance of my first view of the cañon, they told me, were unusually favorable. The mantle of night was just settling down on the earth. The gloaming lent a spectral aspect to the whole perspective. Away down in the channel of the river, six thousand feet below, was profound blackness, and above and beyond it the perspective took on a sense of vagueness: here a black chasm, and out from its blackness, apparently floating in mid-air, a huge mountain, and away in the beyond could be faintly distinguished



FIRST GLIMPSE OF THIS GREAT UNDERWORLD OF CRAG AND RAVINE.

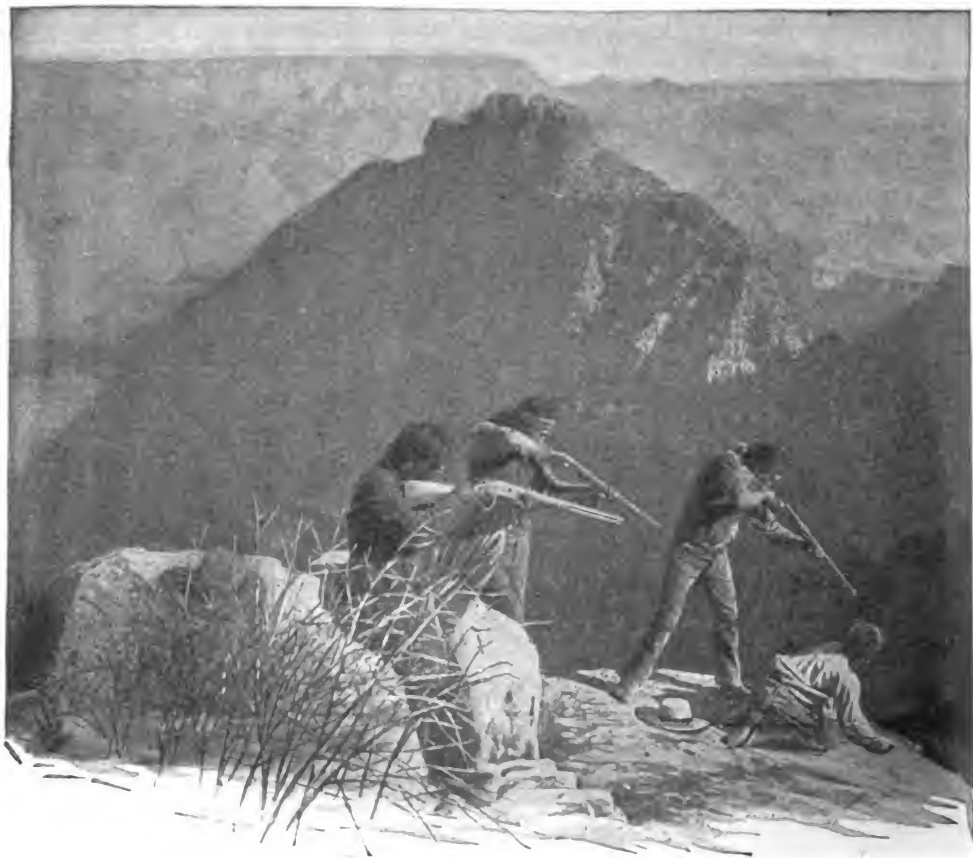
crag and peaks like giant Titans sporting in the darkness. The impression created was as if one were suddenly transported to the highest Alps in the darkness, and a flash of lightning for the moment revealed precipices and towering peaks on all sides. Soon the settling darkness shut it out entirely from view. There was nothing left but to go back to the tent and dream over it all or prepare for a closer study of the chasm on the morrow.

The programme for the next day was a ride on horse-back to Bissell's Point, nine miles away. Bissell's is the highest point of the plateau which makes one rim of the cañon and affords by all odds the best panoramic view of the entire country. The next morning, bright and sunny, came all too soon to one whose joints had been stiffened by the jolting stage-ride of the previous day, but when it comes bright and sunny there is very little chance for prolonged sleep in a tent. By eight we were in the saddle and on the trail to Bissell's, with all day before us to study, to wonder at, and to be impressed by the changing views that are afforded by a nine miles' ride along the edge.



ONE OF THE PRECIPICES.

Daylight revealed the cañon in all its wondrous majesty. It is a great chasm wrought out through geologic eras by the Colorado River. Across to the other rim, as the bird flies, is fourteen miles. Away down in the bed of this gigantic gulch, lying like a mere stock-ticker's tape on the landscape, is the river, two hundred and fifty feet wide. Between the river's bed and the top is a succession of gentle slopes, abrupt palisades, towering cliffs, and awful precipices, broken and scarred in the con-



INDIANS KILLING GAME.

flict of volcanic forces that helped to create this wonderful rent in the earth's crust. They say that by erosion only the gulch was dug out. It is very hard to believe that some terrific upheaval did not rend the rocks asunder and leave a cleft into which the waters found their way. Nature here is an open book for the geologist. Mother Earth lays bare all the secrets of her youth. The various strata, which are exposed in all their varying colors, add not a little to the beauty of Nature's architecture.

The peculiar formation of the precipices in many places seems to provide square, rocky platforms on which have been erected wonderful temples surmounted by cathedral spires or fantastic towers. Across the way there is Vishnu's temple, for all the world in shape like some of those Buddhist structures in the East. I say across the way: it seems to the uninitiated

but the distance of a gun-shot, but it is a good decade of miles. The *ensemble* of the cañon is so nicely proportioned, and yet built on so gigantic a scale, that one loses entirely his sense of distance. The effect is heightened by the purity and rarity of the air. We are nine thousand feet above the sea level. That cliff over there, it seems only the distance of a short city block, but it is an hour's walk there and back. Start a boulder down the walls, and it dashes from crag to crag until only after the lapse of many seconds it comes to



INDIANS GATHERED BONES FOR BURNING AT CREMATORY POINT.

rest at the base of the first cliff, one-tenth of the way to the bottom.

But after one has studied the minor details of the cañon he irresistibly reverts to the panoramic view, and he never tires of its majesty and grandeur. Perhaps it is because of the marvellous scenic transformations that are created by the changing lights and shadows. The coloring of the various strata seems to take on new hues as the sun rises or goes down in the western sky. The tones blend together in such perfect harmony that the whole makes a pleasing concert without a single discordant note. Nature is a matchless artist, and her varying tints of sky and forest and moor have never been caught and transferred to canvas by the most skilful painter. Moran has painted the Grand Cañon, and while his finished work gives

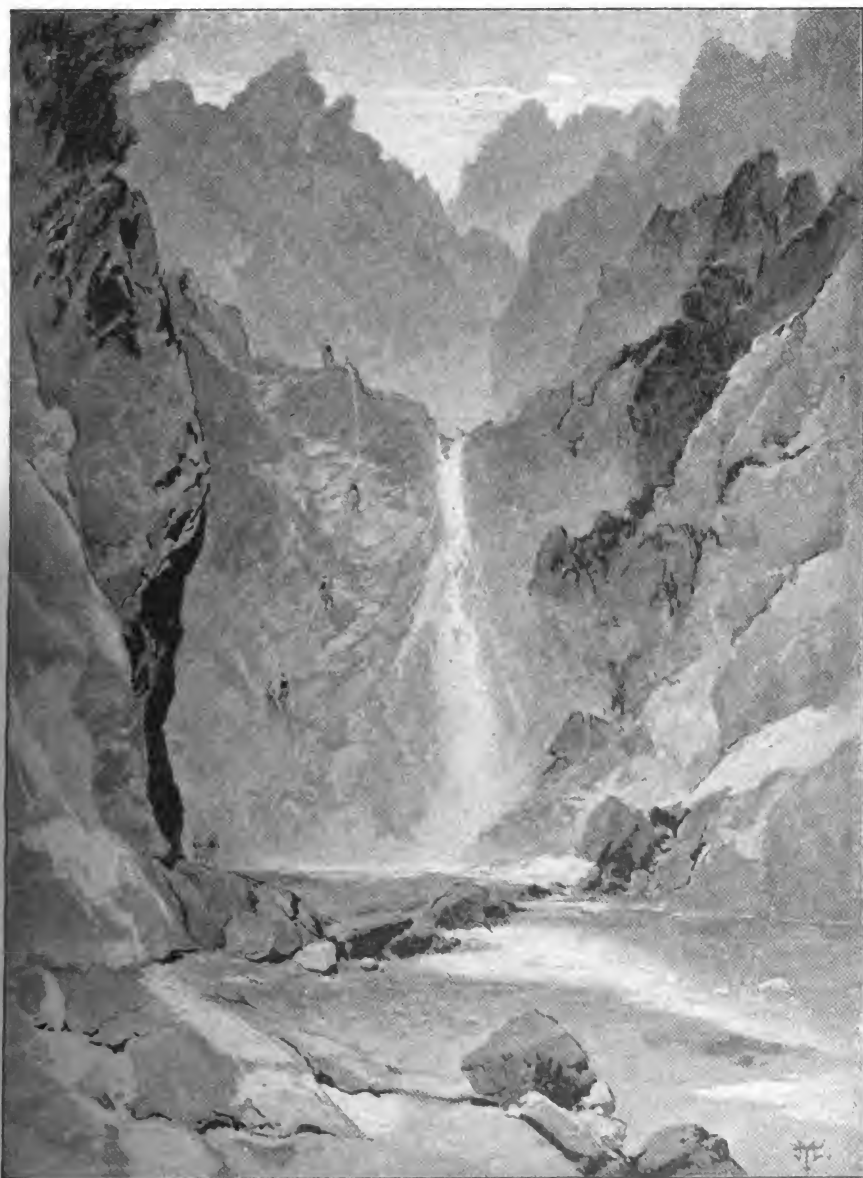
some idea of its vastness, yet it fails to convey any notion of richness and variety of color.

At Bissell's Point one can get the best notion of the immensity of this cañon region. It is a whole continent in itself. It is vast enough to have a climate as well as a fauna and a flora of its own. It is curious to watch a rain-storm in the cañon. A storm big enough to drench a region of fifty square miles at a time seems to be tucked away in a small corner of the vast area, and while it undoubtedly moves at a furious pace, it seems from the viewing point to be moving along at a very leisurely gait.

But, after all has been said, the deepest and profoundest impression that is left on the sight-seer is one of a religious nature. For thousands of years that river has been rolling on, long before the white man, or even the Indian, gazed on its beauties. For countless centuries all this magnificence and



COLORADO RIVER AS IT RUNS THROUGH THE CANYON IS 250 FEET WIDE.



GOING DOWN INTO THE LOWER RIVER GORGE.

sublimity has been upreared, and for whom? For unnumbered ages this wonderful panorama has been literally wasting all its beauty on the desert air, and there has been no intelligent creature to admire it. "What is man that thou art mindful of him."

"Thou didst make the soul
A wondering witness of thy majesty;
And while it rushes with delirious joy
To tread thy vestibule, dost chain its steps
And check its rapture with the humble view
Of its own nothingness, bidding it stand
In the dread presence of the Invisible,
As if to answer to its God through thee."

In the presence of these many wonders man in all his little devisings seems so puny, the span of his life so short, the most exalted products of his genius so meagre, and the mightiest



DOWN HANCE'S TRAIL TO THE RIVER'S BED.

results of his striving so feeble! Here is the handiwork of a God of omnipotent strength, guided by infinite wisdom. He has raised for himself here a temple of exceeding beauty.

"From flint and granite in compacture strong,
Not with steel thrice hardened, but with the wave



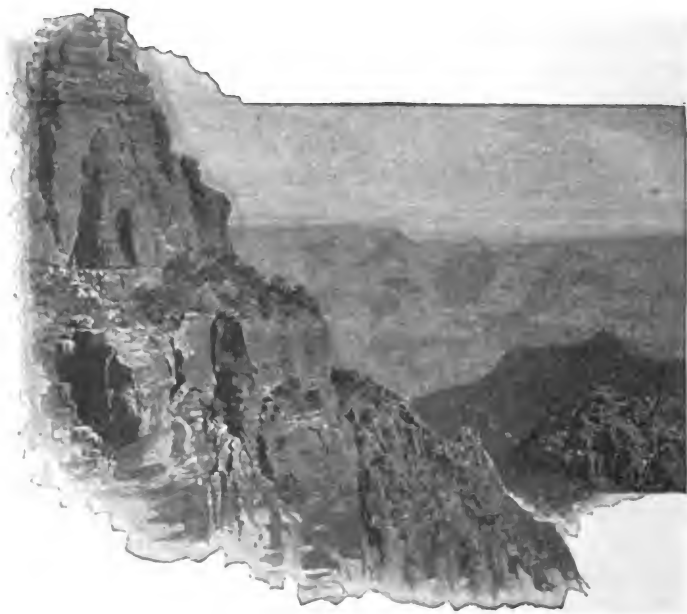
THE GREAT THRONE FOR THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

Soft and translucent, did the new-born Time
Chisel thy altars. Here hast thou ever poured
Earth's grand libation to eternity;
Thy misty incense rising unto God,
The God that was, and is, and is to be."

I could not help thinking what a fitting place this cañon would be for the great drama of the Day of Judgment. It is often a puzzle to one to realize how all the nations of the earth may be gathered in the valley of Josaphat. Of course to God all things are possible, but here in this cañon is a theatre high enough, wide enough, and deep enough to accommodate every one of the children of Adam. Just beyond, on the ridge of Ayre's Peak, is a throne in some sense fitted for the Almighty, with a commanding view of the whole cañon, and below it and about it are the lesser peaks, seemingly fashioned for the prophets, and the popes, and the great servants of God. As in the vision of the prophet, one can see the resurrected hosts gathered about on the right and on the left. The majesty of

the surroundings is in keeping with the solemnity of the moment, and the profound silence of the chasm seems to invite the thunder tones of the great Judge. The vast and open expanse affords an easy solution for the great manifestation of hearts. Each one may stand out in that mighty arena and be seen by all the world, and the opening heavens may easily reveal a pathway to eternal bliss for the elect. It is such scenes as are presented by this magnificent manifestation of God's handiwork that stir the depths of one's religious nature, and deep speaketh unto deep in no uncertain tones. There have been visitors to the cañon who have seen in it all only the subject of trivial comment, who have risen to nothing higher than a desire to write their names on the rocks, or who have found their greatest pleasure in listening to and recording the fables of John Hance; but they are mere sight-seers, whose highest vanity is to tickle the retina of their eye or to climb where others have not been. But,

"He who presses close to Nature's loving heart
Receives full recompense and sweet reward;
Thine is a mighty power to refresh,
Inspire, delight, and lift men out of self
Into close touch with the infinite God."



THE ABRUPT WALLS NEAR MORAN'S POINT.

IS INSANITY INCREASING?

BY WILLIAM SETON, LL.D.



IS insanity increasing? is a question often asked nowadays; and while not a few authorities answer it in the affirmative, there are some who deny it. We believe it is a question that may be open to dispute. No doubt the ills of one's own generation appear to be greater than the ills of days gone by, for we are naturally more deeply impressed by what takes place during our life-time; and certainly never before was so much care taken to count and to place upon record the number of persons who become insane. As a rule books of history throw little or no light on the subject of nervous derangement. History concerns itself mainly with kings and queens, with their intrigues and their beheadings, with great battles and conquests; with anything except presenting to us a faithful picture of the slow and painful development of the poor, suffering people. Moreover, it is only within comparatively recent years that we have studied the nervous system and realized its vagaries. Formerly, when science was neglected and when students devoted themselves too exclusively to metaphysics, the unhappy beings who suffered from brain trouble were generally set down as witches or as possessed of an evil spirit. We have among us to-day many believers in what is called Spiritualism, and a scientific observer of those who attend spiritualist meetings will recognize the majority of them as persons who are uncommonly *suggestible* and prone to hysteria. At a spiritualist sitting the *medium* plays the part of the witch of days gone by: in the darkened, silent room the hysterical circle is prepared for the expected manifestations. But it would be a great mistake to argue that hysteria is increasing because there are—especially in hard-headed New England—so many spiritualists. Hysteria has merely taken one other mode of expressing itself. Let us go back sixty years and what do we behold? Lunatic asylums in 1840 were comparatively few and far between; railways were only just beginning to be built; people still travelled very much by stage coach, and the struggle and excitement of the present

VOL. LXX.—21

day were unknown. Yet in those seemingly reposeful days thousands of persons in many parts of the country became hysterical through the visions of a certain William Miller, of the State of New York, who preached that the end of the world was near. Numberless men and women abandoned their homes, and flocking to hear this lunatic, became lunatics themselves; night was made hideous by their screams and loud prayers; property was freely given away, ascension robes were made ready, and very many Millerites climbed to the tops of high trees in order to be the first to greet the coming Son of Man. And this nervous outbreak lasted four years.* Were such a thing to occur in 1859 we should confine the Millerites in lunatic asylums. If we are asked where were the other mentally unbalanced persons besides the Millerites, who were living sixty years ago, we answer that only a small number of them were placed in any institution public or private, for at that time, as we have said, there were not many asylums in the United States; the majority of lunatics in 1840 were scattered broadcast over the country, but they were hidden from sight, confined in cellars, barns, and outhouses, uncared for and uncounted. If we go backward a little further in time, say to the beginning of the century, have we any good evidence that people were less hysterical than in 1840? We have not. In 1800 a wave of religious madness swept over a large part of the then sparsely settled country. Thousands of men and women assembled at camp-meetings, which generally lasted three or four days, and there they raved and fell into convulsions. At some of the camp-meetings twenty thousand persons were present at one time. Children would pray and exhort like their parents, while around the praying children might have been seen rings of mothers and fathers writhing and screaming in a paroxysm of religious frenzy. At some places the epidemic took the form of hysterical laughter and dancing, while many individuals would assume the posture of dogs and bark and snap like dogs. This, of course, was nothing new; precisely similar nervous phenomena may be seen to-day, but in order to see them we must go into our well-kept lunatic asylums.

Nor were the insane more accurately counted or better cared for in Europe a couple of generations ago than they were in America; nor is there any trustworthy evidence that in the old world they were fewer in number than now.

* Dr. Boris Sidis : *Psychology of Suggestion*, p. 356.

In 1819 the great French alienist Esquirol, a disciple of Pinel, wrote these words:* "These unfortunate people are treated worse than criminals. . . . I have seen them naked, covered with rags, and having only straw to protect themselves against the cold moisture and the hard stones they lie upon; . . . I have seen them in their narrow, filthy cells without light and air, fastened with chains in these dens in which one would not keep wild beasts. . . . This I have seen in France, and the insane are everywhere in Europe treated in the same way." And we know that the Code Napoleon classed lunatics with brutes: the Code Napoleon punished those who permitted "the insane and mad animals to run about free."

Is it any wonder, therefore, considering how these unfortunates were treated in the hospitals, that their families preferred to keep them at home—out of sight—where the authorities could not find them? Nor was any attempt made to count them.

When Bethlehem hospital, in London, was inspected in 1816 men and women were found chained to the walls, covered only with a blanket, and one of its crazy inmates had been chained for fourteen years. In the very last years of the last century Dr. Pinel, physician at the Bicêtre (the great French prison for lunatics), determined to better the condition of his wretched patients, and he applied to Couthon, one of the leaders of the Revolution, for authority to take the chains off them. It was a dangerous request to make, and Couthon answered: "Citizen, I shall go to-morrow to Bicêtre to inspect it; but woe to thee if thou hidest the enemies of the people among thy lunatics."

Couthon kept his promise. But although he had seen many persons guillotined, he could not endure the pandemonium of yells and the clanking of chains, and addressing Pinel he said: "Look here, citizen; art thou insane thyself, that thou wilt unchain such animals?"

"Citizen," replied Pinel, "I am convinced that these lunatics are so unmanageable only because they are robbed of air and liberty, and I dare hope much from the opposite means of treatment."

"Well, do with them what thou likest, but I am afraid thou wilt be a victim of thy presumption."

Pinel at once set about his humane work. One lunatic whom he freed had been in chains thirty years. Although he met with a good deal of opposition from the ignorant public,

* *Archives of Neurology and Psycho-pathology*, vol. i. p. 39.

he succeeded in the end. Then from the Bicêtre he betook himself to the Salpêtrière, another huge prison for lunatics, and began a like successful reformation there.

In England the first act for the regulation of mad-houses was passed in 1773; and thirty years earlier—in 1744—Parliament made the first provision for the insane in passing the vagrant act, one section of which deals with persons “furiously mad or so far mentally afflicted as to be dangerous to be left at large.” Here it is clearly indicated that only such lunatics as were dangerous to the community were taken any account of. May we not reasonably believe that there were numberless others—plunged in harmless melancholia—who were kept at home? Hogarth’s celebrated picture—the “Scene in a mad-house”—where we have the final punishment which awaits the Rake’s progress, gives a most realistic impression of what Bethlehem hospital was in his day (the first half of the last century): we see the naked lunatics offered as objects of curiosity to the public, who were charged a small sum for admission.

We have now gone back to a period when insanity was scarcely regarded as a branch of medical science and when the insane were looked upon even by educated persons with superstitious dread. Nor have we to go backward very much further in time in order to find them all, as a general rule, classed as witches and were-wolves.*

We have before us a rare and curious little book of forty-nine pages, giving the trial, torture, and execution of the last witch burned at Geneva, on April 6, 1652.† It is one of the very few original documents in which the whole trial of a witch from beginning to end is minutely given; nor can any intelligent person peruse it without being convinced that the unfortunate young woman—Michée Chauderon—was crazy: And we may judge of the medical knowledge of two centuries ago, when several of the doctors who examined the accused believed that they had discovered, by thrusting needles into her flesh, the *sigillum diaboli*, the devil’s mark; namely, the part of her body which was insensible to pain.

From this period backward as far as history carries us we find—excepting among a few Roman and Greek physicians—little or no recognition of insanity as a bodily disease. Yet it is interesting to know that among the records of the parish of

* From *wolf* and the obsolete word *wēr*: in Latin *vir*—man.

† *Procès criminel de la dernière sorcière brûlée à Genève le 6 Avril, 1652.* Paris, 14 rue des Carmes.

Barking, in England, in 1370, mention is made of a retreat "for the sustenatation of poor priests and other men and women who were sick of the phrenzie, there to remaine till they were perfectly whole and restored to good memorie."

But as a general rule, as we have said, lunatics in those far-off days were looked upon as witches or as possessed of an evil spirit. We have even epidemics of hysteria in the middle ages and in ancient times compared with which the outbreak of Millerism, in 1840, and the so-called religious revival at the opening of our nineteenth century, were exceedingly mild nervous manifestations. And are we to believe that there were no other mad people in Europe—then comparatively thinly populated—except those who were carried away by these wide-spread psychical epidemics?

What were the were-wolves who roamed in numbers through the forests, often on all fours and acting like wild beasts? At times the peasantry, armed with pikes, would set out to "round them up" and destroy them. The were-wolves were simply maniacs escaped or turned adrift from their homes, whom, perhaps, even loving kinsmen could no longer endure to have with them. In 1609 the district which now forms the department of the Basses Pyrénées, France, swarmed with devil-worshippers; twenty-seven parishes were afflicted by the malady, and the unhappy victims were all considered to be possessed.

But space will not allow us to dwell on the various psychical outbreaks which occurred a few centuries ago, as well as in pagan times. Suffice it to say they surely reveal an hysterical substratum, of which the student must take account if he wishes to pass a correct judgment upon hysteria at the present day. We know that formerly scholars of renown wrote bulky tomes devoted to the discussion of witchcraft and demonology; and what these learned men wrote and taught must have done not a little to unhinge the intellects of the over-credulous, *suggestible* people who listened to them. Their writings and their teaching no doubt went a long way in the making of witches and were-wolves. Joan of Arc—the one pure figure which looms above the selfishness and cruelty of the fifteenth century—was only one of the numberless victims of a superstition which blocked the pathway of scientific knowledge.

When, therefore, we go backward in time and endeavor to estimate the number of mad people that may have lived in

former generations, when we read about the were-wolves and witches that used to abound in all the countries of Europe, and of the various nervous epidemics that broke out among the poor people, we are not so very ready to believe in a marked increase of insanity in our own generation.

Quite recently the General Lunacy Board, both of England and Scotland, have pronounced that the greater number of known lunatics may not indicate an absolute increase. The friends and relatives of lunatics are much more willing now to have them placed in comfortable asylums, where they will be humanely treated, instead of keeping them concealed at home as formerly.*

An eminent Boston alienist, Dr. Walter Channing, to whom we wrote a few weeks ago and put the question, Is insanity increasing? replied as follows: " . . . The answer is extremely difficult if it is to be at all accurate. On the surface it would appear that there is a steady and large increase, almost alarming in character, but on careful investigation this proves to be somewhat misleading. . . . Hospitals have improved so much and the public feeling has changed about them to such an extent, that for these reasons alone a considerable number of persons are sent to them for treatment. Furthermore, of those who enter them not a large percentage is discharged, so that the insane of these institutions form a permanent class by themselves. However, it is my opinion that if a census could be taken of all the cases of mental disease which occur in the general population, there would be found an increase as compared with a period of, we will say, thirty or forty years ago. These would not be cases of violent insanity; but there would be various forms of mental breakdown, some of which would not have been recognized so long ago as the period to which I refer; but notwithstanding these facts, they represent an increase. The causes of insanity which you mention in your letter . . . are not as potent factors as they were a hundred years ago, but the strain of life is greater and nervous exhaustion, as a reaction from it, not uncommon; and hence there is a tendency to some form of mental deterioration or breakdown in a slow, but I believe increasing, ratio."

No doubt, as this distinguished authority says, the strain of life is greater than it was thirty or forty years ago, and there are to-day forms of mental breakdown which were unknown to

* *The Journal of Mental Science*, July, 1899, p. 460.

our fathers. We are living at a time when the anxieties of a business life were never so great. Nevertheless, we in America are becoming alive to the danger, and we are going to meet it by leading a more out-of-door life. We are making better roads; we have more parks; the facilities for getting out into the country are very much greater than formerly; the bicycle vies with the trolley car in taking us rapidly away from the bustle and din of the town; and the lives, too, of people who dwell in the country are much less lonesome and introspective than they used to be. Although we are working never so hard, we are at the same time striving in many ways to make life more joyous.

In a late number of the London *Lancet* are some pertinent remarks on this subject by the learned Italian physiologist, Dr. Mosso.

"It is enough," he says, "to look at the passers-by in the American streets to be convinced how much more developed and strong they are than our compatriots. The boys and girls are in point of physique far superior to ours. All the public takes an interest in physical exercises—every journal being compelled to report athletic competitions, regattas, foot-ball encounters, golf matches, etc. . . . My admiration for this new world is all the greater when I reflect that its civilization is that of the future, which even for Italy will have better days in store." What Professor Mosso writes is certainly encouraging, and we believe that we may look in the near future for a marked decrease of insanity among us. Insanity is a disease of weakness; and more fresh air, more bicycle riding, more field sports, and, above all, more holidays, will tend to make us stronger. And then, if we only have the will to do one more thing, namely, to be more temperate in drinking, to imbibe less of the poison of alcohol (a very potent factor in brain disease), we shall become in the twentieth century the sanest people on earth.

THE FLIGHT OF AN ANGEL.

BY MINNIE GILMORE.

I.



ROFANE not the name of love, my son," reprimanded the padre. "Love is a dream of the mind, an ideal of the heart, a sentiment of the soul. To love is the best of life, yes; but love must be of God first, and of all men second, and third and last of but one woman. Find her and wed her, Francesco. Thou art five-and-twenty come next feast-day, and the century of years that spans the longest human life is as a snail in its first quarter, but as the lightning thereafter to its end! But name the señorita of thy choice to me, that my word may speed thy suit. Shall it be the laughing Carmen-cita of the Rancho Henriquez, or the fair and modest Señorita Pepita Valdez, or even the proud young daughter of the rich and noble De l'Alamos—?"

"But you know, my padre," interrupted Francesco sternly, "that it is to the little Angela of Los Angeles that my dying father betrothed me. You would not have me fail my promise to the dead?"

"The little Angela beseeches the good Don Angelo that she may be a nun," reminded the padre. "My son, stand not between the Creator and his creature! God claims his own."

"It is the wish of Don Angelo that the heiress of Los Angeles and the last of the Ferranis be wedded," replied Francesco, scowling. "And the will of the parent, my padre—have you not said that to resist it is to incur the vengeance of God?"

With a graceful salute, and an elaborate wave of his big gray sombrero, he turned from the Mission, and, mounting his horse, galloped toward Los Angeles ranch. The padre sighed heavily, watching the reckless rider out of sight. His heart loved Francesco, even as his soul feared for him.

Love for the Ferranis was a tradition of the Mission. Were not the names of Francesco's father, and of his father's father, and even of generations behind him, first and best-beloved of the benefactors of the Mission, for the repose of whose souls Mass was said every morning, when the bells rang

out, and the sun and the birds waked together, and the faithful prostrated themselves on the pewless adobe floor, and thus began the day with Heaven's blessing? Francesco himself was too seldom among the worshippers; but on the feasts of the Mother of God, and on the anniversary of his father's death, and now and again when a special feast-day appealed to his devotion, he would kneel at confession, and receive at the altar, and linger in thanksgiving, an edification to all. Then the padre who loved him was exultant indeed; nor was Francesco less happy, for the spirit of the wild young *ranchero* was willing, and the love of the padre reciprocated. But to resign his betrothed at the padre's word was surely too much to expect of him. Had not Don Angelo himself forbidden his daughter the cloister?

II.

Don Angelo Serra had married a blonde American—a Catholic. The son of their union had died at birth, and while her daughter was still but a toddling baby the frail heart of the delicate American had failed her, and fled earthly love for heaven. The Doña Serra's death-bed prayer had been that her motherless child might be educated in the States, and when she was but a fragile human lily of seven Don Angelo himself had resigned her to an American convent for ten long, lonely years. Surely the dead blessed him for his paternal sacrifice, as well as for his marital loyalty, for Don Angelo had married no second time—not he! His personal happiness was buried for ever in the blonde American's grave. That he should look for compensation to the little Angela was only natural. The love-dreams blighted for him should bloom for her, and an heir of his race yet rule Los Angeles, or be a priest of the church! His life-long friend, Francesco's father, Don Juan Ferrani, of adjoining estate, had suggested that a marriage between Francesco and Angela would be a marriage of earth approved in heaven. Francesco was heart-free, loving all fair young señoritas indeed, but concentrating his affections upon none; and he remembered the little Angela as inheriting her mother's flower-like beauty, so the proposal did not displease him, and his father's dying blessing had sanctified his troth.

Angela was but fifteen when she was notified, through the superior of the convent, that her father had affianced her to Francesco, whom she dimly remembered as a tall, dark,

handsome, riotous boy. The reverend mother wept gentle tears as she told her, and at first Angela too had wept, she knew not why; but her beautiful pearl ring of betrothal had done much to reconcile her; and as the novelty of her romantic engagement wore off, and her schoolmates ceased to wonder and jest about it, the real significance of the episode faded from the young girl's innocent heart. But she remembered it always in her prayers, from which the reverend mother had adjured her never to omit Don Francesco's name.

"To be the guardian angel of her husband's life, to pray for him in life and death, to wrestle even to the final hour for the salvation of his soul,—this is the vocation of a woman of the world," she instructed Angela, wisely; for the reverend mother had seen the world in her day, and had not forgotten it. So Angela prayed dutifully for Francesco until, as years passed, the habit of prayer matured a sweet attraction for it; and then it dawned upon Angela's enlightened soul that the shrine of prayer, the life of consecration, the vows of the cloister, were her life's divine birthright by the supreme claim of vocation. Then, both to her father and to Francesco, she wrote the eloquent plea of a pure young soul inspired by God—a plea which Francesco ignored and her father refused for both. The reverend mother had grieved, and Angela's confessor regretted that Don Angelo should oppose his daughter; yet neither had mourned like Angela, as one without hope. They knew that God's will would surely be done, however man might resist it; and, after all, Angela was very young. Perchance, in spite of her devotional sentiments, the revelation of her real vocation was yet to come.

With such considerations they sought to console Angela, but at first she could not be consoled. Her gentle heart was as the heart of Eve exiled from Paradise. Even in anticipation the world was a wilderness to her. To send her from the convent was like tearing up a white rose by the roots, for within its chapel dwelt the Love of her vestal soul. Later, however, resignation came to her by grace of "prayer with tears." She realized that her youth held her in bondage in God's eyes as well as in man's; and that filial obedience was virtually submission to the manifested will of God.

When the reverend mother gently broke to her that in all probability her summons to Los Angeles implied her speedy marriage, she spent an entire day in the chapel, and then set forth upon her journey with a calm, transfigured face. She no

longer rebelled; she no longer even wept. A mystical assurance of answered prayer consoled her. She had found the strength to pray that not her will but God's be done!

Recalling, as he galloped toward Los Angeles from the Mission, the padre's recent words, Francesco suddenly realized that if he were five-and-twenty Angela must have turned seventeen, and that already Don Angelo was preparing for her return to the ranch. Of late the festivities of the town had engrossed him and he had somewhat neglected the lonely old man; but now he was conscious of an eager desire to know just when Angela might be expected, and how and where he should first meet her as his bride-to-be, and if the cloister had still its rival charm for her, and all the legion maiden-things Don Angelo might have to tell of her. With a pang of remorse for his recent indifference, he sunk spurs in his horse and sped on to Los Angeles. Dismounting at the ranch, he suddenly swept off his sombrero, bowing low with a murmured exclamation of mingled surprise and admiration. For out in the sunshine, where the fragrance of lilac was sweet about her and the breezes fanned her like fluttering angel-wings, he stood face to face with the beautiful blonde Señorita Serra—his bride-elect, Angela!

III.

She was a tall, slight, statuesque girl, with great eyes like violets, and hair like a stream of sunshine, and a fair face lustrous in its perfect pallor as a young spring hyacinth sun-wooded from winter snows.

Don Angelo presented Francesco, excitedly explaining that the little Angela had but to-day stolen a march upon him, taken her old father by surprise, arrived at least a week earlier than he had supposed it possible; and that even now he had been about to set out for the Rancho Ferrani, to present to Francesco his profuse and humble apologies for lack of due notice of the arrival of his betrothed.

With the conventional salutation, Francesco prostrated himself before his bride-elect. Unmoved as a statue, Angela regarded him with calm, abstracted eyes, standing tall and straight and stately. A light laugh broke upon the silence of the moment. Don Angelo turned toward the corridor, and presented Francesco to his dead wife's sister, a widow still fair and youthful—Doris, the Countess de l'Abbeville, who since her marriage in France had become more Parisian in manner and speech than even the French themselves.

"But you are both so droll," she laughed, as she tripped daintily down the steps, clad in the tender gray and violet of resigned widowhood. "Lovers, betrothed lovers, and meeting like formal strangers! *Ciel*, but the cloister-angel is droll always! It has been a gay journey. I have laughed, laughed, laughed, every day and night. It is as if I chaperoned a statue from her convent chapel. But you, monsieur—you, as a *caballero*, will be a Pygmalion to your Galatea. Is it not so?"

"But peace, madame," commanded Don Angelo sternly. He did not love his laughing sister-in-law, though she had been as an elder sister to Angela. Her ways were too light and her views of life too frivolous. Nevertheless, the flighty countess was a good companion for Angela at present—just till her convent-seriousness be laughed away.

The countess flicked his cheek with a spray of lilac which she had broken from a plant as she walked from the corridor.

"The poor good Angelo," she smiled indulgently. "I will shock him no more, lest the angel have a new dueña; and that would break both our hearts, *n'est-ce-pas, petite chérie?*"

She fell back from Francesco's side as she spoke, and threw her arm about Angela's waist. The girl responded with a transfiguring smile. Francisco caught his breath as he saw it. Already the statue lived!

Regaining the corridor, the tactful countess monopolized her brother-in-law, resuming a somewhat painful confidence upon the subject dearest to his heart. When Francesco's arrival had interrupted her, she had been breaking to Don Angelo, first, that Angela's consent to a speedy marriage was not voluntary but only enforced submission; and secondly, that both the reverend mother and the convent physician had confided to her that Angela was pathetically delicate—that she had inherited her mother's fragile constitution—poor Don Angelo shuddered in sudden apprehension; in short, that her heart was her danger. She must be guarded from emotion and shock.

"*Dio mio!*" groaned Don Angelo, bowing his head to the railing. He had lost his wife. Was he to lose his daughter too?

"But mourn not yet, my Angelo," consoled the countess. "The stress of intense emotion should be feared for her, yes; but she is too cold, too reserved, too spirituelle to be in danger. Even love cannot kindle her. Behold her now, as her *beau amant* woes her. Not a flush of girlish embarrassment on her cheek; not even the glow of coquetry in her calm eyes. And

he is handsome. If I were a girl! But *hélas! moi*, I am but *une pauvre veuve*—ugly and old! Is it not so, *beau-frère?* ”

Her coquettish laugh rang past Don Angelo, to challenge Francesco's chivalry; but the challenged did not hear it. He heard nothing but the voice, saw nothing but the face of his pale, pure, gentle betrothed.

“I thank you for your beautiful ring, señor,” Angela was saying, with dutiful courtesy. She twisted it on her finger with a tender touch suggestive of a caress. “All the girls admired it,” she added, with an air of innocent pride. “Alita Robbins, who was graduated last year, became affianced too, and returned to show us her ring, which she had chosen herself; but I liked it less than mine. It was of blazing diamonds. For me, I like pearls best; and after, turquois. And you, señor?”

“Call me Francesco,” he demanded.

“Ought I?” she asked after a moment's timid hesitation, a hint of color fluctuating upon her cheek. “Forgive me. I did not know. It is a pretty name—Francesco! I”—her honesty struggled with her reserve, but her conscience forced her to speak out frankly: “I have called you Francesco always, in my prayers.”

A swift smile flashed from his eyes.

“Your prayers?” he repeated. “You have been praying for me?”

“Why, of course,” she answered. “Reverend mother bade me pray for you always, the night I received your ring. ‘To save men by prayer is the vocation of a woman of the world,’ she told me; and to fill well our vocation, señor—I mean Francesco—is to do the will of God. She wept because I was to be a woman of the world, the poor dear mother. She had prayed that I might be allowed to be a nun. It is sweet to be a nun—the convent-life is so peaceful, and the Lord of the chapel so near! I was cruelly disappointed when you did not answer my letter, Francesco. I prayed that you might no longer wish our betrothal, since I desired to be free. Now I am praying that you may find you do not like me; for if you should say to my father that you refuse to marry me, perhaps I might be a religious, after all.”

A colder man would have smiled at her simplicity, and consoled himself with the thought that a young girl's fancy for the convent was not the most dangerous of rivals. But Francesco's blood ran more fiercely in his veins, and his pride as well as his dawning sentiment was challenged.

"I did not answer your letter," he said, "because it was a letter that should never have been written. When my suit was first proffered, you submitted without protest. You accepted and wore my ring. To keep your faith is a case of *noblesse oblige*. Do they not teach honor as well as devotion in your convent?"

"Do not blame the convent for my faults," pleaded the girl loyally. "And 'honor' and 'devotion,' then—are these but human lessons, indeed? I had held them higher—as the teachings of the Divine Master, within one's heart!"

Francesco flushed. He was surprised by the spirited answer, gentle though it was. He felt rebuked as well as defeated; and his humiliation made his resolve the more relentless. This gentle rebel should feel his power. He could be stern as well as kind.

"I admit to you frankly," he said, "that to answer your letter favorably was my first impulse. I remembered you as a charming child, but it was rather in filial obedience than in personal desire that I sued for your hand. To Don Angelo, rather than to you, my honor was plighted; and, as you know, our marriage is still the desire of his heart. Now that I have seen you, however, now that we meet again and renew the intercourse dear in the days of childhood, something stronger than Don Angelo's wishes, stronger even than honor, binds me to you. Angela, maidens are not like men, and their hearts are kindled by love more slowly; but even though you do not love me yet, do you not already feel the possibility, the probability, even the shy, sweet certainty of loving me in the future? A wife must love her husband, Angela. Love is the vow of the marriage service. You would not stand before the altar with a lie on your lips? Then begin to love me now!"

The face of the girl looked grave and perplexed. "Why, of course I love you already, Francesco," she answered. "You and my father, and Aunt Doris! But I will love you all the better if you will help me to be a religious. I will pray for you always, and I am sure that God will bless you all your life. Only tell my father that you no longer care to marry me."

With a flushing face and a muttered word he rose.

"You have presented every possible plea for freedom," he said, "and having heard them one and all, I refuse it. Do not repeat this painful scene. When you are older and wiser you will know that woman-arguments are of no avail against

man's honor—and love. Understand this, once and for all: nothing shall prevent our marriage—nothing!”

With a deep bow, which included the countess and Don Angelo in its ceremonious leave-taking, he strode down the path, leaving the girl gazing after him, a dawn of trouble in her childlike eyes.

“Is he angry with me, do you think?” she asked of Doris.

“My dear,” laughed that mischievous chaperon, “never confuse the sentiments. A woman must always discriminate. Unless my eyes deceive me, the handsome *caballero* is leaving you not in anger, but—in love!”

“Chut!” said Don Angelo, taking the troubled Angela in his arms. “The aunt speaks nonsense. Is it not so, *cita mia*? It is time for the *siesta*—yes? Thy Francesco is not angered, no. Thou wilt find that he will smile upon thee at dinner.”

IV.

Life at Los Angeles was a succession of *siestas* and *fiestas* and out-of-door pleasures. Doris enjoyed its luxurious languor and social gayeties, and every day looked younger and handsomer; but Angela scrupled its idleness and enervating self-indulgence. She had brought ideals of life from the convent with her, but she was not able to live up to them. In distress of conscience she wrote her trouble to the reverend mother, who answered her that to set aside her own wishes and pleasures for those of her father and affianced was now the supreme and holiest duty of her life. Thereupon Angela felt more resigned to her butterfly existence, and fluttered in the sunshine with freer wings; which made life at Los Angeles less complex. Gradually it resolved itself, so far as Angela was concerned, into almost unbroken intercourse with Francesco. When he was not with Angela he was with Doris or the Mission-padre, since with both he could talk of her. Perhaps he was happier talking of, than to her. The line of formal friendship which her maidenhood had laid down tortured his impetuous spirit, as his love grew. Her aloofness was invulnerable; and he fretted under it until his handsome, brilliant face grew sharp and haggard.

“*Caramba!*” he would cry, galloping to the padre as to a refuge. “Is it to punish the sins of my youth that this one white maiden should not love me? Penance, my padre, penance for the errors of the past!”

But the padre only smiled, and patted his shoulder sooth-

ingly. "Patience, my son," he urged. "Love is a flower that blooms but slowly in a virgin heart. If it blushes not for thee in time, then the pure white flower is claimed by Heaven, and thou wilt grant it freely. Is it not so?"

But Francesco only muttered behind his teeth, and rode away with gloomy face, to pour out his woes to Doris.

"Can you not help me, you, a woman, to a maiden's heart?" he cried to her. "Is she asleep, or of childish mind, or really an angel incarnate, and not a human maiden at all, this marble Angela, that love cannot touch even her pity, though it die before her eyes?"

"Not I," responded Doris firmly. "I wash my hands of the marriage. I have grown to think it should not be. Break your troth, Francesco. Console yourself with another, and let Angela return to her reverend mother. When the vocation speaks, all is said. Be generous, and tell her father you release her. She will never be happy, never even contented, outside of convent walls."

"She shall never return to them," vowed Francesco passionately. "She is mine! You hear me? Mine! Happy or unhappy, she shall be my wife when the wedding day arrives. I will demand of Don Angelo that it be in a month—a week."

He strode away with the fierce abruptness that had been growing upon him with all save Angela. Doris shrugged her shoulders, as she made a *moué* after him. If he knew all that she had not told him, she murmured to herself that he would speak with less certainty of the wedding day.

On the previous night, after a dance in the *sala*, in which, as at all other dances, Angela had gently but firmly refused to take active part, she had stolen with sobs into Doris's room.

The tinkling of Francesco's guitar still floated from beneath her window, around the corner of the house. He had a beautiful baritone voice, and sang with the utmost abandon and fervor. All that his heart had come to feel for Angela he poured out nightly, in his lover's serenade. At first Angela had taken a simple delight in the blended music of voice and mandolin, and rewarded him by a rose flung from her window, after the fashion of her race; but of late she fled him, even stopping her small ears from the resonant love-notes that the señoritas of the other ranchos would lie awake many nights to hear but once.

"Aunt Doris," she cried, "his music hurts me! It says to my heart what it is not mine to hear. The love-songs of men

are not for me. I feel that I should go to confession to the Mission-padre—as if I were desecrating the sacred something God put in my heart in the convent chapel when I prayed to be a nun. Oh, save me from the world, save me, save me! This human love is not sweet to me, but only terrible. Say to my father that I cannot obey him. Say to Francesco that I cannot marry him. Beg of the Mission-padre to plead with my father, to pray—pray—pray!”

She had sobbed herself into a nervous collapse, and suddenly swooned back, cold and rigid. Doris sped to Don Angelo's room for some mescal, which she mixed with the drug Angela's physician had given her, and forced it between the girl's pale lips. Then she returned to the door, to which Don Angelo had anxiously followed her; and speaking in whispers, told him to send Francesco and his guitar away for ever, for to stand longer between Angela and the vocation of her heart would be to lead a lamb to the slaughter. Don Angelo stamped and raved in rage, vowing by his father's honored grave that Angela should keep her troth. Francesco was already as the son of his heart; and was he, a sonless, lonely man, to sacrifice for a shy girl's whim the hope and dream of his life? Therefore, when with wan face and piteous, appealing eyes, Angela timidly stole her hand in his, and sobbed out her petition to return to the convent, he was harsh to her for the first time in his life, and told her that he blushed for her dishonor!

“Thou wilt marry Francesco on the earliest day he will marry thee, and be his loving, dutiful spouse as thy mother was to me; and be this the last of thy hysterical convent-nonsense, or, by the great God above us, I send to-night for the Mission-padre and wed thee to Francesco out of hand!”

So vowed Don Angelo, panting and roaring in one of his rare rages, in which Angela had not before seen him; and as he had intended, the sight awed her. She went from his side hopelessly. To marry Francesco in spite of all that stirred in her soul against it must be the irrevocable will of God! It was her sin, her sin of pride and contumacy, that even yet she doubted it.

“You have only yourself to blame,” reproached Doris, when Don Angelo told her. “Nothing would suit you but the convent for her, for ten long years. Not even the summer holidays with me could be permitted! Now you think to transplant your cloister-lily to the highway of the world! It is too late, I tell you. Of course you can force her to marry Fran-

cesco; but if it does not kill her, as I predict it will, she will still be a failure, and you will live to see the unhappiness of both. Since you reap but as you have sown, be generous, and save the girl, at least, from further suffering. Bid her live out her frail life as she wishes. It will not be a long life, Angelo. Give her her will."

"I will see her dead before me, first," vowed Don Angelo. "She shall never be a nun, she shall never live unmarried. Better her death, both for her and me! I have said it."

Therefore the bridal preparations went on more hastily, and Francesco's prayer for a speedier wedding was graciously granted.

The request had been born of wilful impulse and resentment; and looking into Angela's appealing face, Francesco repented them, and wondered if, after all, the longer probation might not have been to his advantage? But Don Angelo was not the man with whom to trifle. Angela's destiny was written.

Through the days that followed Angela lived like one in a bad dream. She realized only that she was sorely disturbed and troubled, and homesick for the peace and purity and sweet solitude of the convent. She wrote long letters to the reverend mother, who answered them kindly and wisely, with frank exhortations to filial and womanly duty, and submission to the manifest will of God; but even her prayer for resignation, though it calmed her, failed to bring her shadowed spirit light. She did not see her way through the worldly labyrinth before her, and her panic-stricken soul had lost its trustful hold of the Divine Hand that would guide her through the dark. She looked even more fragile than when she had first come to the ranch; but she was more beautiful as well, with the maturer beauty of emotive expression. There had been only the peace of innocence, the exaltation of devotion, to reflect when she had first emerged from the convent; but now her sensitive face was as a kaleidoscope, vivid and changeful, its pallor stained by a fitful, feverish glow. She was restless always, with the startled air of a shy young fawn, and the eyes of a hunted thing appealing for its life. Her sleepless nights of vigil and prayer, and the emotional and social strain of her days, told on her frail physique, and attacks of heart-pain grew frequent. Doris reminded Don Angelo of the physician's warning, but the pride and self-will of the man were aroused and he yielded no quarter. A few weeks previous to the anticipated wedding-day he gave a ball in the lover's honor, and commanded that Angela should dance. Dreaming with pater-

nal pride of the picture to be made by the beautiful heiress of Los Angeles, with her cheeks flushed and her loosened hair enveloping her white-robed form like a shimmering cloud of gold, he had been annoyed from the first at her exclusion from the triumphs of the gay and vivacious señoritas of the neighboring ranchos, who whirled their laces into tatters, and their dusky hair down from its combs and pins, dancing with racial fervor; and on this her last social appearance until she should stand forth a bride, he insisted that she should honor Francesco. She obediently gave him her hand for the *contradanza*, and her gentle grace and swaying, willowy motion evoked the admiration of the rancheros and the envy of the rivalled señoritas, among whose brunette ranks Angela stood like a tall white lily, her hair its coronal of gold.

After the dance she stole to her room, where she sank on her knees before her little altar. The spells of the music and dance were upon her, and with youthful scrupulousness she resisted their subtle charm as a sin, and fled to God as her refuge from temptation. The awful thought that her, tempted spirit was already failing his call, or that in the worldly life to be forced upon her she would weakly yield to temptation, tortured and terrified her. Her slender form quivered and her face was stained with tears as she cowered under her burden of potential guilt. The waltz tunes floated to her from the flutes and harps and guitars in the corridor. Along their melody her inarticulate murmurs sobbed like the broken echo of a minor song.

"Father, in Christ's Name, pity thy child!" she petitioned. "I am not strong enough for the temptations into which evil days have led me. The snares of the world are around me, and I cannot see thy face. Deliver me, O God, from the pitfalls that surround and daze me! Guide me back to the prayer and toil, the peace and purity, the hush and solitude of the blessed cloister. Deny me not the chalice for which my soul's love thirsts! Quench not the flax that burns for God alone! Crush not the reed that clings to Christ! Mary, my mother, rend the chains that drag me from thee! Jesus, in Mary's name, reject not the service of my poor life!"

She was weeping still when Don Angelo came for her. In a voice of thunder he commanded her to dry her tears, rearrange her disordered toilette, and return with him to the *sala*. An undulating Mexican waltz was just beginning. He called Francesco and cast her roughly into his arms. The re-

volt of her blue eyes, the whispered plea of her trembling lips, maddened Francesco. Why should she shrink from waltzing with him? Had her father not given her to him? Was she not his affianced bride? He crushed his chivalrous impulse to yield to her maiden wishes, and resolutely drew her into the mazes of the dance. The pace of the waltz grew swifter. The emotional fervor of tropical races pulsed in its rhythm. The lights blurred and the world whirled for the maiden meshed in the toils of pleasure. She seemed to see the dove of her white ideals departing, and faced, in its place, the angel with flaming sword! The conflict of God and man, of earth and heaven, was waged before her eyes, and her virginal heart quailed shuddering from the conflict.

"O God!" sobbed the prayer of her soul—"O God, I am thine, thine only! Hold me from all save thee! I have vowed thee my life! Cast me not to thy creature! Succor, thou great God, succor!"

Francesco felt her form sway and quiver, and saw her lips whiten as her eyes closed above them. The waltz tune ended and his arms released her. She fell back palely. The dancers, with cries of surprise and pity, crowded about her; then made way for Don Angelo, who approached with a face of dread.

"*Dio mio*," he screamed, "but she is going like her mother! But no, no, no, it shall not be so! She shall live, I say, to do my will, and marry! Angelacita! Angelacita! Angelacita!"

"Hush, dear!" sobbed Doris. "The way of the world was not for her. She is the bride of Heaven!"

Murmuring of the padre, a dozen devout rancheros mounted their steeds and spurred them toward the Mission; but already the padre was making his way through the *sala*. Beyond the corridor, in the lonely darkness under the stars, he had been hearkening to the music—the passion, half joy, half sorrow, of his heaven-haunted soul!

"What has happened?" he asked of Francesco, waving back the others, and laying his gentle hand on the head of Don Angelo, sobbing over the prostrate body.

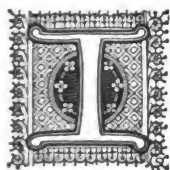
"But I have killed her, I who loved her, I," raved Francesco. "Only a dance against her will, and she was dead in my arms, padre—dead!"

"She was an angel," sighed the padre, "and her white wings fled from thee to heaven! Did I not warn thee, my son, not to stand between the Creator and his creature? God has but claimed his own!"



CHRISTMAS IN ROME.

BY GRACE V. CHRISTMAS.



IT is Christmas time, and there is a sense of stir and excitement in the crisp, cool atmosphere. The pavements of the "Eternal City" are trodden by people of varied nationalities speaking in various tongues, and the shops are gay with glittering baubles.

"Plum-puddings for sale." The printed notice attracts the eye from the windows of the "English Tea-Rooms," and the English and Americans, as they pass to and fro across the sunlit Piazza di Spagna, seeking souvenirs of the season for "the old folks at home," discover suddenly that the prosaic announcement is invested with a touch of poetry and pathos—under an Italian sky! Scarlet hollyberries gleam amongst the purple violets and many-hued chrysanthemums at the flower-stalls, and Christmas cards may be purchased on every side. The native shop-keeper has fully grasped the situation, and finds both pleasure and profit in supplying the national wants of the lavishly disposed *forestieri* within his gates.

Regarded from a Roman point of view, however, Christmas Day is not so much a family *festa* as is the case in other countries. It is celebrated with all possible pomp and magni-

ficence as one of the greatest feasts of the church, but the presentation of useful or ornamental gifts plays no leading part in the programme.

With regard to edible presents it is another story. Sausages, plump capons, and other delicacies are bestowed upon absent friends and relatives, and hundreds of "panettoni" are despatched by parcel post all over Italy. These somewhat insipid cakes are apparently held in high esteem, though the reason for this predilection is far to seek. They are unwieldy to pack, and they are not particularly palatable, being composed of eggs, flour, and yeast, forming a sort of very light dough, with here and there a solitary currant separated by a painful distance from its companions. Such are the "panettoni," and yet every postman staggers under their accumulated weight, and aunts, cousins, mothers-in-law, and uncles send them with monotonous regularity to various members of the family, frequently receiving the self-same souvenir in return. One of the

unwritten laws of Italian etiquette demands that upon the receipt of a gift the debt of gratitude shall be promptly paid by a present to the giver, with the evident intention of shaking off the irksome load of obligation and crying "quits" as soon as possible. "Pan 'gi-allo," the Ital-

ian substitute for plum-pudding, and "pan forte" are also greatly in request as tokens of amity. This latter dainty, of which it may be said that a little goes a long way, resembles soft hard-cake, and pounded almonds enter largely into its preparation. It occu-



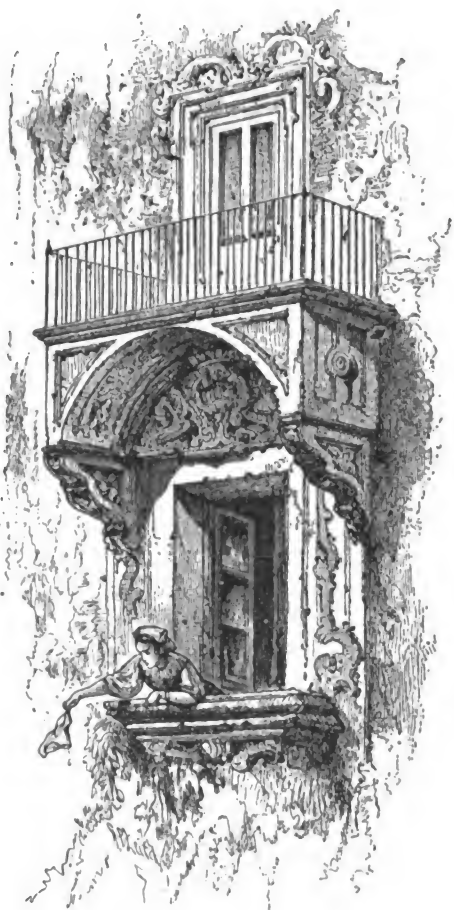
A VENDER OF MISTLETOE.

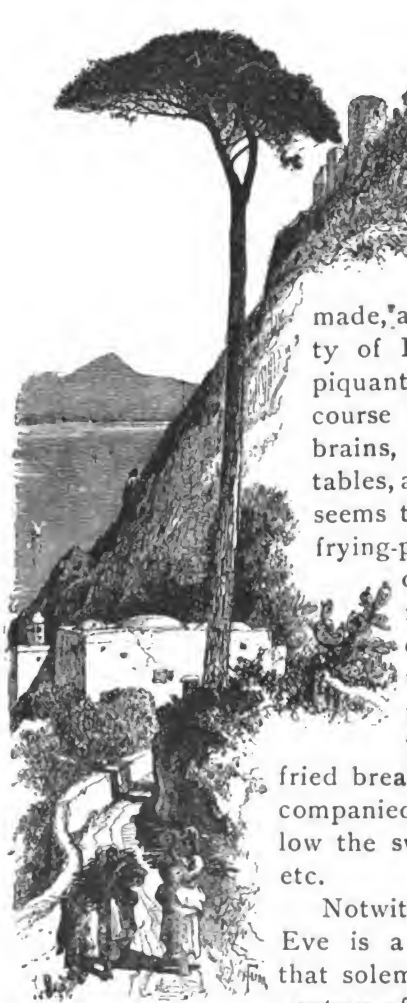
pies at this season a prominent place in the confectioners' shops, which are well worth looking at from an artistic point of view, with their ethereally tinted bonbons in gaily-colored satin bags, and their variety of cakes frosted over with sugar icing in pink and white.

The exception to the lack of Christmas presents is found within the walls of the Quirinal Palace. Queen Margherita is extremely lavish in her ideas, and enriches her maids of honor and particular friends with a variety of splendid gifts, thereby gladdening the hearts and filling the pockets of the shop-keepers on the Corso whom she elects to patronize on these occasions. King Humbert, of the melancholy visage, is also not behindhand in this respect, and his nephews come in for a large share of his munificence.

Christmas gifts of a more ideal character flow from the outstretched hands of the saintly Prisoner in the Vatican in the shape of practical assistance to God's poor, who are also provided with several Christmas dinners through the charity of the various Catholic societies in Rome.

In sunny Italy, by the way, the Christmas dinner is not quite such a solemn function as it is in England and Germany; still the natives of this fair land are well able to appreciate the delicacies of the season. The huge sirloin of beef, and the flaming plum-pudding, whose memory is apt to linger in the form of indigestion, are unknown items in an Italian dinner, their place being usurped by a capon stuffed with chestnuts, and the gala dish on all festive occasions, "*panna montata*," or whipped cream. The following is a fairly typical menu of a Roman dinner-party on the 25th of December. It varies





"WHEN SHEPHERDS FROM THE ABRUZZI MOUNTAINS MADE THEIR APPEARANCE IN THE CITY OF THE SAINTS TO HERALD THE BIRTH OF CHRIST."

according to tastes, but this is the general order of the courses: Clear soup with "capelletti" floating in it, viz., little hat-shaped pieces of maccaroni filled with forcemeat. This is followed by the "lesso," or meat of which the soup has been made, an inevitable feature on the majority of Italian tables, and served with a piquant sauce and vegetables. The next course is the "fritto misto," a dish of brains, liver, potatoes, and various vegetables, all fried that rich golden color which seems to be only obtainable in a foreign frying-pan. Bologna sausage, a specialité of the season, is then partaken of; no Christmas dinner being considered complete without its somewhat garlicky presence. Now appears the capon in all its substantial glory, surrounded by siffets of fried bread and pounded anchovies, and accompanied by a fresh green salad. Then follow the sweets, ices, and "panna montata," etc.

Notwithstanding the fact that Christmas Eve is a black fast, the evening meal on that solemn vigil partakes somewhat of the nature of a *festa*. The changes are rung on roast, boiled, and fried fish, and the *pièce de résistance* consists of a dish of stewed eels.

Many of the quaint customs which formerly distinguished a Roman Christmas have in these modern days unhappily fallen into disuse. Time was when, during the nine days of the novena which precedes the feast of Christmas, picturesquely clad shepherds from the Abruzzi mountains made their appearance in the "city of the saints" to herald the Birth of Christ. The "Pifferi," as they were termed, played carols on their bagpipes before the shrines of the Madonna which adorn so many of the old Roman streets, and on payment of a few "soldi"

their services could be obtained in private oratories for family devotion.

We have considered Christmas from a material and gastro-nomic point of view ; now let us glance at the spiritual side of things.

It is Christmas Eve, and the broad flight of steps leading to St. Peter's is thronged with a cosmopolitan crowd. Inside the vast basilica the first Vespers of the feast are being sung, the sweet voices of the Sistine Choir rising and falling in melodious cadences, and blending together in waves of harmony which echo through the lofty



"PLAYING CAROLS BEFORE THE SHRINES OF THE MADONNA."



"ROME ON HER SEVEN HILLS LIES BATHED IN SUNSHINE."

ons and students from the Vatican Seminary in their deep purple cassocks.

On this Christmas Eve of 1899 begins the solemn year of Jubilee, and the "holy door," closed for so long a space of time, is to be thrown open by the Holy Father, as a sign that the "Anno Santo" has begun to run its course.

There is no Midnight Mass within the walls of this grand basilica, but the office of Lauds is chanted, and an exquisite "Pastorelle," sung by the Sistine Choir in the "wee sma' hours" before the dawn, and the first High Mass on Christmas morning is celebrated at five o'clock A. M. In every college and convent chapel in Rome, however, and in many of the churches, the Holy Sacrifice is offered up at midnight, and the joyful tidings "In terra pax hominibus bonæ voluntatis"—once sung by the angels—are repeated over and over on earth and are echoed in heaven. . . . It is Christmas morning. Rome on her seven hills lies bathed in sunshine, and overhead stretches a canopy of cloudless, unfathomable blue. Bells are pealing gaily from many a gray old belfry and lofty tower; the churches are decked with silken hangings of gold and crimson, and waxen tapers gleam on every altar, and shed their light beside the Crib of the Babe of Bethlehem.

Let us ascend the historic flight of steps leading to the side entrance of the Church of Ara Cœli. We are treading upon haunted ground—haunted by the spirits of the pagan past. Here Tiberius Gracchus met his death in front of the Temple of Jupiter, and at the summit is the spot where Valerius the consul fought with Herdonius for the possession of the Capitol.

dome. Now they are singing the "Magnificat," and a procession, headed by the cardinal-secretary of state with his scarlet robes and dignified presence, passes on its way to the altar of the Blessed Sacrament—a gorgeous procession of ermine-coped can-

Here also—but these memories are incongruous with the joyful *fiesta* of to-day.

The picturesque old church is thronged with worshippers, and the brown-clad sons of St. Francis are singing the “Gloria in Excelsis.” There is no touch of modernity in this spacious building, where the dust of centuries lies on the mediæval tombs, and time has laid a heavy hand on the once gorgeous-



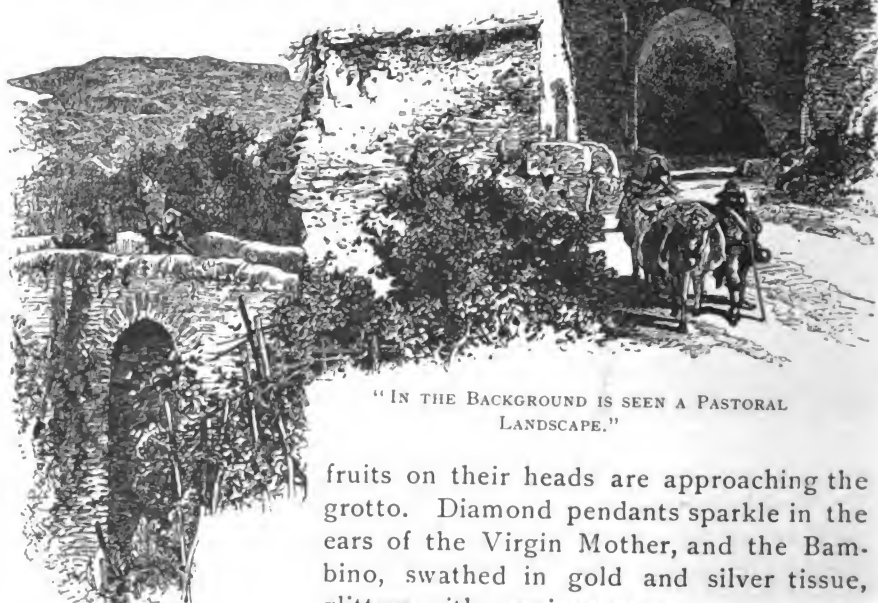
IN A ROMAN GARDEN.

ly tinted frescoes of Pesaro and Pinturicchio, and on the rich gilding of the lofty roof. It presents, in fact, a certain dim, dingy appearance; but, as it has been happily described, it is “the dimness of faded splendor.”

• Let us turn to the Chapel of the Presepio, where the celebrated image of the Bambino d’Ara Cœli lies in His Mother’s arms. It is but fitting that the most beautiful crib in Rome

should be found in a church of the Franciscan Order, for it was the Seraphic Friar of Assisi who first conceived the idea of a representation of the stable at Bethlehem.

In the foreground the life-size figures of our Lady and St. Joseph are placed in a grotto, and immediately behind them we see the ox and the ass. On one side shepherds and kings are kneeling in adoration, and overhead the Eternal Father is surrounded by smiling cherubs and angels "harping on their harps." In the background is seen a pastoral landscape, in which the perspective is admirably executed. Shepherds are reposing under the shade of palm-trees, and sheep, made of real wool and cotton wool, are feeding near a crystal fountain, while women bearing baskets of oranges and other



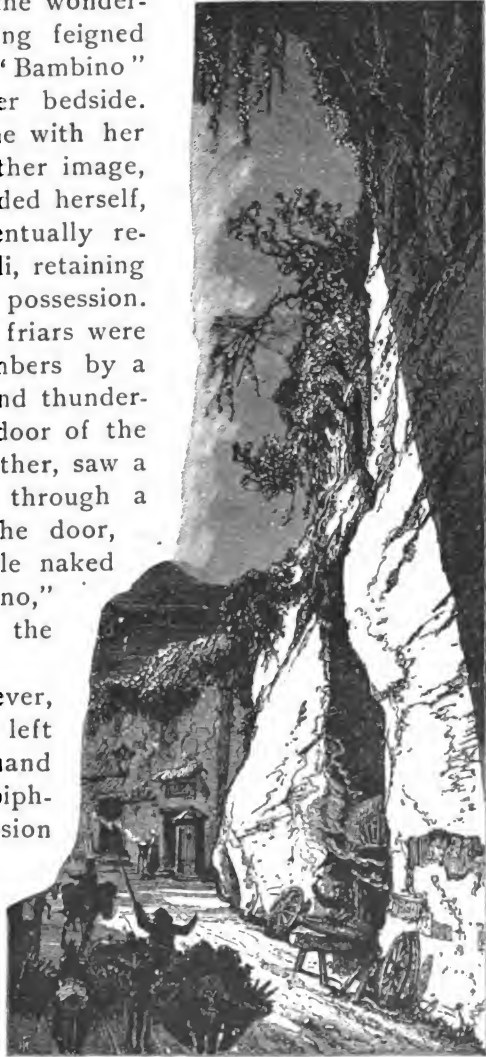
fruits on their heads are approaching the grotto. Diamond pendants sparkle in the ears of the Virgin Mother, and the Bambino, swathed in gold and silver tissue, glitters with precious gems.

A temporary platform is erected opposite the Presepio from which every day during the octave juvenile orators deliver eloquent sermons on the Incarnation. It is most amusing to

watch the gestures and the varying expressions of these tiny preachers, as they stand surrounded by a group of admiring relations. The quality of shyness is usually conspicuous by its absence from these performances, and whenever a trace of it does appear it is invariably in a little boy!

Space will not allow us to dwell upon the history of the Bambino d'Ara Cœli. Hare describes it as the "oldest medical practitioner in Rome," and many are the miraculous cures attributed to it. There is a very pretty legend concerning it which, if not true, is at least "*ben trovato*." A woman had cast covetous eyes upon the wonder-working image, and, having feigned sickness, begged that the "Bambino" might be brought to her bedside. As soon as she was alone with her prize she dressed up another image, with which she had provided herself, in its garments, and eventually returned it to the Ara Cœli, retaining the original in her own possession. That night the sleeping friars were aroused from their slumbers by a violent ringing of bells and thundering knocks on the west door of the church, and hastening thither, saw a tiny pink foot peeping through a crevice. They opened the door, and there stood the little naked figure of the true "Bambino," shivering in the wind and the rain.

Since then it has never, under any pretext, been left alone with those who demand its presence. On the Epiphany it is carried in procession round the church, accompanied by priests and people, Tertiaries in their brown habits, gendarmes to guard the diamonds, rubies, and emeralds with which it is encrusted, and



a band of music. The great west door is thrown open, the golden glory of the sunset gilds the mosaic pavement, and the "Bambino" is raised high above the crowd to bestow its blessing upon the "Eternal City." The scene on this long flight of a hundred and twenty-four steps leading to the west door has been well described in *Roba di Roma*: "Here are to be seen all sorts of curious little colored prints of the Madonna and Child, little bags, pewter medals, and crosses stamped with the same figures, all offered at once for the sum of one soldo. Here also are framed pictures of the saints and of the Nativity. Little wax dolls clad in cotton wool, to represent the Saviour, and sheep made of the same material, are also sold by the basketful. Children and 'contadini' are busy buying them, and there is a deafening roar all up and down the steps of "Mezzo soldo, bello colorito, Diario Romano, Ritratto colorito—Bambinello di Cera—un soldo!" None of the prices are higher than one soldo, except to strangers, and generally several articles are held up together, enumerated, and proffered with a loud voice for this sum. Meanwhile men, women, children, priests, beggars, soldiers, and 'villani' are crowding up and down, and we crowd with them."

In the afternoon of Christmas Day all Rome flocks to Santa Maria Maggiore, on the Esquiline Hill. Solemn Vespers are sung by the Sistine Choir, and at their conclusion the "Holy Cradle," in its crystal and gold case, is carried in procession, followed by canons, priests, and acolytes, the cardinal titular of the basilica bringing up the rear.

Apart from the religious ceremonies Santa Maria Maggiore is a rendezvous for friends and acquaintances on Christmas afternoon. One must have arrived at a very high pitch of spirituality to be able to follow undistracted the never-ending psalms as rendered by Rome's sweetest singers. Those, therefore, who are still clinging to the lower rungs of the ladder of perfection walk up and down the spacious edifice waiting for the procession, or stand about in groups of twos and threes, exchanging the greetings of the season. That "great endings have small beginnings" is an aphorism which is truer than most. *Two* conversions to Catholicity within our knowledge, and possibly many others, have originated in a few chance words spoken on Christmas Day in the old historic church of Santa Maria Maggiore. In one case, by the way, the instrument chosen by God for a soul's salvation was a young man, then studying for the priesthood at the North American Col-

lege, and who is now laboring in his own country for the good of his fellow-creatures. And she who was led by his influence into the one true fold of Christ has gone to receive her eternal reward in heaven.

The Epiphany, or "Befana," is pre-eminently the children's feast in Rome, and the day on which they reap a fine harvest of presents. It is a time of family rejoicing especially.

This year the beautiful custom of having the "Quarant' Ore" all night long will be observed in every church in Rome on the eve of this feast to usher in the new century.

Vespers are over on the feast of the Epiphany; the last verse of the "Magnificat" has died away upon the incense-scented air; the momentary twilight has faded and the stars are beginning to glitter in the southern sky. The *fiesta* is at an end, but it leaves behind it deep and lingering memories, and though it may be that we shall celebrate succeeding anniversaries of the birth of Christ in other lands and amidst other surroundings, the recollection of our Christmas in Rome will be stamped for ever on the tablets of our minds.



THE ETHICS OF REALISM.

BY REV. THOMAS J. HAGERTY, A.M., S.T.B.

I.



HE key-note of sound reading is struck by no less a master than Mr. Ruskin when he tells us, in his *Fors Clavigera*:* "You ought to read books as you take medicine, by advice and not advertisement." He, in sooth, is a rash man who swallows cyanide of potassium for a headache because its color catches his eye; and he is unwise who reads the novels of Zola on the plea that the publishers advertise them in such charming morocco binding. The harm done in either case is likely to be more lasting than color or binding. It is the power of this truth which is slowly pushing Catholic books to the front. The faithful need remedies against the ignorance and bigotry and lying whose germs are everywhere. The very air, in places, reeks with prejudice against the church. Misrepresentation of religion is rife in pulpit and platform, in histories, books of travel, novels, and magazines. The most sacred things are travestied.

Within our own century worthy men like Sir Walter Scott and Washington Irving make merry with monks hankering after paltry pelf, and large-minded men like Tennyson prate of

"The poor man's money gone to fat the friar."

Even the gentle Longfellow must needs strain his harp to harsh notes in telling how the portly abbot abused the gift of Vogelweld, the Minnesinger. So well informed and clever a writer as Israel Zangwill speaks in one of his American novels, *The Master*, of the poor Indians trying to scrape together enough money for the yearly remission of sins at the hands of the priest; and Lionel Dècle, in his *Trooper 3809*, besmirches the loving ministry of the Sisters of Charity. These things, were they done in a clumsy fashion, would die of their own awkwardness; but the guise of fair-mindedness and the witchery of diction wherewith they are garnished keep them alive in the world.

*Vol. i. p. 274.

II.

The age in which we live is no respecter of persons, be they churchmen or laymen. It will heed no man who speaks to it with uncouth tongue or faltering knowledge. It views with scornful eye all who skulk in dark corners and who cannot bear the search-light of science. It circles

“Thro' new spheres of thought
Still moving after truth long sought.”

The thinkers of our age have been quick to note, and to take advantage of, the age's thirst for things new. They see that the old, prosy forms of teaching pall on its palate; and they are ever in quest of wells of water with strange flavors to tempt its relish. The atheist, the agnostic, and the socialist no longer write heavy essays and lumbering dissertations. They set their theories to the music of easy-flowing rhyme or subtly weave them into the warp and woof of romance. The cankered nature-studies of Thoreau are examples to the point. Thoreau was as much a decadent in his own way as Le Gallienne or Verlaine of later times. To him Buddhism was better than Christianity, and the flowers and ferns along the Concord and Merrimac rivers of more moment than religion and the God-head. Worship and ritual seemed to his narrowed thinking “like the beating of gongs in a Hindoo's subterranean temple.” He had high words of praise for the coarse, phallic deities of Greece and Rome, and little but scorn for what he was pleased to call “the Christian fable.” He possessed a wondrous genius for bodying forth the woods and waters and glens, though his pictures are blotted by sophistry and the smudge of unbelief. The calumnies of George Borrow's classic, *The Bible in Spain*, and the flippant falsehoods of Henry Seton Merriman's *In Kedar's Tents* in less winsome array would strut and fume upon the world's stage to small purpose; while the sensualism of Madame Grand and her kind, if put into blunter phrase, would shock the thickest-skinned reader.

Most Catholics are quickened into protest by such things as Lea's labored tricks with the history of indulgences; “but if a tone of friendliness is affected; if the hackneyed calumnies are carefully discarded; if insinuations and innuendos are substituted for direct attack; if, under the garb of literature or science, plausible misrepresentations are stealthily introduced,

the ordinary reader is thrown off his guard. . . . He is not shocked by the grossest blasphemies because they are clothed in decorous language; he accepts the merest sophisms as arguments because they appeal to his vanity; and, before he is aware of it, he is half won over."*

III.

In fact, there is a looseness about many present-day books which passes for broad thought among the reviewers, and he is indeed a bold wight who dares run full tilt against their judgment. To be abreast of the times one must see in the unlawful loves of the average novel types which bring him into touch with the weakness, the yearning, and the world-pain of our common blood. He must find a repressed power in the writer who shows him "the naturalness of the man and woman who are trying in their different blind ways to do right, and yet with whom everything nevertheless goes wrong."† If he blush at the coarseness of D'Annunzio or sicken from the reading of Grant Allen, he is no better than a witless churl whose mind has never gone beyond the pages of Jane Austen; and he is driven out of the tents, an Ismael, if he hold that there is no helpfulness in the wild passions, the mad liaisons, and the animalism of such tales and psychologic studies as we get from Thomas Hardy, Hall Caine, and, betimes, from Marie Corelli.

The glib phrase, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*," will not answer when we set ourselves against a realism which gloats over woman's shame and man's dishonor; for virtue cannot be abashed by the charge of squeamishness nor deafened by the blare of publishers' trumpets. The setting up of wrong standards of art in the high places of literature has the same effect as the making of false gods had upon an earlier people. A falling off from true ideals is a serving of idols, whether it be in religion or letters. No darker portrayal of the consequences can be found anywhere than in the fourteenth chapter of the Book of Wisdom: "All things are mingled together, blood, murder, theft, and dissimulation, corruption and unfaithfulness, tumults and perjury, disquieting of the good, forgetfulness of God, defiling of souls, changing of nature, disorders in marriage, and the irregularity of adultery and uncleanness."

It may not be urged that the novelist does not create these

* *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, Oct., 1897, p. 675.

† *The Bookman*, Jan., 1897, p. 469.

conditions but only mirrors them, for the reflection of them multiplies them all the more in the minds and memories of his reader. Criminologists like Desjardins, Garofalo, and Ferri recognize such literature as a factor in the evolution of crime. Henry James's *What Maisie Knew* belongs to it as much as Victorien Sardou's *Theodora*. It plays its part in our divorce courts and it steals into the houses of men. Henry James's book is read by hundreds who delight to wallow in the mire over which Maisie passes with clean feet, and who care not a straw for the cold intellectual treatment, the psychology, and the vestal purity of Mr. James.

IV.

The shallowness and double-dealing, the greed and lust, which so fill the horizon of the extreme realism are no proofs of any lack of depth, frankness, and pure manhood in every avenue of life. Blemishes strike us more forcibly than perfections only because of the comeliness which heightens them. The eye is quickly arrested by a blot in the heavens, the while it may be unmindful of the sky of soft, changing colors which stretches away from it. Good needs no bugle-notes to sound its presence. It is everywhere. We breathe it in with the very air. Evil, on the other hand, is self-assertive. It is more noticeable only because it is froward and noisy; but it has no right to a hearing in every ear in virtue of its loudness. Evil, it is true, has its lessons—just as garbage-boxes have their uses, though no man wants them in his kitchen or drawing-room. And so, even when the novelist of the day offers things not bad in themselves, but merely vulgar, he should have no guest-favors in the castle of the soul.

Maurice Jokai and Catulle Mendès may do well enough on the dissecting-table of the critic, but they are ill-suited for the cleaner clinic of the home. It were a bootless task to look for moral antiseptics against the diseased fancies which swarm through their pages. To read them is to become infected by them. No physician will admit that to the healthy all things are healthy; and no moralist will grant too wide a range to the words of St. Paul: "To the pure all things are pure." The text has been twisted out of its merely local meaning, and is grown into a shibboleth in that shadowy Bohemia which is the modern Babylon of literature.

Sin and wretchedness may be made to serve as foils to vir-

tue, but when they are crowded to the front they darken the light and befoul the air. Strychnine, for example, is a boon to nerve-wasted bodies, though it is the curse of death to the normal man. And thus it is with books. Realism in literature is "of a mingled yarn, good and ill together." It need not, however, be of the earth, earthy; for the cloud-tints which make the welkin a vast ceiling of Mexican onyx have as much reality in them as the gaudy posters which flaunt their colors from fence and barn-side. There is realism in perfume as well as in stench; and although naturalness is not of itself unrighteousness, yet we do not take our drinking-water from the ditches any more than we draw our morals from the slums. The world has still warmth enough to be independent of the success or failure of Dean Swift's projector in extracting sunbeams from cucumbers; and there is ample food to be had without imitating that other projector of the Great Academy of Lagado in his mawkish experiments.

V.

Doubtless Gulliver had a strong stomach; but were he to go through Gabriel d'Annunzio's *Triumph of Death* he would come out of it with gastro-enteritis. The book is typical of its sort. The play of satire does not save it from the refined lewdness which wantons between the lines. Power there is in it and art, though the power is unto evil and the art runs riot. Small wonder, too, since D'Annunzio is the chief of that school which clings to the hedonism of Aristippus, and whose high-priest is Omar Khayyam:

"Ah, fill the cup:—what boots it to repeat
How Time is slipping underneath our feet?
Unborn *to-morrow* and dead *yesterday*,
Why fret about them, if *to-day* be sweet?"*

Art for art's sake, and not art for truth's sake, is the measure of their writing. Whatever stirs the nerves with new pleasures and thrills the senses with rare movements gives the needed tint and tone to life. It matters not whether it be right or wrong, but it must be dainty and soothing. Honest husbands and pure wives are too commonplace to fit nicely into this system. Its influence does not make for righteousness. It seldom finds that exquisite passion which intensifies

* *The Rubaiyat*, Fitz-Gerald's Translation, xxxvii.

the passing moment save in nastiness. And yet virtue is to the full as stirring as vice. The truth that

“Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power,”*

is as fragrant with dramatic possibilities as the doctrine of hopelessness, passion, and distrust. Even Sophocles, pagan though he was, asked:

“Shall Judgment be less strong than Sin?
Shall man o’er Jove dominion win?”†

Shall Tolstoi’s vague economy take the lead of Dr. Egan’s clearer guidance in *The Disappearance of John Longworthy*? Shall Beatrice Harraden’s *The Fowler* crowd Josephine Marie’s *Let no Man put Asunder* from our book-shelves? Shall we join in the literary heresies of Andrew Lang and admire Marie Corelli, the while we neglect Gladstone’s praises of Rosa Mulholland?

False realism and wrong idealism are extremes of iniquity. There is a middle ground where purity of thought and freshness of heart are not sullied nor soured; and it is large enough for the play of the quickest minds. The development of self-hood must be a growth in the open where the air and sunlight are untainted. To venture beyond it is to be caught in the meshes of darkness and guilt.

* Tennyson, *Ænone*.

† *Antigone*.



THE ROYAL BABE.

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.



BLUE-BLACK sky, alive with stars!
O patient expectation past!
O earth, forget thy battle scars,—
Thy King is come at last.

A tiny hand, a rose-leaf touch,
A Babe, whose silence is Divine:
Thou, who hast sinned and suffered much,
That hand is laid on thine.

It crowns, it pardons. Grieve no more!
It lies divinely on thy heart.
Arise and shine! His grace adore,
Whose heritage thou art!

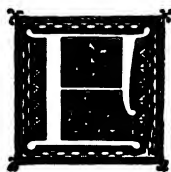
He comes in love. His infant smile
Its primal blossoming reveals;
His Blessed Mother kneels the while
Its sweetness o'er her steals.

O Bud of Heav'n, unfold Thy rare,
Ensanguined petals to the light!
Bright Babe of Bethlehem, how fair
Thou dawnest on our sight!

The world is in Thy little grasp,
Still lingering with delicious thrill;
Oh, keep it in Thy tender clasp,
And mould it to Thy will!

TOTAL ABSTINENCE AND NON-CATHOLIC MISSIONS.

BY REV. T. F. BURKE.



FOR some years the Catholic Church in America has taken a prominent stand upon two matters which may at first appear to have but little in common. These two matters are her work in the cause of total abstinence and her preaching of Catholic doctrine to those not of her fold. In all parts of our land where non-Catholic mission work has been attempted it has met with success greater or less. Not only those personally engaged in the work but all Catholics who love religion must feel that any good action which may tend to further such a noble undertaking as the conversion of America to the Catholic faith, deserves most serious consideration.

Now, to some who have been laboring among non-Catholics it has become evident that the practice and the preaching of total abstinence are most influential factors to the furtherance of non-Catholic mission work. And this for two reasons. In the first place, the cause of total abstinence, as defended by the church, presents her to the minds of men, in a plain, public way, as she is always, the defender of Christian morality. In the second place, through the powerful influence which her stand upon any moral question exerts upon the social body, she helps, by her preaching of total abstinence, to remove one of the most serious obstacles to religious thinking, and thus more efficiently to prepare the way for the acceptance of all Catholic truth.

He who to-day would blind himself to the existence of the drink-evil in our land and to the necessity of adopting some stringent measures to abolish it, is untrue to the best interests of his country and of religion. He who would hesitate to see in intemperance an evil which has an intimate bearing, in its unseemly power, upon social, political, and religious life, at the best confesses his ignorance of existing facts. Let him study the reports of police courts, and the records will compel him to admit that the majority of crimes take their root in intemperance. Let him honestly consult medical statistics, and he must confess that no other vice has laid to its charge so

many fatal diseases. Let him know, as lately was acknowledged by the head of an insane asylum in which were twenty-six hundred inmates, that over one-third of the madness in our land is caused by drink, and his reason will force him to oppose the evil with all his power. Let him go down to the lower depths of life, and witness the awful misery of children and of mothers; let him behold the poverty and the inhuman wretchedness that drink by its magic conjures up; let him come as close to all this as, for example, the Catholic priest must come, and if there be a spark of love for man within his heart, it will set him on fire in his efforts to put down the evil.

These facts are sufficient to applaud the efforts which result from the practice of total abstinence; but if any are looking for another motive, they can find it in the assistance which this practice gives to the spread of Catholic truth. The best outside of the church have recognized the evil of drink; and, it must be confessed, have at times done far more to oppose it than Catholics themselves. Perhaps they have, not infrequently, made mistakes in the methods of their opposition, but such mistakes can be easily forgiven and easily rectified. One of these mistakes has been their failure to distinguish between the Catholic Church and the personal faults of some of her members. "By their fruits you shall know them," they say. And then, judging by the lives of some bad Catholics, they illogically conclude that the church is responsible. Drawing conclusions from some unfortunate instances which have come to their notice, they have not hesitated at times to point to the Catholic Church, the church which we love, as to the supporter of the liquor-traffic. Furthermore, seeing some who lead drunken lives, they have asked themselves and others: How can that church be the true Church of Jesus Christ? We can, indeed, distinguish between the teachings of the church and the immoralities of individuals; we can draw the line between what she commands and what her members do; we can see the nobility, the purity, the sobriety which she inculcates manifested in lives which are perhaps little heeded by those outside her fold. But non-Catholics judge her by the public standing of her members in the community. They judge her by the names above saloons, by the names in the records of police courts, by the names that figure in the histories of crime reported in our daily papers.

So it is our duty, not only by our teaching, to present the

Catholic Church as she is, but also by our lives. If we would be her true missionaries, we must show her to the world as the church of the purest morality ; we must show her in all her truth, her beauty, and her glory ; we must show her as she is, the Church of Jesus Christ, the church made for man, the bulwark of the true interests of human society, the defender of the sacredness of the marriage tie, the protector of the holy rights of childhood, the church of purity, of temperance, and, when conditions demand it, the church of total abstinence.

When those outside the church become acquainted with her stand upon this matter of intemperance, they listen with a readier ear to her voice. When, for instance, they learn that Pope Leo XIII., in view of the conditions existing in our land, has recommended total abstinence to his spiritual children, they realize that the Catholic Church is alive to the moral interests of humanity. When they come to know that the highest ecclesiastical authority in America, the Plenary Council of Baltimore, has recommended the practice to clergy and laity, they understand that the bishops of the Catholic Church in this country have taken an unequivocal stand upon the drink question. Morality and religion are closely allied. Every moral problem has its bearing upon religious progress. If non-Catholics are thus led to understand that the Catholic Church, far from putting any obstacle in the way of total abstinence, is always ready to support and to further it, they will be led also to listen more willingly to what she has to say on other matters. An instance in point came to our knowledge lately. During a Catholic mission a goodly portion of a Protestant congregation attended some of the sermons. One night they listened to a sermon on total abstinence. With what result ? They talked of it among themselves, and as a consequence, during the non-Catholic mission which followed, about half of that congregation attended regularly. We feel that like results can be brought about on a larger scale, as the practice of total abstinence becomes more wide-spread among our people.

When, therefore, some Catholics ask : Why should we become total abstainers, and fail to find sufficient motives in the reasons ordinarily presented, here is a motive worthy of the acceptance of all. We love our country. We pray for the conversion of our fellow-citizens to the Catholic religion. In the success which has attended the work thus far we see visions of greater triumphs. We hope that one day America will be Catholic. To bring about this result is an extraordinary

undertaking. Its accomplishment requires the use of extraordinary means. Total abstinence is an extraordinary means; but if in the least it can help along such a glorious work, and who can doubt it, is there any Catholic who will hesitate at the sacrifice? To some extent the drink evil is as a mist hiding the truth of Christ's religion. The sooner this mist is raised and the pure atmosphere of sobriety prevails, the sooner will the beauty of Catholic truth be seen. We need Catholic men and women to take the strongest stand possible against the evil of intemperance. The stronger our stand, the quicker will the evil and its attendant drawback to religion disappear and the quicker will be realized our prayer for the conversion of our country, when America shall be the first Catholic nation of the world and the brightest gem in the crown of Catholic glory.

CONVERSION.

BY LUCY GERTRUDE KELLEY.



LAD in the armor of a Disbelief,
 My soul sent challenge to Eternal Power;
 Unrest sought combat, Sorrow a relief,
 Blind Pride stood upright where the angels
 cower.

The balm of Pleading left a wound unhealed;
 I could not see, and did but dare to doubt;
 So, robed for war, with Bigotry as shield,
 I journeyed forth to seek the Mystery out.

I saw no guide, but felt a mighty Will
 Compel my steps along the darkened way
 Into a cave, where, rippling thrill on thrill,
 Sweet strains of wondrous music seemed to stray.

A voice spoke in my heart, "Here shalt thou find
 That One against Whose Power thine anger cried!"
 I found Him, knelt and wept, no longer blind,—
 The Infant Saviour smiled and darkness died.



A CHRISTMAS PROPOSAL.

BY EDWARD F. GARESCHÉ.

I FIRST met Miss Agatha Jocelyn in rather a singular way. It was of a cold November morning—one of those cloudy, sharp, unpleasant days which remind one of a man with a disagreeable temper; so uncertain, so disconcerting, so apt to blow into one's face, or trip up his heels when he least expects it.

The streets were covered with a thin, smooth sheet of ice the result of a rain and freeze the night before, which made walking, to say the least, dangerous. But I ran recklessly down the steps and started up the street, with the luck of fools, safely. And all went well until I came to the second corner. That corner, you must know, is a trap especially laid by the Fiend to supply him amusement in winter when business may chance to be dull. It slopes, an insinuating slope, clear down to the gutter, and once upon it on a slippery day there is no

salvation—you *must* go down. On any other morning when I was in my sane mind I would have taken the street, but that day I must needs essay the walk, and I received my deserts.

Have you ever experienced the hopeless, helpless sensation of walking on a slippery slide? The frantic struggles, inevitably tending towards defeat; the odd gyrations which bring the sweat of fear to your forehead, but make the onlooker roar with laughter? All this I felt for what seemed an age as I wriggled on that insidious slope. But, horror! how were my anxious griefs redoubled when I saw coming around the corner, on the duplicate of my tormentor—for both streets sloped equally towards the crossing—a charming young lady who was in precisely the same predicament as I, performing the same swift and hopeless gyrations, and tending to the same inevitable goal—the slushy gutter of the street. For an instant the chivalrous idea darted through my mind of casting myself at length upon the sidewalk, and so eluding the fair one; but the picture of my sprawling and ignominious discomfiture arose before my mind's eye and deterred me. So with a hopeless hope we slid swiftly forward, and, though we had never met, fell instinctively into each other's arms! Then I stepped gracefully into the slush, gained a firmer footing, helped her past the deadly space to safer ground, and with a few blushing apologies hurried away.

This trifling incident, which should have vanished at once from my thoughts, did not, but lingered there and worried me. All that day I saw the blushing face of my fair comrade in misfortune and the picture of the awkward part that I had played on that blessed slope.

That afternoon my friend Billy Jocelyn, who is as sociable as I am retiring, and who can talk pleasant inconsequences to a girl by the hour, when I would grow sleepy and stupid, and think longingly of my study-table and its comfortable lamp,—my friend Billy, I say, bustled into my office and said: "Confound you, you old sleepy head, why don't you ever come around and see us? My cousin, Miss Agatha Jocelyn, a charming girl from New York, has just arrived to pay us a visit. If I don't see you around at the house to-morrow night I'll come and break your infernal old study to pieces, lamp and all!" And the energetic Billy disappeared as suddenly as he had come.

Although a book and a quiet smoke had indefinitely more attractions for me than Miss Agatha Jocelyn, and indeed the whole Jocelyn galaxy, still I was always a martyr to duty and to friendship. Therefore on the ensuing night I clad myself

in the sombre garb of ceremony, buttoned my ulster close around my ears, cast a sad, longing glance at the little lamp in the study, and fared forth into the biting wind towards Billy's. Whew, but it was cold! I remember yet with what tingling cheeks and chilly fingers I entered the warm and pleasant atmosphere of the Jocelyn dwelling. But, ye gods! how uncomfortably hot I suddenly grew as Billy led me into the parlor and said, "Cousin Agatha, my friend, Mr. Matthew Reade!"—for Billy's Cousin Agatha was my partner in misfortune of the day before. "I think," she said, her eyes sparkling charmingly, "that Mr. Reade and I have met before"; and she proceeded to tell the story of our encounter. Very prettily, too, and giving me far more credit than I deserved for the "dexterity and courtesy with which I delivered her from that dragon of a slide." Actually, as I listened I began to believe that I had played quite a heroic part; and when she finished by thanking me I blushed with pride—I who had always esteemed myself so far superior to flattery! But alas! how is a man to distinguish oftentimes between flattery and a just estimation of his merits? After all, one may be too modest! So that I did not feel at all offended, but sat down and talked to Miss Agatha Jocelyn with an equanimity which soon grew to interest, which rapidly ripened into real pleasure; for she, with due respect be it said, was not an ordinary girl. She did not talk incessantly of persons, as some of the gentler sex will do, until one is so wearied of hearing of Willie this, and Bobby that, and Grace the other, that one's mental faculties droop. She did not ask me if I knew a thousand inconsequent individuals, who were at best mere names to me and devoid of all manner of interest. She did not talk of fashion nor of the giddy swarm who swing in the mazes of the *haut ton*—the aristocracy of folly of our republican nation. She did not rave over actors, nor authors, nor heroes—toys of the shifting conceits of the hour. She did not—but a truce to her negative virtues; let me begin the catalogue of her perfections.

Her eyes were of an honest blue and clear as mountain springs. Her voice was soft,

"Soft and low, soft and low,
As the laughing streamlets flow,"

I said to myself as I listened to it. She made a display neither of ignorance nor affected erudition. She was extreme neither in wisdom nor in folly. She punctuated her speech—O rare and admirable accomplishment in woman!—with elo-

quent pauses. In fine, as my rhythmic brain again remarked to itself afterward :

“In very queenly grace she stood
O'er her humbler sisterhood ;
In form, in mind, in mien endowed
Far above the common crown !”

After that evening Billy had no further cause to complain of my lack of sociability.

A month afterwards—you see that I omit, out of pure consideration, all the delightful events which intervened—I was—er—enchanted with Miss Agatha Jocelyn. In fact, matters had gotten to such a pass that Billy grinned meaningly every time we met, and said “She’s very well, thank you?” with a humorously labored air, which, to say the least, was tantalizing. My study-lamp was so unused to being lit that it spluttered indignantly when I occasionally sat down for a night’s comfortable writing or reading. Assuredly such enchantments as mine are decidedly prejudicial to solid, productive work. My volume on “The Causes of Decadence in Nations, Ancient and Modern” suffered woefully. I found myself wandering off into dissertations on the affections in the chapter on Patriotism, and treating of platonic love under the head of “Civic Virtues.” In short, I was getting into such a desperate state that I had to destroy reams of manuscript, and unconsciously scrawled “Agatha Reade” over the margins of nearly every page that I wrote. And down at the office—for in the daytime, you must know, I am a lawyer of the gravest and most respectable sort—I actually came very near losing the business of one of my most valuable clients by delivering a lecture, when he disclosed his intention of suing for a divorce, on “the necessity of mutual fitness in the marital relation.” In short, something had to be done, and done quickly, to restore my mental equilibrium.

But what? After going to see Miss Jocelyn on three successive nights, and spending four subsequent evenings in staring into my study-fire, I resolved to propose. Having taken which resolution, I arose, covered the fire with ashes, as is my wont, and going to bed slept soundly for the first time in four weeks.

The next morning as I walked down town I eyed the treacherous corner with affection and inwardly reproached myself for having presented a memorial to the street commissioner, which had elicited from that prudent man an immediate promise to raise the grade proportionably. For was it not

because of that blessed slope that *she* had fallen, as it were, into my arms, at our first encounter? Happy omen! I walked more briskly at the very thought. But as I chuckled inwardly, wondering at the acuteness with which I had slain all my difficulties at one fell stroke by resolving to propose to Miss Agatha Jocelyn, a thought occurred to me which made me wince and groan. From the lofty pedestal of superiority I had always, publicly and in private, sneered at the moony and humiliating character of lover. How I had derided the timid, sentimental rôle of him who proposes for a lady's hand. How I had jested, ah! how cruelly, I now realized, with certain good fellows of my acquaintance who had proposed with, alas! no favorable consequences. In fact, shocking to think, my first real success in a literary way was a humorous essay which the editor of "The Weekly Hades" had inadvertently accepted (in a moment of absent-mindedness, I was sure, because my former articles had resembled nothing so much as well-trained homing pigeons—they inevitably returned to their birth-place!), which had for its subject, I remembered it with remorse, "How to Propose"!

In my desperation I ran over its various heads in memory. I recalled that I had commenced by treating of the methods of primitive man: the offering of the fruits of the chase; the fierce war to the death with rival braves, the final victory, the joy of the dusky bride at being the wife of such a warrior.

Utterly inappropriate, though, to our ultra-civilized, hopelessly conventional times! Then I had described the ceremony of the African savage; the approach of the ardent lover, driving his quota of fat kine, in just compensation to the parents of his intended. Equally barbaric! And what gift would be adequate to her value?

Then I had descended to more cultured times. I described the methods of Greece in her glory, of Rome in her power. In order, I unfolded the eruditions of the scholars upon the manners of the Goths and Huns, the Vandals and the Albigenses—those savage, yet chivalrous hordes, whom the Church of Rome moulded into the knights of the Middle Ages—true, noble, generous, loving, "Sans peur et sans reproche!" And lastly, I had descended—a sad descent, indeed!—from the fair and courtly gallantry of the chevaliers of old to the sad degeneracy and utter lack of romance of our dull and sordid times. "It remains," I had concluded, "for some keen, noble, and enterprising spirit of our day to break asunder the absurd and ridiculous traditions of the times, which must needs have

every ardent swain breathe his passion in cold and awkward speech into the lady's reddening ear. What a false boast must our national ingenuity appear, if it cannot suggest some newer, more fitting, less ludicrous manner of making so poetic and lofty a thing as a proposal of marriage!"

Alas! these words, written in jest, returned to reproach me. I recalled how I had received for them, from the absent-minded editor, an insignificant note which I threw away, and a check, which I kept. But the confounded thing had had some success, and was not yet entirely forgotten. It was only a week ago—I winced at the thought—that some coy maiden had told me that she would like to hear how I would really make a proposal, since I could write one so prettily. In short, taking all things into account, I decided that I must do the thing artistically, and in a novel way. But how? Genius of Invention, How? My mind was destitute of ideas; my spirit faltered at the task before it; when, raising my eyes from the ground, I saw—for I had gotten well into the business district—a window, gorgeously decked out, in which was represented good old Santa Claus distributing all manner of resplendent Christmas gifts. Happy inspiration! Could I not propose by means of a Christmas gift?

Thereafter I haunted the windows of stores devoted to alluring wares, by the hour. I went through the whole catalogue of Christmas possibilities, one by one. I tried the patience of the most suave and obliging clerks of both sexes, by remarking to each of their suggestions, "too personal" or "too familiar," as the case might be, leaving them to puzzle their brains angrily as to what was familiar about a diamond brooch, or what was personal in a golden scent-bottle. And I was annoyed by the smiling amusement which my acquaintances—bound most probably on a similar errand—displayed when they saw me poking over cases of women's trifling jewels. They little dreamed of the brilliant coup that I meditated.

At last, desperate, after a week of such torture, I decided upon—a ring.

True, a ring is the most common and conventional of lovers' tokens. But mine was redeemed from the commonplace by the inscription which, with much hesitation, I ordered carved within it:

"Will—you—be—mine?"—explaining to the astonished clerk that "it was—er—a jest!"—as if one jests with rings of price!

Let me pass over, in silence, the various emotions which wrung my soul during the short week which elapsed before

the time arrived at which to present my gift. Suffice it to say that on Christmas Eve I wrote, in a too trembling hand, on a card:

“While the Christmas choirs sing,
Look within the magic ring!”

—this being the last desperate effort of a fortnight's struggle to produce a couplet worthy of the occasion. Then I called a messenger boy—faithful and ready servant!—and dismissed him with the precious packet. And then I waited.

The night wore on. From my study window I could see the houses of my neighbors, lit, and swept, and garnished for the feast. On the street the crowd of festive wayfarers, laden with bundles and joy, ebbed and vanished into their various snug harbors. I saw a Christmas-tree being decked for the morrow, and realized how lonely is the bachelor's lot! I fell into a reverie on the joys and genial mirth of the merry and holy season, and grew actually cheerful; then sighed to think how inappropriate it all might be. Finally I went to bed, and after ages of ages fell asleep.

I awoke with a start. Was it time for the postman yet? Not for three hours. I arose and strolled out into the air.

The postman came and passed and entered not. I cursed his forgetfulness and hallooed after him, but he had nothing. I went to the post-office—nothing there. Nothing, that is, save the proof-sheets of “The Causes of Decadence in Nations, etc.,” which ordinarily would have given me the keenest pleasure, but now filled me with deep disgust. What did I care about the decadence of nations? But I took it home and after going to church, where I prayed with fervor for a certain Christmas gift, I returned home and worked steadily all of Christmas day at the proof-sheets, slashing them so that the printer must have stared. In fact, I believe that it is to my savage humor on that day and the following that the book owes its commended incisiveness of style.

The next day I continued pegging away viciously at the proofs, and as before, the postman passed unregarded.

Then I grew desperate. I searched out that messenger boy and denounced him. But they showed me a receipt written in Billy's sprawling hand. My last hope gone, I went down slowly to the office, a saddened and a broken man. Old Dr. Burdy met me and asked me if I didn't think I needed a tonic! Biffins, the insurance man, crossed my path, and for the first time in five years didn't beg me to take out a policy

in the "Crumbling Insecurity Co.," "safest on earth." I reached the office at last and stared at one spot on the ceiling for a solid hour. Then a brisk step sounded in the corridor, the door snapped open, and Billy rushed in. Billy never comes and goes, he always bursts in and rushes out. "Hello, old fogy!" said he, "look as sick's if you'd swallowed a frog. Brace up, man; your bank hasn't failed, has it?" I turned a dull eye on him, and he resumed: "I'm awfully sorry that I didn't get around sooner to tell you, but the old man has been sick, and I," and Billy's form grew more erect, "am running the business, three hundred men under me (lower floor, you know), and I couldn't; but Miss Jocelyn's uncle died suddenly, and she is 'gone.'"

"Gone!" said I hoarsely, jumping up and seizing his arm in a frantic grasp. "Did she get my—present?"

"Ouch!" said Billy. "No—that is, yes, I suppose she has by this time. It came after she left, and I mailed it to her. Why, what is the matter with you?" For I had fallen back in my chair, and was mopping my face with my handkerchief. "Don't you trust the mail, you idiot?" yelled Billy. "Why what was that—the Koh-i-noor? Anyhow, I registered it; it can't be lost!"

"No, no, Billy," said I faintly, "it's not that. I was afraid"—just then the office door clicked open again, and a messenger boy briskly entered. "Telegram for you, sir," said he; "sign here, please!" I took the yellow envelope, while Billy sprawled a signature on the boy's book.

One look at the telegram was enough; I was transported. It said:

"Yes.

"AGATHA JOCELYN."

Oh, crumpled, yellow telegraph blank, spattered with ink, marked by oily fingers, you were far more delightful in mine eyes than the golden pages of poesy or the yellow wealth of kings! Dear Agatha!

"Billy," said I, beaming brightly upon that surprised young man, "congratulate me, my boy; I'm going to be your cousin!"

Now there are two who love the little lamp in the study, which burns steadily above them, night after night. From where I write, within the circle of its rays, I can see that very ring, glittering merrily on her finger.

Magic ring! you did your errand well.

THE FIRST JESUIT.*

BY REV. JOSEPH MCSORLEY, C.S.P.



MARVELLOUS narrative is the history of the religious communities of the Catholic Church. They display most strikingly her far-seeing wisdom, her infinite versatility, her fathomless resource, her never-ending advance through epochs and crises that test but weaken not her eternal vitality. Their story is often the story of a great transition, of a marked development in that organism which must go on living and growing unto the end of time; and many times their foundation, besides meeting an urgent need, brings to the church herself an increase of beauty and strength, an addition of treasure, a new grace or characteristic that becomes embodied in her and lasts on for ever as portion of the heritage common to the faithful of all ages. So it was when, amid the profligacy and confusion of a degenerate century, the builder of Monte Casino initiated a spiritual regeneration, combined the lofty mysticism of the early anchorites with community life, a stable abode, and a definite Rule, and made the *quies Benedictina* to the Catholic Church what the *Pax Romana* had been to the old pagan civilization. And so it was in a later century when the Minorites and the Friars Preachers appeared, each to contribute to the transformation of their age and leave behind their legacies, the one stamping a new and indestructible fervor on the personal love and imitation of Jesus Christ, and the other lending an impetus to intellectual activity and theological research which was to attain its splendid consummation in the immortal paragon Aquinas.

Thus always has God provided for the critical moments in his church's life. Three centuries ago came a day dark and menacing, when it seemed as if weakness and treachery within were to combine successfully with external hatred and power in effecting the church's ruin. But again appeared the providential counter-influence, again the danger was passed, and again the church resumed her path of progress. It is, of course, to the Protestant Reformation and the counter Catholic

* *Saint Ignatius of Loyola*. By Henri Joly; with a preface by George Tyrrell, S.J. New York: Benziger Bros.

Revival that we are referring. No honest student will for a moment deny that the age which succeeded the great Western Schism was one full of the gravest abuses, corrupt and degenerate; in the parish churches, in the cloisters, in the courts of prelate and of prince, sin and scandal had made dreadful inroads; and when her enemies sounded the call to arms, a thousand influences seemed to promise the speedy and irretrievable ruin of the ancient faith. A single generation saw a new religion triumph in half the states of Europe, with fair hope of soon controlling almost the whole civilized world. But at this moment come the men who have been chosen as the instruments of destiny. The victorious march of Protestantism is checked, and in the struggle that goes on for the possession of remaining doubtful territory the church is successful in every instance; nor has she failed to maintain her conquests even to the present hour.

Now, among the means providentially employed for the compassing of this end, the Society of Jesus undoubtedly stood in a position of marked prominence. There were, indeed, a series of military victories, a group of powerful and devoted royal champions, a succession of pontiffs full of faith and fervor instead of selfish ease and elegance. Among the Reformers was visible a growing indifference together with a predominance of vice and foolishness. An œcumenical council met, noted for successful accomplishment of almost its every end. A new impetus came in the field of prayer and penance, as of education and charity. But when all is recounted, the work of Ignatius stands out as most wonderfully effective in the preservation of the church's existence and activity. For assurance of this we need look no further than the pages of that distinguished Protestant essayist who, hiding vanity and unfairness beneath the gloss of sweeping style and rounded periods, must perforce indicate the hated Jesuit as the actual, historic figure pre-eminent in the story of the Catholic Revival. Nor did the labors of Ignatius cease with the stemming of the torrent then deluging Catholic Europe, for from that day to this a long series of splendid achievements has put his name and work for ever beyond the possibility of oblivion. Apostles and martyrs have followed in the train of Francis Xavier and Peter Claver. Theologians like Suarez and Bellarmin, preachers like Bourdaloue and Ravignan, scholars like the Bollandists have been but the leaders among a whole army of students, confessors, missionaries, and saints; until the bare mention of that illustrious order, which has been the

church's Old Guard, summons up at once the vision of holiness wedded to learning and zeal made fruitful by self-denial.

And to say "the Jesuits" is to say Ignatius; for surely never was leader happier in organizing a movement destined to be the outcome and reproduction of his own personality, borrowing its success and its glory, under Heaven, from his sole inspiration. This is the man whose latest biography is mentioned above, and what has just been said will serve to remind us of the wonderfully deep significance of his career, and make us welcome every new attempt further to diffuse sympathetic appreciation of his marvellous character. And hence our satisfaction at seeing a new contribution from one known far and wide as the general editor of a biographical series intended to meet the demands of this present age, to promote the intelligent study and temperate eulogy, and practical common-sense imitation of our saints, too often, alas! by being misconceived and distorted, robbed of their power to inspire.

Besides, there is a most particular reason for rejoicing at a new popular life of the great Ignatius.

"For many reasons, intrinsic and extrinsic, he is perhaps one of the least knowable and least known of the saints in any intimate sense of the word; for he has been a sign of contradiction as few other saints have been, and has suffered much doctoring from the hands of friends and foes; and along with this, he has it in common with all men of transcendent power to be slowly comprehended in the lapse of time; to be, perhaps, better appreciated in the age he divined and prepared for than in the age he lived for." *

It has been imagined sometimes that the Society of Jesus, at the bidding of the pope, sprang from the soil fully armed, and rushed at once to the conquest of a formidable enemy. But the perusal of our saint's life will show how vastly different is this fancy from the actual facts of history. "He was not a 'leader,' if the word is taken to mean one who draws the multitude on without revealing to it all that is required of it, and who, simply by means of his contagious enthusiasm, causes it to credit delusions which are later scattered by time and by visible ill-success. The author of the *Exercises* did not address himself directly to the crowd. He sought out the best among those who appeared capable of understanding him, he invited them to make in retirement a thorough examination of conscience, to study spiritual things deeply, to practise the *Exercises* with due reflection, and, although this may seem

* *Saint Ignatius of Loyola*, Preface to English edition by George Tyrrell, S.J., p. xi.

strange at first sight, it was chiefly when he had imbued them deeply with his spirit that he required obedience from them."* Sometimes, as in the case of Francis Xavier, it was despite considerable obstacles and even utter lack of initial sympathy that he attracted his disciples, but eventually he did win them. Then would he draw them aside as spirits akin to his own, drilling, schooling, forming, moulding them day by day, until finally their very pulses throbbed in unison with his, until they saw with his eyes and judged by his canons.

Hence, let us remark again, the wonderful value and significance of his personality as being the essential element of a movement which ranks as a most momentous influence in the history of the Christian world. Be it remembered, too, that in order to obtain a proper understanding of his life, it must be regarded as a unity. From first to last, both in his character and his plan, there is evident an orderly development, and it is a succession of pictures alone that can claim to be a portrait worthy of attention, that can exhibit each characteristic in true perspective, that can enable us to gauge the man.

What cannot but impress us as predominant in Ignatius is a striking originality. The line of his activity was altogether novel. The charge that he was an innovator was as a matter of fact unanswerable, and instead of denying it he challenged his accusers to abide by the test of truth. "Tell me whether what I have said is true or false; let me know whether you approve of it or disapprove of it." And again: "I do not understand your forbidding me to treat this question when you found nothing wrong concerning it in my writings."† He could not be brought to consider that novelty was as wicked as error. So to him, as to every innovator, there came a long history of suspicions, misunderstandings, condemnations, failures, and many a day of bitterness and gloom, through all of which, nevertheless, and by means of which, doubtless, he worked out that personal sanctity and objective system of perfection which in God's providence was to live immortal. For him the dungeons of the Inquisition were the cells of a second novitiate. His real greatness can be understood only by due consideration of the tremendous obstacles that he was obliged to face: the selfishness of the wicked, the inertness of the indifferent, the blundering, well-meaning, but almost fatal suspicion of the good and virtuous with whom traditional stood for orthodox, and custom for morality. This last and bitterest trial was the one that came nearest of all to wrecking the hopes of

* *Saint Ignatius of Loyola*, p. 255.

† *Op. cit.*, pp. 83 and 84.

the wonderful genius, and it is his final and successful triumph over this which stamps him beyond denial as a man of tremendous strength of character, of far-seeing, accurate, and original mind, and of invincible will-power; qualities which, co-operating with grace, produced results so magnificent and so enduring.

Let us understand well that in the economy of Divine Providence the church has been made a powerful conservative influence in the world's history. Nor is the benefit of this fact far to seek. The heavy hand she lays upon each new thing will stifle its life out if it be not from God; but if the divine inspiration is there, then by his power it will finally force its way through all opposition and triumph, even though after many days and much anguish. "She is jealous of even what seem the most legitimate developments in the sphere of devotion, or again, of new revelations, or sanctuaries, or places of pilgrimage, however apparently authenticated by signs as it were from Heaven. The same may be very well exemplified in the history of the modifications which the church has, from time to time, admitted in the principles on which she insists for the sanction of new religious orders or congregations. In case of anything new in this kind, it must be expected that the church will proceed with great circumspection, and that, as human lives do not last on like devotions, or like shrines, there will be at least some whose attempts fail altogether before the principle at which they aim can succeed."* And so the damning cry of *Ille Novator*, hurled though it may be at a good man, will work in the long run for the common weal, false and diabolical as it may seem in the narrow sphere of the individual's interest.

From first to last Ignatius, true to his lights, followed the path Providence had pointed out, until indomitable energy had triumphed over doubt, hatred, the spirit of compromise, the persecution of foes, the solicitations of friends, and the agony of soul inseparable from hope deferred. But it was a long and wearying journey that stretched between the battle-field of Pampe-luna and the little chapel of La Storta, and no ordinary nature would have withstood the fearful tests undergone by the saint. Nor were his trials at an end even then when his Society was once founded and approved by authority. There was still ground for alarm among the foes of progress. "It cannot be doubted that among the innovations which the church so happily sanctioned in the period of which we are speaking, those which were involved in the Constitutions of the Society of

* *The Life of Mary Ward*, preface by Henry Coleridge, S.J., p. xxx.

Jesus were not the least conspicuous. In many important respects the Society embodied a new idea. It was new for religious men to have no distinctive habit, not to be bound to cloister, to be exempted from the rule of choir, to have no regular public austerities, and to be governed by a superior elected for life." "For generations after its first foundation the great successes of the Society were never unaccompanied by jealous criticisms on its organization—criticisms not always simply jealous and envious, nor always confined to the most narrow-minded and captious of its many enemies." But "it was always, also, looked upon with some fear and suspicion by good men, ill-informed as to its principles, and unable to understand the divine wisdom of many of its apparent innovations."*

But it was not alone the striking novelties in the Jesuit Constitutions which brought down misunderstanding and opposition on the devoted Loyola. Long before his work had assumed any such prominent public character, he was made to suffer for not thinking and not speaking as men had been used to speak and think, for disregarding custom and prejudice in his method of presenting religious truth, for presuming to evolve a system of spiritual training, a method of prayer, unfamiliar to men grown old in the religious life, members of ancient orders, masters in theology—he being meanwhile but a converted soldier, a spiritless mendicant, disgraced at the University, hounded by the Inquisition, an alien in spirit to the dryness and subtilty of the prevailing philosophy.†

As has already been said, there was little encouragement awaiting a man who should set out boldly to serve a noble cause, reckless of long-standing prejudice and time-consecrated blindness. "It was impossible for Ignatius to take up his abode in such surroundings without being speedily brought into conflict with the narrowness, hardness, and paltriness which then marked the church in his own country."‡ . . . "The Spanish Inquisitors ought at least to have moderated their passion by a spirit more in conformity with that of the Gospel; but as they were frequently plunged into this office through political ambition, and with no preparation for it beyond a pile of scholastic formulas, they displayed in its discharge the scrupulous, narrow, cruel folly of the official, who is resolved at all costs to find out transgressions where no one else perceives them."§

They made the servant of God pay the cost of an inspiration that had not been submitted to their approval. If the

† *Saint Ignatius of Loyola*, p. xxii. * *Op. cit.*, p. 102. ‡ *Op. cit.*, p. 71. § *Op. cit.*, p. 76.

final flowering of his hopes was a glorious one, it was the outcome of a long and painful process of growth. The physical suffering which weighed heavily upon him in the beginning, the scruples and temptations which harassed his soul at the time of conversion, were but faint intimations of the long purgation which preceded his reward. Arrived in Jerusalem after terrible hardships and aglow with enthusiasm, he is driven away under threat of excommunication, unable either to convert the Mussulman or to gain the martyr's crown. Inclined to enter an order, he finds neither light nor opportunity to decide on his vocation. Teaching the *Exercises* to ladies of high rank and assisting in the reform of a convent of Dominican nuns, he draws down upon himself a load of scandal, abuse, and personal violence, nearly costing him his life. The narrow, scrupulous officialism which posed as the organ of Divine wisdom, while overlooking a thousand disgraceful abuses,* pounced upon this poor enthusiast, accused him of interfering in a clerical monopoly by discoursing of spiritual things, arrested him three times, all but burned him at the stake, and bade him in future abstain from all novelties. This is in Spain. Later in France he is put upon trial as a sorcerer, and years afterwards he again faces the Inquisitors in Venice. Notwithstanding, he continues his mission, bent on obeying God rather than men; even men who could cloak narrowness and cruelty under the garb of authority and, in the name of religious zeal, hound down a saint the very echo of whose teaching on obedience has been as a wall of iron and a pillar of brass in the Church of God.

Asked how he could teach without having learned, Ignatius replies boldly to the Inquisitor, appeals to the objective accuracy of his opinions, and is promptly put in irons. When finally released on condition of silence, he declares he would rather leave the town at once, and does so. Returned to Spain after years of absence, he begins to preach though still a layman, and answers reproaches and objections only by making converts, reconciling enemies, and founding public charities. Finally, when at Rome, he is the object of such suspicion and the victim of so many cabals that, under God, he owes his escape only to his own consummate prudence and the simultaneous presence of many men able to bear witness to his past life and record. His tireless energy in founding asylums and institutes wins for him the lively hatred of the apostles of

* "Whilst relentlessly pursuing such offences, the Inquisition allowed a swarm of abuses, which were the disgrace of the Spanish church." (*Op. cit.*, p. 76.)

moderation, and the boundless activity of his many-sided genius brings him to the very border-line of the domain occupied by vested interests; for the sick, the famine-stricken, outcast women, orphan children, Jewish catechumens are all alike objects of solicitude to the man whose Paul-like zeal can conceive of no obstacles or limits except those made to be overcome and surpassed.

What now of that great work, which is his bequest to all generations? Surely his *Spiritual Exercises* needs little comment, for its fruits have made it known. Whatever Ignatius may have gathered from older saints, whatever debt he may owe to Bernard, Bonaventure, À Kempis, for suggesting the theory of the *Exercises*, whatever growth in spiritual science may have come to him through intercourse with Dominicans, Cistercians, and especially Benedictines, Ignatius it was who developed, systematized, and propagated the method of mental prayer which has been as a portal of the higher life to countless thousands of souls, and around which there has grown up a literature unique in its kind and wonderful in its results. To what, indeed, shall we compare that masterpiece of spiritual doctrine which has been during centuries what its framer designed it to be, all things to all men? The sinner it has checked in his course and converted to God, the wavering soul it has strengthened, the darkened it has inspired, and those destined for the farthest heights of the Holy Mountain it has equipped and directed on the journey. Of the men formed in its mould Saint Teresa said that never yet had she sought a director in the houses of their order, and gone away unsatisfied. That the *Exercises* have been instrumental in advancing meditation pure and simple rather than contemplation is doubtless a fact, as stated by the Capuchin whom M. Joly cites;* but that is because they have been in existing circumstances directed toward that particular end. To say that they diminish the part played by contemplation would be something like saying that the theology of the Apostles' Creed is not complete. Certainly, nothing in the *Exercises* will prevent advance toward contemplation, and undoubtedly, applied by a Lallemant, an Alvarez, a Surin, a Caussade, they would be a proper and effective beginning for a life of the purest and highest prayer. Let a saint praise a saint, and one master of holy prayer bear witness to the work of another. Speaking of and extolling spiritual retreats, St. Francis de Sales calls them "a holy method and ordinary among the ancient Christians, but since

* *Saint Ignatius of Loyola*, p. 60.

almost entirely left off till that great servant of God, Ignatius of Loyola, brought it into use again." *

But the *Exercises*, naturally enough, lead us on to think of the illustrious company to whom they have been as a nursing mother. And surely, when all has been said, we must needs go back again to contemplate as the very triumph of Loyola's genius the heaven-inspired foundation of one of the most active, most enduring, most surpassingly perfect organizations the world has ever seen. After years of collaboration, in the spring of 1538, those whom he had associated with himself in the prosecution of his various labors began to entertain the idea of founding a religious company. The work was the work of Ignatius from the start.

To him it owed its very name; he became its first superior, and for well-nigh ten years he labored at the composition and elaboration of its Constitutions. The plan drawn up by him never underwent more than modification of detail, in accordance with his own ideas, inspired by his own spirit, and to a great extent either suggested or approved by himself. The Society, therefore, in its grand history of successful achievement reflects his image, bears ever the stamp of his personality, increases and multiplies his desert of admiration. It was he who steered it through the storms, who obtained official recognition and authorizations one by one, who superintended with unusual sagacity and foresight its first ventures in the active field. And its early history was not a smooth one. Its members, as we have already remarked, cut out new lines of work and new methods. They studied their surroundings that they might accommodate themselves to current needs, they rejected the obligation of choir and public austerities, they dared to deliberate for a long time as to whether they should or should not add the vow of obedience to those of poverty and chastity, fearing lest they might hamper a freedom of plan and action which they were anxious jealously to guard. It is not to be wondered at, then, that the first years of their history should have fearfully tested the wisdom of their innovations; that priest and prelate, king and pope, should have dealt hard blows at them and uttered bitter words; that the Bishop of Paris, constituting himself the mouth-piece of common complaint, should have made out a long declaration of grievances, and provoked an outburst to which prelates, monks, lawyers, and men of the people insisted on contributing at all costs. Small wonder, likewise, that when there came to the Papal throne a man violently

* *Treatise on the Love of God*, Book xii. chap. viii.

prejudiced against the Society, he made no secret of his suspicions and his threats, but having accused the Jesuit order of hostility to his own party, displayed an inclination to examine it closely and require very serious modifications of its existing institutions. But through every trial, great and small alike, the Institute of Ignatius passed triumphantly, lasting to carry his spirit and his achievements to other generations and lands, and to stamp upon the succeeding centuries the impress of new struggles, new misfortunes, new triumphs.

There remains little to be said except to voice the hope that the volume before us will conduce to better appreciation and new love of a man often misunderstood in death as he was in life. One thing more than any other, perhaps, it is desirable that men should begin to realize: namely, that our saint was not an advocate but "an opponent of the theory which divorces intelligence from will in the work of sanctification." * He realized clearly as any man "that there is no connection between sanctity and stupidity." And the consecrated phrase "blind obedience," when distorted into an insinuation that we obey best when we exert our will without using our intellect, is something utterly foreign to the ideal of Ignatius.

"Blind obedience," says Father Tyrrell in a recent volume, "is the best on certain occasions, but it is not the best in itself; it is not the better for being blind. In itself, and when practicable, an intelligent and sympathetic obedience is better, such as was the obedience of Christ to his Father's will.

"Ignatius Loyola, whose doctrine is ignorantly supposed to be extreme and exceptional in this matter, says rightly that when the judgment is not in sympathy with what is commanded the obedience is very imperfect (*valde imperfecta*) and cannot be relied upon. Furthermore, such obedience is not educative, as it does not teach the subject to guide himself independently when the guidance of authority cannot be had; since he does not see the principles and reasons of the command given. Yet, when for one reason or another he is not capable of seeing the reasons, and prompt action is required, this blind obedience is relatively the most reasonable."

"St. Ignatius uses 'blind' in an unusual sense. Commonly an obedience is called 'blind' when, as in a secret society, one acts without knowing why or wherefore, as an automaton. This is military obedience, and is not educative in any sense; *i. e.*, it does not make the subject capable of independent judgment when guidance is withdrawn. But St. Ignatius calls

* *Nova et Vetera*, by George Tyrrell, S.J., Preface, p. v.

obedience blind in so far as in accordance with the principles of sound reason and fair-mindedness we strive to bring our judgment into agreement with that of a superior so as *to see as he sees*, not indeed doing violence to truth, but doing violence to the narrowing bias of egoism and self-will. As dying to one's selfishness is the secret of living, so being blinded to one's prejudices is the secret of seeing."*

No doubt this new life of the saint, with its study of his character, his principles, and his opinions, will throw new light on many popular misconceptions which have served as the basis of calumny and opposition to Ignatius, hated only because misunderstood. May it teach men to realize that he was great with an undeniable greatness, because he saw and adapted himself to the particular needs of his age, winning his victory with weapons unused and unknown in older days and different situations. The primary aim of Providence in Ignatius seems to have been the introduction of that martial spirit which is always indispensable when invasion is to be repelled or turbulence suppressed. Discerning the need, Ignatius, with the skill of a trained strategist, bent his energy to the safe-guarding of divine authority in the external order against the assaults of foes without and mutineers within the camp. He realized that the attempted "Reformation" had actually thrown the church into "a state of siege," and it was his grasp of the situation which made his defence instantly and lastingly efficacious for the saving of the true religion. Were his actions thus interpreted in the light of history, we should be over and done with the charge of narrowness and tyranny, justified only by a superficial and misleading interpretation of his words, preserving the letter thereof rather than the spirit.

Great reason there is, then, to hope that the new volume will be as a sweet savor of godliness to those who have long since learned to love its hero, and a ray of illumination to those who have been used to pour the concentrated essence of hatred and bigotry on the Society of Jesus, as representative to their minds of everything characteristically Catholic, and on Loyola as the personification of everything attributable to the organization which is the fold of his spiritual descendants. Following the incidents of his life step by step, may they learn to admire and profit by the story of this wonderful man, wonderful in his personal characteristics, in his measureless success, in the tireless activity still displayed in every age and every land where God has gathered together his children.

* *External Religion*: *Its Use and Abuse*, by George Tyrrell, S.J., p. 133 seq.

FATHER SALVATOR'S PENITENT.



LONG years ago Agnes la Garde had come to St. Charles with the roses of summer. And after that, every summer she and the roses had come back together. The village loved her, from the chestnut hair on her beautiful head to the little real lace ruffles on her white gown. St. Charles was a proud little village, and some of its good sons, with good swords, even dared to love Agnes with a passion which asks requital. But she was busy with the parish affairs, with the christenings and the funerals, the altar and the Vesper choir, and she seemed to be blind to all the world besides.

When Father Salvator came to the children's *fête* his kind old eyes searched the lawn until they rested on her and her eyes met his, while a momentary pallor brushed over her face. The good priest seemed to be making the sign of the cross in the air, and Agnes, knowing the blessing was for her, bent her head in reverence, and went on playing with the children.

"I do not understand Father Salvator's spell over you, mademoiselle," said a young soldier who was garrisoned in the village. "The priesthood is rated too high. How you look at him with your great eyes—and yet, I have just brought you these red roses!"

"Perhaps you have never needed the priesthood," answered Agnes, with deep softness. "You do not know whereof you speak, my friend. Besides"—she smiled upon the red roses—"red roses are for war; white ones are for peace, and Father Salvator has brought me many white roses."

"I will know the truth, mademoiselle. I will not let my heart eat itself out in silence. If you do not answer me to-night, I will go to Father Salvator and wring the truth from him, by word or sword."

"Hush! Father Salvator fears neither word nor sword," Agnes said chidingly, and walked away, dropping her red roses at his feet. In swiftest penitence he carried them to her. She turned her face from Father Salvator's to his, and the light from the old priest's eyes shone upon him in benediction.

"This evening, when the Angelus rings, Monsieur Desmond, meet me at the sacristy door."

And saying this, she laid her red roses in the chair between him and Father Salvator, and once more crossed the garden alone.

Edward Desmond waited at the sacristy door. At the first stroke of the Angelus she came to him there, like a tall twilight lily.

He stood with his hat in his hand.

"Is it not sweet to hear the bell?" she murmured; and he might have seen her tremble at each stroke.

"It may be sweet or it may be sad—as one listens," said the young soldier.

"It may be both," murmured Agnes la Garde. "Ah, I wish we were two peasants, like those Millet has so divinely painted; two toil-worn peasants, bending together to our Angelus, knowing no life beyond these purple hills!"

Edward stretched out his hands. "You are not a princess nor I a prince, mademoiselle. Are we not, then, two peasants?"

"No; it was a vain wish, but it will pass with the night. I am very brave by day. When I am a soldier like you," she wreathed her pure face in smiles, "tell them to let me fight in the sunshine. But you need not tear the veil from Father Salvator's confessional. I will tell you all, as I promised."

He watched her with wide eyes. She stood on the rotting steps which led to the sacristy. The door was open and the incense swept out in fragrant gusts. From the old gold cross, which kept a trembling place on the wooden church-tower, two pigeons came down and fluttered about her. In the long silence the young soldier could see the wild flowers folding the dew in their fragile hearts. In Agnes's eyes was the look of joy and pain together with which saints received the Viaticum.

"Monsieur Desmond, I am a woman and young. You must have pity on me and pray for me, and you must never speak to me again of love.

"It is now ten years since a young Spaniard, just from his own country, saw me and loved me, and we were married. I was but sixteen and I did not know what love was. That day he left me.

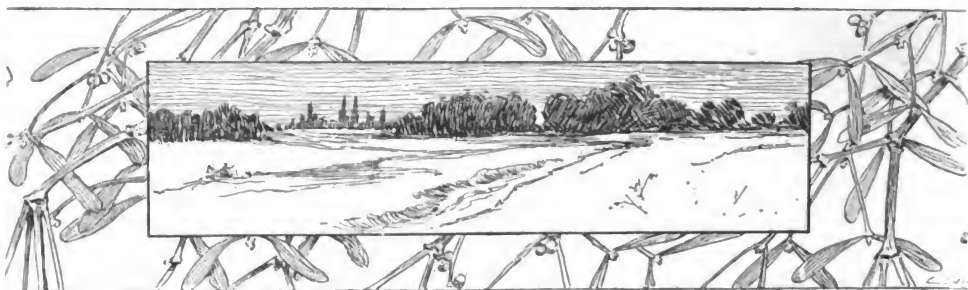
"It was long before I heard from him. At last a letter came. He loved me, he said; but he had done wrong, for when he saw me he was already married to a little Italian lady, and he would never see me again.

"That is why I need the good father to help me. It is hard, when one has a human heart, to have passed by time and to be living in eternity.

"Father Salvator has told me always that love would come to me at last—a love all pure and holy—and that then my human heart would cry out in answer. Father Salvator knows me as he knows his own breviary, and he has prayed that he would be near then to hold out his hands and help me.

"He is in there"—she pointed to the sacristy—"and I am going to him.

"Monsieur Desmond—good-by!"



SNOW-FLAKES.

BY REV. W. P. CANTWELL.

I.



RITHEE, tell me, mother mine," spake a child of four,
 "What are snow-flakes? Whence come they? Tell
 me, mother mine!"

Tossed she back a saucy curl that had stolen o'er
 Her white shoulder tauntingly. "Tell me, mother, do!"

II.

Thus with sweet insistency spoke the tiny elf;
 But the mother, silent still, busy in her heart—

"Are they rain-drops strayed away,
 Naughty rain-drops, lost at play?
 Are they blossoms from the trees,
 Orchards shaken by the breeze?"—

Answered not, but tearfully dreamed within herself;
 Brushed the tear, and pressed the child closer to her breast



SOLDIER SEMINARIANS RENEWING THEIR CLERICAL PROMISES.

SEMINARIANS AS SOLDIERS.

BY MILES CHRISTI.



THE Freemasons, who practically have a great influence on the government of Catholic France, succeeded some ten years ago in obtaining from the French parliament a law by which all the seminarians of any religious body recognized by the state would be obliged, as well as other citizens, to spend one year in the barracks as soldiers. "The great principle of equality demanded it," they said. In fact it was nothing less than a disguised persecution, another application of Gambetta's principle: *Le cléricalisme, c'est l'ennemi*. Some Catholics, however, did not join in the violent opposition which at first met this law. They thought that, in spite of the perverse intention of the legislator, some good might result from such a decree, and, little by little, people accepted this new situation created for the younger French clergy, so that now this law is rather popular among many.

One of the most characteristic features of the French temperament is the facility of adaptation to any circumstances or situation. Very soon, indeed, the seminaries of France were ready to face the difficulties springing from this military law. Among the many solemnities of the liturgical year a new one

of a strange character was then introduced. It is called the *Messe du départ*. It takes place about the end of October. A month has been spent in the seminary where, besides the exercises of a spiritual retreat, the future soldiers are prepared by a special course of apologetics to answer the current objections against religion which infallibly will be one of the favorite topics of the conversations in the barracks. And now the time has come when they must repair to the *caserne*. A last and solemn gathering takes place in the chapel, before the Blessed Sacrament. At St. Sulpice, in Paris, Cardinal Richard presides at the touching ceremony and gives the benediction; the soldiers, dressed in black cassocks, being grouped around the altar, nearer to God, whilst their confrères in full choir dress sing and pray, asking our Lord, our Blessed Lady, and the Holy Angels to preserve these souls of future priests from the contamination of the world.

What a change for the young cleric when passing from the pure and warm atmosphere of the sanctuary to the severe barracks, where cold indifference, rank impiety, or awful corruption are too often the salient features of young men who boast of being more criminal than they are in reality! Then come all the tiresome trials of the first days, numberless inspections, distribution of clothes, first exercises of the military tactics, first contact with men naturally hostile to the seminarians. The sky is dark indeed. It seems that the surroundings are calculated to quench the sacred fire which burns in those sacerdotal souls.

But to no purpose. The spirit of charity and obedience which is their precious gift very soon bears its fruit. His officers as well as his comrades learn how to appreciate and love the seminarian. They see in him a higher education; consciously or unconsciously, they admire his self-respect and self-denial; they wonder at the faithfulness with which he constantly aims at higher ideals and nobler aspirations. Indeed, it would be a dream to think that soldiers will change their conduct, and amidst that promiscuous assemblage of young men they live like angels, because some angels pass among them. This dream, however, has sometimes become a reality, and converts have been made by seminarians. But the main result is that the men who have witnessed those angelic lives, who have never seen amidst the most unpleasant discussions a shadow of anger or hatred, conceive a loftier idea of the priesthood. They may say what they like, but they believe the priest has a divine mission, and at least at their death-bed

they will call for him who has been so kind and so charitable a comrade-in-arms.

Generally the garrisons are in large cities where there is also a seminary. From 5 to 9 P. M. this latter becomes the refuge of the soldier-cleric. There he finds consolation after his trials, a heavenly calm after the storm, spiritual food after the famine; so that when he leaves those sacred precincts he hears in his soul heavenly music, he feels in his heart fortitude and purity. It is at such moments that he remembers more vividly the friends who are dispersed in the different garrisons, and, like the Jews on the Babylonian shores, for them he likes to sing. The following stanzas were composed in such circumstances and dedicated to my soldier friends in camp.

PRAISES OF ST. CECILIA.

Ad amicos milites.

Alleluia!	Alleluia!
Voces tandem lætitiæ	Et ecce stabat angelus
Dare licet, Cæciliæ	In virginis lateribus
Festum agentes hodie.	Cum ea ludens fidibus
Alleluia! Alleluia!	Alleluia! Alleluia!
Alleluia!	Alleluia!
A patre data marito	Mox trahitur ad prælium:
Corde fundebat invito.	Cruore fuscatur collum;
Christo preces in secreto.	Sic evolavit in cœlum.
Alleluia! Alleluia!	Alleluia! Alleluia!
Alleluia!	Alleluia!
Cum in cubiculo fletus	Ubi nunc, pulsans organa
Deo daret cum precibus,	Per angelorum agmina
Intravit Valerianus.	Divina regit carmina.
Alleluia! Alleluia!	Alleluia! Alleluia!
Alleluia!	Alleluia!
Dixit ille: "Puerula,	Gementes sub militia
Tua desine carmina.	Fove, dulcis Cæcilia,
Ad sponsarum solemnia!	Fecunda tua gratia.
Alleluia! Alleluia!	Alleluia! Alleluia!
Alleluia!	Alleluia!
Non volo nubere tecum,	Trinitati laudatio:
Amicum habens angelum	Mœstis restet pulchritudo,
Qui custodit corpus meum.	Unica consolatio.
Alleluia! Alleluia!	Alleluia! Alleluia! Amen."

Ex castris apud Bernacum, nono Kalendas Decembris.

In festo beatæ Cecilie virginis et martyris.

It would be wrong to imagine that these young men always pass through the fire without any injury to their divine vocation. The flesh is weak, and when in the whirlwind of the passions, if there is no strong arm to show the grandeur of a victory and to help against the enemy, if there is no clarion to call for the fight, a defection is to be feared. In fact, there have been defections; more, perhaps, than one may imagine who has not known the hardship of such a life. But, in spite of the devil's designs, those defections have often a good result. They constitute a normal process of elimination from the ranks of the clergy of young men who would have proven, later on—too late then—that they were not fit to fight in the army of the Lord. Unfortunately, those desertions are sometimes a scandal for the narrow-minded, who cannot understand that a seminarian who recognizes that he has made a mistake in entering the sanctuary, should leave it when his conscience tells him he is unable to bear the sacerdotal burden. And if, perchance, this poor young man, discouraged and disheartened, abandons even his Christian practices, there are only too many ready to generalize and reflect on all the clergy the ancient sophism: *Ab uno disce omnes*.

An evidence that the general result has not been so bad as it was supposed to be is in the fact that for the past few years, almost in every diocese, the number of seminarians has increased. And perhaps for many who have safely returned to the seminary this year of trial has strengthened their good dispositions, and changed into a manly character the boyish dispositions with which they had entered. With joy, indeed, those would mingle with their confrères on the feast of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin, and after them step towards the altar in their military attire to renew their clerical promises, and repeat to the Faithful Virgin from the bottom of their heart :

“Ergo nunc tua gens se tibi consecrat;
Ergo nostra manes portio, tu, Deus,
Qui de Virgine natus
Per nos sæpe renāsceris.”

"HOLLY-EVE,"

THE VIGIL OF ALL HALLOWS (ALL SAINTS.)

BY E. M. LYNCH.



It was dark in the cabin but for the red glow of the turf fire. The "clay" walls of the big chimney came into the room, like a wigwam with an uncommonly large entrance. Biddie sat, in the great chair that had been her old father's, close up to the ashes on one side, and Norah had a "creepeen" (a board on three legs, like a milking-stool) at the other side of their rude inglenook. A table, set for one, stood in the shadowy part of the room. Flames from a fresh sod of turf would sometimes dance on the polished delft, the tumbler, and the tall bottle. There was a brown teapot and a cup, too, "for Mattie was iver the sober bhoy; but what way it 'ud be now wid him, *alannah*, there's none can tell," said Biddie, in her own dismal way; so they decided to lay the table for "sperrits *an'* tay," with the white (not brown) sugar; fresh (not salt) butter; baker's bread, instead of home-made oatmeal cakes; and a "rasher," too, with a plate turned over it;—in short, "everythin' av the best."

"But how 'll we ever cook the bit o' bacon for him, *acushla*?" sighed Biddie.

It was near nine now, and they had sat there ever since dusk: Biddie praying, and keeping a clean hearth; Norah also praying, and sometimes crying quietly, and trying hard to ply her knitting-needles all the time in the ruddy dimness.

Biddie might have been the grandmother, so worn, bent, weak, and old did she seem. But, as she said herself: "I do be iver very dawny," or "dunny" (ailing). She could not have been thirty years older than the step-sister she mothered so carefully, despite her looks. Norah was described variously by the neighbors as "a gran' *colleen*"; "a sweet slip av a gurrel"; and "Norah, the nate."

The boisterous wind outside was warmer than many a summer breeze. It bellowed in the wide chimney, and Biddie would groan in response: "Let's say another *pathr 'n' arry, agra!* (God give the child courage!)"

The gusts sometimes bore strange screaming sounds upon their wings, for "they do be havin' gran' doin's at the crass-roads," on Hallowe'en; and the blind piper and Thady, the fiddler, were playing for the dancers, who whooped at the wildest parts of their jigs.

"Glory be!" moaned Biddie, as the loud wind roared by, rattling all October's dry twigs and leaves in a mad whirl past the cabin. She rocked herself to and fro; and, though she was dry-eyed, her sad face twitched with emotion.

"'Tis just the night for the dead *to walk*," she said, in an awe-struck voice.

"*Arrah*, mebbe Mattie 'd rather have a hot griddle-cake nor baker's-bread," cried Norah, starting up.

"Throe for ye, childie," said the old sister. "Go get the male."

And Norah, in feverish haste, mixed water and meal and a pinch of salt, set her cake on an iron plate, and both upon the hot embers.

It was ten o'clock, and the night rougher than ever. The wind would thump upon the door, shaking the latch; and the watchers would grow pale, and turn to look through the unglazed square in the side of their "clay" tent, to see if no ghost was crossing their threshold. "Living soul" would never come, they knew; for all the neighbors would be too considerate to visit a house on the first Hallowe'en after a bereavement. Even a drunken man, they thought, would know better than to do such a thing!

"'Tis *turrible* late!" sighed Biddie. Norah's cake was finished—"done to a turn."

"Ah, thin, isn't it the *gran'* griddle-bread?" Biddie said, in compliment.

Work is exhilarating, and successful work is a great tonic. Norah's hope flickered up anew. "Sure, mebbe Mattie's alive—not dead. Didn't he tell me, an' he goin' down to the dhrill, that I'd see him again—dead or alive?"

"Ach, 'tis only this wan night they can walk, Norrie! Wait, *alannah*! Sure he has till twelve strikes," sighed the melancholy elder.

It was in '67, and Mattie, "the broth of a bhoys," was just the one to be enrolled among the first by the Fenians. He attended the midnight drillings most punctually—never dreaming of advancement for himself, and aware of his small military knowledge or aptitude, but ready, like every fine fellow of his acquaintance, to "fight for the good cause."

Biddie had said, for two or three years: "I'm not long for this wurruld; but av I'd on'y marrit the *girsha* wid a dacint bhoys, the Lord knows, I'd die aisy."

Norah had plenty of suitors, but "never a wan o' thim she'd look at," said Biddie, with a melancholy pride, till Mattie declared his passion. He was already "sworn-in," and he felt he "cudn't bear her not to know his heart, whatever happened."

Some one, however, besides Norah and "the bhoys," came to know about Mattie's connection with the Fenian Brotherhood: to wit, his father's first-born. ("Didn't they know ivery mortal thing, away up in Dublin, in the poliss?") Larry wrote to Mattie: "'Tis *nabbed* ye'll be, ye *aumadhaun*, av ye goes to th' dhrill this night." He added the name they had all used as children for the very spot to which the "leading spirits" of the countryside were bidden. The scrap of paper in a sealed cover was put into Mattie's hand by a strange *gossoon*, in the dusk of a February afternoon. Mattie turned the matter over in his mind for a long half hour. It was impossible, he felt, to warn each man separately. Some would be setting out even now for the meeting-place. It was certainly Larry's writing. Larry would know the exact truth. And the drill *must* be stopped for that night. But how to do it?

There were some sympathizers among the fishermen. He "would give the word to them," and they could *spread it*. Then, their coracles, under the cliff to seaward of the rendezvous, might afford a means of escape for some of the "bhoys." He ran off to the coast village—a long three miles—whispering a word to a comrade here and there; and then he doubled back to Biddie's cabin. Holding a hand of each of the sisters, he said: "The poliss is never coming fur to 'nab' me be meself. Sure, I can't be sartin-sure of stoppin' th' whole lot av th' min, aven av I go meself fur to do it."

"Mebbe they'd listent to an owld crayther like *me*?" hazarded Biddie. "*Avick*, lave me take yer place!"

"An' how'd ye iver get there, Biddie-wuman," he objected. "Sure, I must be makin' the *great* thracks now, though it's meself that's in it."

"An' Norah?" she asked, trembling.

"Well, Norah might be takin' a ring 'round, far out, be way av th' bog," he said, pondering, "to warn the late-comers, mebbe. But there's work for the two av us!"

And it was then that he gave his promise: "Dead or alive, sure, ye'll see me agin"; and "wid a squeeze av th' hand *to the both av us*," as Biddie always added, when she repeated the story of that dreadful night, "he ran aff wid himself. An' niver, from that day to this, did we sot eye on him!"

He must have run nearly twenty miles in the next three and a half dark hours, for so many men lived to tell *where* he had turned them back, and *when*! But he could not warn everybody, and the police made some arrests; while of those who had been hunted to the edge of the cliff—and over it—the coracles carried away as many as they could hold.

"A beggar man, wid an American ahksint an him—an' 'tis no lie I'm tellin' ye," Biddie would say—"toul't Norah he seen Mattie, a tur'ble long way aff, two days afther St. Pathrick's Day; but mebbe 'tis what he wanted to get *th' saft side av her*," she would add, faithful to her doleful view of things.

Perhaps there would have been more authentic tidings but that Biddie and Norah, from that night, became "suspects." Those who wished them well would not, for anything in the world, do what might incriminate them (and it was held to be dangerous even *to know* where an ex-Fenian might happen to be!) Perhaps letters with tidings of Mattie's well-being were intercepted. Many a letter "went astray" in the spring and summer of '67 in Ireland. . . .

And still they watched—hoping, yet trembling—with all things set ready for Mattie's ghost, should it come (as enjoined by tradition) to take a Hallowe'en meal under a loved roof-tree.

It was long past eleven o'clock. There was a lull in the storm, and through the comparative stillness a lengthy, rattling noise shook the cabin's window-panes.

"Mother o' Mercy, what's *that*?" cried Biddie. Norah sobbed aloud; but, after a minute's speechless agony, she asked: "Wouldn't it, mebbe, be the mail-car?"

Soon, through the renewed sougling of the wind, midnight struck upon the church tower, and then came the sound of rapid steps—steps of feet in brogues; brogues, too, with nails in them; no ghostly tread!

The latch lifted! Biddie fainted outright in her high chair. Norah knelt on the floor, with hands raised and lips moving

in prayer. And big, handsome, slightly-awkward Mattie stood framed in the doorway!

"Is it yerself or yer ghost, Mattie, jew'l?" whispered the white-faced girl.

"'Tis meself that's in it, Norah; for why not?" cried Mattie lustily. Then glancing, somewhat startled, at the Halloween table, he said: "Sure, I never recollectit 'twud be still *to-night* whin I'd git here, else I'd have waited tull th' holiday. But who had yese to lose?" he asked, puzzled. "Who's dead, Norrie?"

"Arrah, what's the matter wid Biddie?" wailed Norah. "Sure, 'twas for yer ghost we was watching, Mattie!"

They turned to the unconscious Biddie, and were busy with tender ministrations "bringing her to" for the next few moments. When she had recovered consciousness, and it was safe to joke a little, Mattie said: "Will we make her a drap av this ghost's tay?" and a little while later he was sharing with the still nerve-shattered women the refecation that had been prepared for his spirit, telling them, as they sipped their tea, how "the poliss" had closed round the men who were making for their drill-ground that February night, and had driven them in from all sides; but (where he could) he gave the word: "Fur the cliff and the coracles." He was half way down that cliff himself, when he saw that the last frail boats were already over-full; and he crept into a cleft in the rocks—which he knew well since his boyish days, when he went sea-birds'-egg hunting. There he waited till, literally, "the coast was clear," when he worked his way by the sea-shore towards a Welsh trawler which took him on board. Spring, summer, and autumn he had labored for Taffy. He poured out the golden coins he had earned in exile to cheer Biddie's drooping spirits.

"I had it from Larry that it was safe to come home," he said. "Never heard the wurrud tull las' Sathurday! D'ye think we need be waitin' fur the Shruvven, Norah!" he asked shyly. (The "Shruvven" is Shrovetide, the great season for weddings in rural Ireland.)

"A-why did ye niver write, *avick*, to tell us ye were alive?" asked Biddie.

"An' sure, an' I *did* write, Biddie. But won't she give me e'er an answer about the Shruvven?" Mattie persisted.

"The *girsha* who'd be too quick wid her Yes isn't Norah, *ma bouchal!*" Biddie responded with much dignity.

And Mattie was quite satisfied with that answer.

THE HOLY SEE AND THE JEWS.

BY ELIZABETH RAYMOND-BARKER.



HE tragedy whose final act has just closed at Rennes, in a nation claiming to be the centre of civilization and the chartered exponent of "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," makes it especially interesting at the present time to consider what has been the general action of the Holy See throughout the ages in regard to that ancient race so deeply hated, and yet, to every thoughtful mind, so deeply interesting—the race which gave the world the Twelve Foundations of the Church, including "the Rock" on which it is built, the spotless MOTHER, and, through her, the DIVINE FOUNDER Himself: the race of ISRAEL.

JEWS TOLERATED AT ROME.

The Jews, although more or less rigorously persecuted throughout the Middle Ages in all European countries, and even in Arabia and more distant regions, were tolerated at Rome itself, the capital of the Christian world. This tranquillity and security, writes the learned Emanuel Rodocanachi,* which they were nowhere else permitted to enjoy, they found, at least relatively, under the immediate shadow of St. Peter, shielded by the representative of Christ upon earth. The sanguinary reprisals for strange and incredible crimes imputed to the Jews, the wholesale banishments, legal spoliations, and burnings at the stake, so common in other countries, were unknown at Rome. By no other sovereign were they treated with the moderation shown them by the popes.

It is true that at Rome as elsewhere the Jews were despised, obliged to live in their own quarter of the city, and, as a rule, compelled to wear a distinctive badge or color, although this rule had many exceptions, and fell at times into abeyance. Moreover these universal money-makers and money-lenders often found themselves the involuntary creditors of great personages, popes included; still, to the student of history, there

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is no doubt that amidst the intolerance and barbarities of the Middle Ages and the times succeeding them Rome set a great example of moderation.

Indeed, throughout Italy the Jews had much less to suffer than elsewhere, for although cruel persecutions arose against them at Naples, Chiesi, and Trani, these, as in other Italian towns, were essentially local and transient. Owing to the incessant feuds and rivalries between one town or state and its next neighbors, it was sufficient for the Jews to be banished from one to find a ready refuge in any other with which it was fighting.

THEIR PRESENCE IN ROME IN EARLIEST TIMES.

It does not seem possible to ascertain the date of the first arrival of the Jews at Rome, but it is certain that they were there in the time of Pompey, who brought with him many Jewish captives to swell his triumph. These captives, freed by Cæsar, formed from that time a separate caste, the *Libertini*.* St. Paul found at Rome an important Jewish colony, among whom the Christians were comparatively few. Still, both alike despised the gods of Rome and were alike hated by their worshippers. The pagans saw that where there were Jews, there also there were Christians; the New Law was growing up in the shadow of the Old, and both must perish.

From the time of Nero to that of Constantine the Jews were persecuted with the Christians. It is only from the time of Constantine that their history as a separate race comes into clear relief, and is comparatively easy to follow, especially at Rome. One of the first acts of this emperor was a repressive measure against the Jews, between whom and the Christians the divergence was by that time as apparent as it was profound. He made it penal for Jews to insult or injure converts to Christianity, forbade the adoption of Judaism by Christians as apostasy, and the blending of the distinctive rites and doctrines of the two as heresy. Jews were not to have Christians in their service, nor to eat with them, nor share their pleasures, nor bless the fruits of their land; above all, they were forbidden to make proselytes.†

Julian the Apostate, who hated the Christians, favored the Jews; Jovian oppressed them, Valens treated them mildly,

* At the murder of Cæsar, their liberator, the Jews of Rome watched weeping for several nights around the ashes of his funeral pile.

† See Eusebius, *De Vita Constantini*, lib. iv. cap. xxvii.

Theodosius and Honorius with rigor. They were no longer allowed to exercise any public function, or build new synagogues, and Christians were scrupulously to avoid all contact with them.

At Rome, nevertheless, the tradition of toleration was maintained. There the Jews might observe the ceremonies of their worship in peace, and were even permitted to exercise certain magisterial functions. Although they were not allowed their independence, their religious scruples were not interfered with. Proof of this exists in the Acts of the council held under Pope Zachary [A. D. 741] at Rome.

From the time when no longer the emperors but the popes became the absolute rulers of the Eternal City, the history of the Roman Jewry becomes distinct from that of every other, and is particularly interesting, since it furnishes the criterion of the dispositions of the Holy See throughout the ages in regard to the entire Jewish race. Elsewhere the action of bishops, provincial councils, or sovereigns, were more or less substituted for that of the popes, or it interfered with or distorted it, but the Jews at Rome were under the immediate rule of the Sovereign Pontiff, and thus their vicissitudes faithfully mirror the attitude of the church at every period in regard to the race of Israel.

THE POLICY OF THE HOLY SEE.

These vicissitudes were numerous. The Jewish question which agitated the Middle Ages was to thoughtful men a source of much perplexity, nor is it, as we have good reason to know, by any means a matter of indifference to our own times. Our forefathers were at a loss how to treat these heirs of a venerated tradition and of a detested name. *Legem probo, sed improbo gentem*, were the words with which some at least of the popes, on the day of their coronation, received the homage of the delegates of the Jewish community. But how could they treat with severity the representatives of the ancient Law without in some measure infringing the Law itself? Each pope who ascended the Throne of Peter had his personal and traditional views on the matter, and hence arose a diversity of treatment on their part, although this diversity was less real than apparent. That which strikes the student of history as the most remarkable and potent characteristic of the policy of the Holy See is its unity. Men are ambitious of a thousand different things: the church desires but one, and this is always

the same—the eternal welfare of her children. Her methods may vary, but her motive, never. All the popes in succession have pursued the same end in regard to the race of Israel, although the difference of times and circumstances has called for diversity of action. There have been three periods marking this diversity.

VICISSITUDES OF THE RACE.

While the Papacy was triumphant and its rule unquestioned it sought, not to subjugate but to win the Jews. This may be called the First Period. But when the popes saw their work threatened, attacked and almost compromised on every side, they ceased, during what may be called the Second Period, to oppose—in their wonted degree—their moderation to the popular fury, and made their authority the more strongly felt the more it was contested. It was the Reformation which assured the triumph of the Inquisition. Paul IV. published the bull which separated the Jews from the rest of mankind at the time when Luther was subverting Germany, and Calvin France and Switzerland, with their heresies. By a remarkable Nemesis the victories gained by the enemies of the Holy See cost most to those who hated it most.

In the Third Period, which followed when calm was somewhat restored, and the progress of heresy seemed for a time arrested, the Sovereign Pontiffs relaxed the severity to which the force of events had constrained them, and turned their attention more fully than before to the catechumenate, and the instruction of converts from Judaism. The First Period extends from the fall of the Empire to the accession of Eugenius IV., in 1431.

While the later emperors, with the zeal of recent converts, were persecuting them, the popes sheltered the Jews with their protection. St. Gregory the Great forbade that any should be compelled to abjure, be deprived of the right of possessing house or land, or of cultivating the soil. "It is," he said, "by gentleness and kindness, by persuasion and exhortation, that unbelievers must be led into the bosom of the church." *

It was in vain that the provincial councils of Toledo, Rheims, and Meaux did their utmost by harsh decrees to force the illustrious pontiff and his successors beyond the limits they had laid down. They none the less persisted in treating the

* "Prædictos vero Hebræos gravari vel affligi contra ordinem rationis prohibemus," etc. See Epist. lib. i., Indict. ix., Epist. x., and many other passages in St. Gregory's Letters.

Jews as wanderers, not criminals or enemies; as sheep gone astray, to be won, not driven by force into the true fold.

Nevertheless, it sometimes happened that at Rome as elsewhere a sudden catastrophe or other great calamity was regarded as a sign of the wrath of Heaven against the "perfidious Jews." Thus, when, after the alarms inspired by the year 1000 were appeased, an earthquake in 1020 caused widespread terror and dismay, the Jews were declared to have occasioned the divine displeasure, and as they had done before, during the famine in the time of Theodoric, so again for the earthquake, the populace attacked and burnt the synagogue. In other countries the Jews themselves would have been burnt. But the deeds we have related were rare in Rome, where the Jews were, as a rule, allowed to vegetate in their own quarter in tranquillity and almost ignored, as despised and somewhat suspicious strangers, but still not pariahs.

POPES RECEIVE THE HOMAGE OF THE JEWS.

This alien community had been wont to salute the emperors on great occasions, and so also at the coronation of each pope the representatives of the Roman Jewry were in the foremost rank among the deputations assembled to congratulate the newly elected pontiff. They also, for a long period, went annually to salute the pope at Easter. In fact, rather than fail in demonstrations of fidelity to the Holy See, they were careful during the sad period of the Schism to render homage at the same time to the true pope and to the anti-pope, wherever the latter might be. Thus Callixtus II. and Gregory VIII., Innocent II. and Anaclete (in 1130), received almost simultaneously the homage of the Jews. In Pope Anaclete, indeed, they saw one almost of their own race, his grandfather, the Israelite Leone, having embraced Christianity; and it was made a matter of reproach to the pope that his features bore too strongly the stamp of his origin.*

This homage rendered by the Jews was doubtless sincere, for they knew the popes to be their best protectors. Alexan-

* Natali, in *Il Ghetto di Roma*, relates an extraordinary legend of a German Jew. This Jew, it says, being raised to the Papacy, led a holy life, devoted to his high calling, and would probably have died in the odor of sanctity but for an unfortunate incident. He was famed for his skill at chess, the only recreation he allowed himself. One day there arrived from Germany an aged Jew who was said to have no equal as a chess-player. He was invited to try his skill with the pope, and when on the point of being beaten, made a move of which he alone possessed the secret, but his adversary out-manœuvred him. On seeing this the old Jew recognized "his blood," and springing up, embraced the Holy Father, calling him his son. And thus, adds the legend, the pope won the game but lost the tiara.

der III. (1159) employed a Jew as his treasurer, Innocent III. (1198) declared that, "following the example of his predecessors, Callixtus, Eugenius, Alexander, and Clement, he would be to the suppliant Jews a shield of defence."* Honorius III. (1216) openly protected them.† Gregory IX. (1227) remonstrated and legislated, but in vain, against their persecution in France and Germany, and in Italy forbade them to be injured or put to death without trial, or molested during the celebration of their solemnities, or that their dead should be disinterred under pretext of compelling payment from the living‡ Nicholas IV. (1288), although far from showing himself invariably favorable to the Jews, yet on hearing that they had been molested at Rome, commanded his vicar to keep careful watch that their property as well as their synagogue should be respected. Innocent IV. (1243) himself usually treated his Jewish subjects with much kindness, although he was the first pope to absolutely prohibit the reading of the Talmud,§ that vast and extraordinary compilation in which so strange a mingling of half-heathen myth and fable, cabalistic lore, wise proverbs and examples, together with doctrines tending to the subversion of religion and morality, side by side with parables full of truth and beauty, had accumulated in the course of ages.¶ This prohibition, repeatedly violated, was repeatedly renewed, and always in vain. "The Talmudic Jew, with his intense pride of race, and scorn and hatred of other nations, was a difficult person to deal with."¶ It was through Talmudic influences that the Jews in Spain were more in sympathy with Islam than the religion of Christ, and assisted the Moors in the eighth century to conquer the country and destroy the kingdom of the Visigoths.

When Benjamin of Tudela, between 1159 and 1167, visited Rome, he had remarked with surprise on the liberty there enjoyed by the Jews in comparison with those in other countries. But this, which may be called the golden age of the Roman Jewry, was not of long duration. There is no question that

* Raynaldus, *Annales Ecclesiastici*, 1199, liv. It was Innocent III. also who obliged the abbot of St. Mary de Pratis, Leicester, to provide for a Jew who had fallen into poverty (ib. 1205, lvii.)

† In the Bull "Sicut Judæus non debet," November 7, 1217, but at the same time the Jews are prohibited from the exercise of public functions.

‡ Bull of March 5, 1233: "Sufficere debuerat perfidiæ Judæorum."

§ Bull "Impia Judæorum," May 9, 1244.

¶ See an article by the present writer, "On the Scope and History of the Talmud," in THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE for June, 1891.

¶ See *The Catholic Dictionary*, under the heading "Jews."

the spirit of proselytism among the rich and influential Jewish families was becoming a real and serious danger. The bulls issued by Clement IV. (1265), Gregory X. (1271), and Nicholas IV. (1288) testify to their anxieties on this account. Martin IV. and Honorius IV., also, on ascending the Papal throne, in 1281 and 1285, had felt it necessary to issue repressive edicts, which closed the liberal professions and certain trades to Jews, but left them, outside their own quarter, the sole resources of commerce on certain lines, and of banking transactions and management.

The last pope whose accession was saluted by the Jews before the exile of the Holy See at Avignon was Boniface VIII., in 1295, when, assembled near the tower of Serpietro, and headed by the rabbi, bearing the sacred book of the Law, they craved his clemency. "O nation beloved of God, and now his enemy," exclaimed the pope, pausing on his way, "who hopest in an uncertain future and closest thine eyes to the light of faith, holding aloof when the peoples of the earth draw near, for thee Christ shed his blood, and thou refusest to acknowledge him as thy Redeemer." And after receiving the book, he returned it to the hands of the rabbi.*

This presentation of the Pentateuch had become a custom from the time of the accession of Eugenius III., in 1145, when the pope in acknowledgment of this mark of respect, allowed the Gospel to be read before him in Hebrew instead of, as previously had been the custom, in Greek or Latin. The same ceremonial was observed in 1163, on the coronation of Alexander III.

THE POPES AWAY, THE JEWS SUFFERED.

The absence of the popes was the cause of much suffering to the Jews of Rome, no longer shielded by their restraining hand from the oppressive barons and turbulent people. If Pope John XXII., who was naturally clement, burnt the Talmud, it was doubtless to save the Jews from being burnt for reading it. He undertook their defence against tyrannical sovereigns, and was the first to forbid the seizure of a man's goods on his conversion to Christianity.† This extraordinary

* Piazza, p. 755, quoted by Rodocanachi, gives the following answer as made by some of the popes on receiving the sacred volume: "We praise and venerate this holy Law given by God, through the hands of Moses and your Elders (maggiori), but we blame and condemn your observance and vain interpretation thereof, seeing that you are still expecting the Messiah, whom the Holy Catholic Church declares to be already come, even our Lord Jesus Christ, who lives and reigns with the Father to all eternity."

† Raynaldus, 1320, xxiii., Bull "Cum sit absurdum," June 19, 1320.

- custom had been introduced early in the Middle Ages into almost every country in Europe, but was never allowed at Rome. Under the plea that the neophyte in renouncing his errors was also to renounce everything relating to his past life, he was required to give up everything he possessed, and, as it were, begin his life over again. The rich, who chiefly profited by the spoils, and the poor, who came in for a share of them, highly approved of this process, though it certainly was not of a nature to encourage conversions. On the publication of the bull prohibiting the practice, Charles VI. of France, Jayme II. of Aragon, and Enrique of Castile, issued edicts commanding their vassals to respect the papal decree, but with indifferent success, and so late as 1542 Pope Paul III. found it needful to reiterate the injunction.*

At Rome, as we have said, nothing of the kind was permitted. There the popes paternally protected the converts, and it was doubtless for this reason that such large numbers of Jews travelled great distances to Rome,† to make their act of submission to the church under the benevolent guardianship of the sovereign pontiffs.

"We are bound," said Pope Paul III., "to behave with consideration and kindness to the heterodox who come to us; not to ill-treat them, but to stretch forth a helping hand, and smooth the way for them."‡ At the same time the popes strenuously forbade compulsion to be used with a view to conversion. "For he is not truly a Christian," said Urban V., "who comes for baptism not of his own free will, but because he is forced thereto."§

Clement VI., who ascended the Papal throne in 1342, would fain have adopted the mild treatment approved by John XXII. in regard to his Israelitish subjects, but the awful scourge called the Black Death was then devastating Europe; and as in post-reformation England every great calamity was laid at the door of the Catholics, so in mediæval Europe it was attributed by the populace equally as a matter of course to the Jews.

* "*Cupientes Judæos*"; bull of March 21, 1542.

† In 1388 these arrivals were so numerous that the pope was obliged to make special arrangements for their reception.

‡ Clement XI., in 1700, in the Bull "*Propagandæ per Universum*," enacted that if a Jew become a Christian, the portion of his father's goods falling to him shall not be withheld by the family on account of his conversion. But he is not allowed to disinherit his other brothers—a proceeding enacted by the penal laws of Protestant England, according to which, if the younger son of a Catholic land-owner became a Protestant, he could take the whole estate and reduce the rest of the family to poverty.

§ Bull of Urban V. (1362), "*Sicut Judæis*."

At Rome the misery was appalling, and the popes being absent from their too-turbulent capital, the lawless barons maltreated the people without scruple or pity, while the Jews, a prey to the violence of both alike, fared worst of all.

It was not until the year 1404 that they joyfully acclaimed the return of the pontiffs to Rome, when they did homage to Innocent VII. On receiving the Pentateuch from the hands of the rabbi, the pope returned it to him "without confirmation or derogation."

Only a year later took place the accession of Gregory XII., who, instead of returning the sacred book to the chief rabbi, desired to keep it; and from that time it became the custom at each coronation to present the new pope with a richly adorned copy of the Law.* Martin V., whose election in 1417 happily put an end to the period of anti-popes, not only protected the Jews from unjust treatment by sovereigns abroad or the populace at home, but remitted certain taxes, and allowed them again to be employed as physicians and as professors in the schools.

THE PERIOD OF STRICTER MEASURES.

Pope Eugenius IV., with whom begins the second period of greater severity, although this severity was very intermittent, decreed the withdrawal of these favors, but did not enforce the fulfilment of his edict, which was allowed to remain rather as a threat than as a law. Callixtus III. and Nicholas V. allowed it to remain a dead-letter. At the coronation of Callixtus, in 1455, when the Jews, as he was passing Monte Giordano, presented a splendid copy of the Law, the populace riotously struggled to seize it. From that time, therefore, they were allowed to do homage at the Castle of Sant' Angelo, protected by the Pontifical Guards. Pius III., in 1503, received them in a hall of his palace.

There was, nevertheless, at that period an increased animus against the Jews. This had been strongly manifested in 1472, when Sixtus IV. had sanctioned the *cultus* of the little Simon of Trent, whom, it was affirmed, they had martyred.† Still, at Rome, they lost no opportunity of proclaiming their fidelity to the Holy See, and on the enthronement of Leo X., in 1513, rivalled the Christians in enthusiasm, and in the magnificence they displayed in his honor.

* There are several superb copies of the sacred books, dating from the last two centuries, in the library of the Vatican.

† Basnage de Beauval, *Hist. des Juifs*, La Haye, 1716.

With regard to the little Simon of Trent, and similar cases, it is known that none of the supposed victims of the Jewish blood-ritual have ever been formally canonized or even formally beatified. Little Simon of Trent is styled "Blessed" simply because he appears in the Roman martyrology, but that is only equivalent to a recognition of *cultus*. The same holds for the case of Andrew of Rinn, whose *cultus* was sanctioned, without any examination of the cause, by Benedict XIV. But all this is by no means the same as formal beatification, much less canonization.* The alleged martyrdom by Jews of Christian children has repeatedly been disproved on examination of the facts of the case, and the so-called "confessions," extracted by torture, have as often been emphatically retracted by the sufferers at the moment of death. The use of blood, taken from some innocent victim, really did enter into the magic spells of professors of the black art, and as there is no doubt that sorcery was much practised among the Jews, it is possible that some sorcerers may at different times have combined this evil magic with their religious beliefs.

INJUSTICE OF ACCUSATIONS.

Still, Judaism as a system can certainly not be held responsible for these outrages. (1) There is absolutely no trace of any such rite in the Talmud or any Hebrew religious book. (2) Nor is there any such injunction or recommendation handed down by oral tradition; this is declared by numberless learned Jews of the highest character. (3) Several of the Roman pontiffs and other ecclesiastical authorities, after careful examination of evidence, have formally exonerated the Jewish people and religion from any such imputation.†

For instance, Innocent IV., July 5, 1247, in a document addressed in duplicate to the bishops of France and Germany, says: "Although Holy Scripture . . . forbids the Jews to touch a dead body of any sort at the festival of the Passover, there are people who falsely charge them of partaking in common at this festival of the heart of a child whom they have killed. They believe that the law of the Jews enjoins this upon them, although precisely the contrary is the case, and if

* I am indebted to the kindness of the Rev. Father Thurston, S.J., for this information, and, for full particulars on the subject, would refer to his valuable article, entitled "Antisemitism and the Charge of Ritual Murder," in *The Month* for June, 1898. (Longmans, and Benziger Brothers.)

† This and the following page are largely taken from Father Thurston's article in *The Month* for June, 1898.

a dead body be found anywhere, the Jews are maliciously accused of having committed a murder."

The pope then goes on to speak with indignation of the outrages to which the Jews were subjected in consequence of these fabrications. He also, in a letter to the Archbishop of Vienne, a few months previously, recounted the atrocities perpetrated against the Jews of Valréas, who were accused of crucifying a Christian girl, and frightfully torturing her, although absolutely innocent of the crime.

Gregory X., in a bull of October 7, 1272, repeats the statement of Innocent IV., and declares the falsehood of the accusation that the Jews use human blood has been proved to him many times by Jewish rabbis and others converted to Christianity. This pope even established a rule that the testimony of Christians alone is not to be received against Jews unless some Jew confirm it.

Later on, Martin V. again forbids any such "false and calumnious charge" as that of ritual murder, or that of poisoning the wells, to be made against the Jews. So again, Paul III., in a letter of May 12, 1540, to the bishops of Hungary, Bohemia, and Poland, emphasizes the letters of former popes in regard to the falsity of these accusations. At the same time the non-existence of *ritual* murder does not imply that isolated outbreaks of fanaticism, and possibly of vengeance, may not have been attended with the murder of an innocent victim *in odium fidei*, but such had nothing whatever to do with Jewish ritual, and was reprobated with horror by thoughtful and educated Israelites.

All favors and concessions granted by preceding pontiffs were confirmed in 1534 by Paul III., but these were again restricted by Julius III., in 1550, when various parts of Europe, seduced by so-called reformers, were fast falling a prey to heresy and schism. Paul IV., who became pope five years later, résuméd and codified the previous repressive edicts, enforcing the seclusion of the Jews in their own quarter, the Ghetto, and the wearing of a distinctive color or badge; forbidding them to employ Christian servants, especially as nurses, and this for very sufficient reasons, if we are to credit the records of the time. The same edict prescribes the precautions to be taken against usury and unjust charges, and prohibits the sale of articles left in pawn until the expiration of eighteen months. The practice of medicine, in which some of the rabbis excelled, was no longer permitted them except as

regarded their own race.* But notwithstanding the verbal severity of his bull, Paul IV. almost immediately instructed his vicar to modify its application. This custom of mitigating by "explanation" an ordinance of acknowledged severity gave a great elasticity to the edicts of the Holy See, which were thus far less rigorous *de facto* than *de jure*.

Pius IV. (de' Medici) proclaimed a general amnesty for the misdeeds which had occasioned the severity of his predecessor in regard to the Jewish community. Among other favors he allowed them to have shops outside the precincts of the Ghetto, on condition that they were closed on Sundays and great festivals of the church, and that the holders returned within the Ghetto at night. Pius V., while refusing them the right of owning houses outside the Ghetto, allowed the rental of shops for the display of their merchandise, except in streets through which religious processions were accustomed to pass.

In 1558 a general feeling of resentment against the Jews led to their expulsion from Ravenna and Palestrina, and in the following year from the Papal States, with the exception of Rome and Ancona. They were commonly accused not only of ruining the rich and stripping the poor by exorbitant **usury**, but also of the darkest crimes and sacrileges. Even St. Charles Borromeo, who was full of compassion and charity, must have considered that there was some reason to credit these accusations, when he advised the princes of Christendom to expel them from their dominions, as constituting a danger to their Christian subjects.†

In spite of the popular hatred and mistrust, Sixtus V. and the three succeeding popes treated the Jews of Rome with great moderation and kindness. This continued until Clement VIII., on his accession in 1592, beheld the enemies of the Holy See sweeping away the ancient landmarks of the faith, and, like a destroying flood, apparently carrying all before them. Protestantism under Elizabeth had taken definite possession of England; a Huguenot king was on the throne of France; Bohemia, the Netherlands, and Germany were tainted

* Innocent VIII., in his last illness, was assured by a Jewish charlatan of recovery by the transfusion of blood from the veins of three youths. The youths died, and so also did the pope. The practitioner fled. Still, this was quite an exceptional case. Among the popes who were attended by Jewish physicians were Boniface IX., Martin V., Eugenius IV., Innocent VII., Pius II., Julius II., Paul III., Julius III., Sixtus V., and Leo X.

† We know from Seckendorf, one of Luther's apologists and admirers, what was the treatment advised by the heresiarch in regard to the Jews: "Their synagogues ought to be destroyed, their houses pulled down, their books of prayer, the Talmud, and *even the Books of the Old Testament*, should be taken from them, their rabbis forbidden to teach, and compelled to gain a living by hard labor."

with heresy, and Italy and Rome were in a state of ferment and unrest. This did not seem to Clement a time to encourage an alien community of misbelievers in the heart of Christendom, and besides renewing the Bull *Cum nimis absurdum* of Paul IV., he commanded the Jews to quit the States of the Church, with the exception of Rome, Ancona, Naples, and Avignon; but this, which was their last expulsion, was never fully carried out, the pope recalling them in the following year, 1593. At the same time, on account of the popular animosity against them, he renewed the edicts forbidding that they should be ill-treated. Any person throwing stones at a Jew or tearing his garments, or otherwise molesting him, was sentenced to be whipped and fined, these penalties being increased in severity as time went on.

THE PERIOD OF CONCESSIONS AND OF MILDNESS.

During the third period, from the time of Clement VIII., who began his reign in 1592, the condition of the Roman Jews was increasingly ameliorated by the Holy See, which, while maintaining strict discipline, allowed much of the old legislation to fall into disuse.

In the mild reign of Paul II., in 1464, a custom had been inaugurated which, though at first harmless, had in the course of years, owing to the animus of the Roman rabble, become a source of much affliction to the inhabitants of the Ghetto. This pope, a Venetian noble of high rank, and accustomed to splendor and refinement, knowing the love of his Roman subjects for amusements, and disliking the brutal combats with wild beasts and other sanguinary spectacles so dear to them, resolved to replace these by less savage forms of entertainment. It was he who introduced the Carnival as it has for three centuries been observed at Rome. Among the sports indulged in races formed an important item, and indeed these races gave its present name of the *Corso* to the ancient *Via Lata*. On the first day, ran Roman youths; on the second, Jews ("not fewer than eight"), and on the third, sexagenarians. It is certain that there was at first nothing humiliating in this participation in the carnival games by the Jews, but it gradually became an occasion of raillery, ridicule, and violence on the part of the crowd. At the approach of the carnival the Jews, for many years, went year by year to ask the pope's protection, and he had on every occasion issued an edict to shield them from insult and injury, sentencing offenders to

severe penalties.* Clement IX. put an end to these abuses by an edict of January 28, 1668, in which he decreed that the Jews were no longer to take part in the races or other carnival games.

THE SPANISH INQUISITION AND THE JEWS.

For reasons given at the outset, we have dwelt chiefly on the action of the Holy See in regard to the Jews of Rome. Before concluding, it will be of interest, as briefly as we can, to notice it with reference to their treatment in Spain, and especially by the Spanish Inquisition.

And first it must be allowed that long before the time of Ferdinand and Isabella the Jew of Spain had become an element of danger to the country.

During the religious wars with the Moors the Jews suffered greatly from the zealous violence of the Spanish knights, and in those stormy times it was the popes and the clergy who were their best protectors. In a brief of Alexander II. to the Spanish bishops he praises them for having prevented their massacre, commending for the same reason Viscount Berengar of Narbonne, and at the same time censuring the archbishop for not having duly shielded them. Pope Honorius II., one hundred and fifty years later, also protected them from brutal treatment.

At the same time the popes did not allow Jews to hold power over Christians, either as masters or judges. The Jews had their own judges and were tried by their own laws and rights, often to the prejudice of the Spaniards. They had certain privileges not shared by Christians, such as that of not being imprisoned without express command of the king. We even find them obtaining at times so much power that they practically held the reins of government.

During the fourteenth century the Cortes and other councils often sent remonstrances to the government, since the existence of so many privileges in their favor produced repeated civil commotions.†

But while the real Jews had monopolized a great part of the national property and commerce, a far greater danger arose from the multitude of pretended converts. These threatened to uproot not only the Spanish nationality itself but also the

* Amongst other prohibitions (although in carnival time every one, Jew or Gentile, is pelted promiscuously) it was forbidden to pelt a Jew with anything harder than "fruit"; whereupon a certain Marchese del Grillo laid in a large supply of *fir-cones* by way of ammunition in their regard.

† See the *Life of Cardinal Ximenes*, by Dr. Von Hefele, Canon Dalton's translation, from which source we have largely drawn in these latter pages.

Christian faith, some being raised to bishoprics and other ecclesiastical dignities while secretly undermining the faith they professed to believe and teach, so that in the time of Ferdinand the Catholic the proselytism carried on by the Jews had reached an alarming degree.

It is important to bear in mind that it was these *false converts* that the Inquisition afterwards punished, and not the Jews properly so-called, a distinction too often forgotten by Protestant controversialists. "Neither the unbaptized Jew nor the unbaptized Moor could be brought before the Inquisition, but only those of these two creeds who had relapsed" (De Maistre).

After the conquest of Granada, in 1492, Ferdinand and Isabella, feeling the impossibility of suppressing crypto-judaism so long as the Jews remained in Spain, issued a decree for all the Jews who up to the 31st of July refused to be baptized to leave the kingdom. The indefatigable proselytism of the Spanish Jews aimed at nothing less than the Judaizing of the whole of Spain, and this decree was hastened on by various overt acts on the part of the Jews. They were accused of having defaced crucifixes, profaned consecrated Hosts, and, at La Guardia, of having crucified Christian children.

RECOURSE TO ROME.

Notwithstanding these imputed crimes, it is a fact well worthy of attention that, at the time of the greatest rigor against both pretended or suspected converts, and Judaizing Christians, persons accused or threatened by the Inquisition hastened to take refuge in Rome. The number of causes commenced by the Inquisition and summoned from Spain to Rome, especially during the first fifty years of the existence of that tribunal, is countless, and it must be added that Rome always inclined to the side of mercy.* "I do not know," writes Balmez, "that it would be possible to cite one accused

* See Balmez, *History of European Civilization*, ch. xxxvi. The Spanish Inquisition was instituted in the first place as a barrier against the encroachments of Judaism and Islamism, but it was in a very important degree for political reasons that the Spanish kings upheld an institution which, though apparently of an ecclesiastical nature, was constantly complained of and combated by the popes and bishops. It was, as is stated by Ranke (vol i. p. 248), used as the means of completing the absolute authority of the king. Count Alexis de St. Priest, in his history of the banishment of the Jesuits from Portugal and their barbarous treatment in the prisons of Lisbon, observes with reference to Pombal, the chief mover in this persecution: "This minister, the destroyer of the Jesuits and apostle of absolutism, an enemy of Rome and the hierarchical power like no other, recognized in the Inquisition the best means for the accomplishment of his plans," and made it his tool accordingly, as also, later, did Philip II., to a marked extent. See also *Life of Cardinal Ximenes*, pp. 313-335, containing valuable evidence of the Papal action in regard to the proceedings of the Spanish Inquisition.

person who by appealing to Rome did not ameliorate his condition. The history of the Inquisition is full of contests between the kings and popes, and we constantly find on the part of the Holy See a desire to restrain the Inquisition within the limits of justice and humanity."

Again and again do we find the pope interfering to mitigate the lot of the appellants, and also not unfrequently complaining that the indulgence he had granted to accused persons had not been sufficiently respected. In fine, after several other admonitions, he observed to Ferdinand and Isabella that "mercy towards the guilty was more pleasing to God than the severity it was desired to use"; and gave the example of the Good Shepherd in regard to the wandering sheep.

It was, indeed, because they were sure of finding clemency there, that the accused so constantly had recourse to Rome. We have proof of this in the number of Spanish refugees convicted at Rome of having fallen into Judaism. Two hundred and fifty were found at one time, and yet there was not one execution. Some penances were imposed on them, and when they were absolved and reconciled they were allowed to return home, without the least mark of ignominy. This took place in 1498.

The Roman Inquisition, as Balmez states, was never known to pronounce sentence of capital punishment, even when the Apostolic See was occupied by popes of extreme rigor in their civil administration. While in all parts of Europe, he writes, scaffolds were prepared to punish crimes against religion, and scenes which saddened the soul were everywhere witnessed, Rome was an exception to the rule—Rome, which has been represented as a monster of intolerance and cruelty.

We conclude this imperfect notice with the words of the Calvinist, Basnage de Beauval, written in 1716. "Of all sovereigns," he says, "there have scarcely been any whose rule has been milder towards the circumcised than that of the popes. Even when persecuting contumacious Christians, they showed favor to this race, . . . and left them full liberty of conscience. Some few popes, it is true, have shown themselves their enemies, for it is impossible that, in so long a succession of Bishops of Rome, all should have had the same temperament, or have followed the same method. Still, even at this present time, the Jews continue to live in greater tranquillity under the domination of these heads of the church than under any other."

FATHER HECKER'S MAXIMS FOR THE APOSTOLATE OF THE PRESS.

The following principles were written out by Father Hecker more than thirty years ago—at a time when he had the personal management of the editorial department of this Magazine, which he founded—in order to be a rule of conduct for its management as well as a guide in adopting policies of defence. They have ever since been posted up in the editorial office. No statement can be framed that will better reflect the spirit of loyal devotion to Holy Church, or of filial and humble submission to her decrees.

1.—ABSOLUTE and unswerving loyalty to the authority of the Church, whenever and wherever expressed, as God's authority upon earth and for all time.

2.—To seek in the same dispositions the true spirit of the Church, and be unreservedly governed by it as the wisdom of the Most High.

3.—To keep my mind and heart free from all attachment to schools, parties, or persons in the Church (Hecker included), so that nothing within me may hinder the light and direction of the Holy Spirit.

4.—In case any conflict arises concerning what Hecker may have spoken or written, or any work or movement in which he may be engaged, to re-examine. If wrong, make him retract at once. If not, then ask, Is the question of such importance that it requires defence and the upsetting of attacks? If not of this importance, then not to delay, and perhaps jeopardize the progress of the other works; and condemn Hecker to simple silence.

5.—In the midst of the imperfections, abuses, scandals, etc., of the human side of the Church, never allow myself to think or express a word which might seem to place a truth of the Catholic faith in doubt or to savor of the spirit of disobedience.

6.—With all this in view, to be the most earnest and ardent friend of all true progress, and to work with all my might for its promotion through existing authorities and organizations.



IN MEMORIAM.

To **Father Isaac T. Becker,**

(Born December 18, 1819; died December 22, 1888.)

Most rare of souls those few elect who know
The Spirit's two-fold advent : first in love
That wooes to mystic sanctities—the dove
Its holy symbol ; then in tongues that glow
With blaze of soul-annealing flame, and flow
In Pentecostal streams of zeal through will
And kindling heart : souls high on Carmel's hill,
Yet spent for brothers on the plain below.

Such thou, my Master ; Father, Prophet, Seer,
God's Own ! Thy soul a virgin, chastely-white,
His spouse resplendent ; thy true heart the dear
Abode of big affection ; and of Right
Chivalric lover. Be thy fame as clear
As shines thy candid spirit in God's sight !
W. L. S.

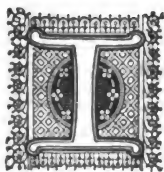
REMINISCENCES OF A CATHOLIC CRISIS IN ENGLAND FIFTY YEARS AGO.

BY REV. C. L. WALWORTH.

XIII.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

DEPARTURE FROM ENGLAND TO JOIN THE NEW PROVINCIAL.—
GATHERING OF OUR PARTY AT PARIS.—SIGHT-SEEING—STIR-
RING SCENES AT THE FRENCH ASSEMBLÉE.—LACORDAIRE'S
PREACHING.—SAINT SULPICE.—SEMINARY OF THE MISSIONS
ÉTRANGÈRES.—ROOM OF THE MARTYRS—BRIEF WORDS OF
FATHER BERNARD.



IHAVE already, in the beginning of chapter xi., opened the doorway to a great event in my life far enough to give an outlook across the Atlantic. On some day now forgotten, about the middle of January, 1851, or later in that month, Father Hecker and I were called from our respective stations to Clapham, in order to make this voyage. Arrangements had been made for us to meet the Rev. Father Bernard and other companions of his party at Paris and take ship with them for America from Havre de Grace.

A stormy passage from Dover carried us to Calais. A rapid railway trip brought us to Paris. At the Paris station police officials snapped us up as if we had been government freightage properly labelled, and transported us promptly to the Hôtel de Paris. There we found our new provincial and the rest of his party waiting for us. They were old friends of ours whom we had known in the Studendate at Wittem, in the Limbourg. The names of this party we give as follows: Father Bernard Hafkenscheid, of Amsterdam; Fathers Landsheer, Kittel, Wirth, and Dold; also three students not yet ordained, Hellemans, Giesen, and Müller.

I may not have any convenient occasion to speak again of Father Kittel, and therefore add a few words more concerning him. This young man was an excellent scholar, a classmate with me in the Studendate at Wittem. He was a native of

Silesia in Prussian Poland, a noble and apostolic young priest, and would have made a successful missionary. It was God's holy will, however, to call him home to himself before his first year in America was ended.

Father Ludwig (Lewis) had been my predecessor at Hanley Castle. He had also been predecessor to Father Hecker at Scott-Murray's. Murray was an excellent Catholic gentleman and great friend and patron of Redemptorists. He had a Catholic chapel nearer London. Ludwig was already a proficient in English, and had had great success in preaching at both places and in receiving Protestant converts into the church. He followed us into America during this same year, but not in the same ship. He was a great auxiliary in Father Hafkenscheid's endeavor to establish English missions in the New World, aiding Father Hecker especially in giving the early morning instructions and those which were connected with the recitation of the Rosary before the evening sermons. He afterwards became rector of a parish on Staten Island, at the Narrows opposite Fort Hamilton. Another thing endeared Ludwig to both Hecker and me. He was nephew to our beloved novice-master at St. Trond, Father Othman; and through him we often received communications full of kind remembrance.

Father Le Fevre, who had been my companion in England, both at Clapham and at Hanley, kept constant company with us during our stay in Paris, and helped us in many ways.

I will not stop here to dwell upon the individual characteristics of others of these Liguorians, all of them afterwards notable "religious" in various convents of their order, and most of them endowed with much of that apostolic spirit which characterized the great leader under whose guidance they were travelling into the western world. It will be enough for me in this place to pause before the stately figure of Father Bernard Hafkenscheid himself. From the first moment when I came under his care I felt myself standing, so to speak, at the base of a lofty tower. The Swiss Alps have their Mont Blanc, their Jungfrau, and other giant peaks to the south and east of these, but amongst them all is the lofty summit of Mont Saint Bernard with a history leaning against its snowy cone which is not likely to be lost while time endures. If this language seems too strong to any of my readers, they must pardon it to me. It is to Father Bernard, to his teaching and example, that I owe my latest and deepest lesson in regard to my own vocation. I thought I knew it well enough while living in

England happy and contented as a missionary there. I was mistaken. I had much to learn yet. I am confident that Father Hecker would say the same if he were still living and able to testify. So would many other disciples of the same great master, more than I am able now to name and number.

During the few days that our party remained in Paris we were allowed to separate into different bands and visit such places in the great city as attracted us the most. Some were particularly anxious to see the zoölogical collections. Admission was very easy into the Luxembourg Gardens. Carrying no dogs with us, we were not alarmed by the inscription over the principal gate intended as a warning to sportive Englishmen: "No Boule Dog Allow in Here."

Some of us took an early opportunity of visiting the high monument where once stood the famous Bastile. Others went to the Assemblée, or Chamber of Deputies, in order to see, if possible, the Bishop of Orleans or Lacordaire or the unhappy De Lammenais, once the intimate friend and teacher of the other two. Of these only De Lammenais was present in the crowd of members, although at the time a great crisis was imminent, namely, the great "Coup d'état" of Napoleon, President of the Republic. The Assemblée seemed determined to attend to no business except that of listening to messages from the President, which were arriving in rapid succession.

We were much interested and amused to see how impossible it was for any member to get possession of the tribune and maintain it. Many, indeed, endeavored to do this, and their friends added their help and encouragement, by remonstrances against the confusion which was caused by constant walking, loud talking and laughter, to say nothing of earnest gesticulation. As different speakers one after another got possession of the tribune friends cried out: "Mais écoutez! écoutez!" There was always a momentary hush, but so soon as the members perceived that the tribune was occupied only by some speaker of little eloquence or weight of character the confusion recommenced. "Silence!" cried the presiding officer of the Assemblée. He struck the bench before him violently with his hammer; but knowing that the hammer was of as little account as himself, he generally yawned as he did it, and bedlam carried the day. I have never witnessed a confusion worse confounded, unless when looking down upon the Stock Exchange in Wall Street.

Lacordaire lectured from the pulpit at Saint Roch. We all

wanted to hear him, of course. The church being crowded, places were given us among the stalls of the sanctuary. Father Lacordaire came in just in time for the lecture, and walking past me with a sort of rapid nonchalance, almost brushed my sleeve with his own as he passed by, so that I got a good look at him notwithstanding his hurry. It was a frequent and well-known saying of his, when obliged to meet an objection, that his arguments were much too deep for many of his hearers: "*Je ne prêche pas pour les femmes.*" He felt that his true and peculiar vocation was to preach to the young men of Paris, who understood the language of philosophy even when their philosophy was wrong.

It may not be amiss in this connection to give an anecdote of Father Passerat. This venerable man was once vicar-general for all the houses of the Redemptorist Order outside of Italy, that country being reserved for the immediate jurisdiction of the rector major, whose residence was at the convent established by St. Alphonsus at Naples. One week while Father Passerat, whose residence was at Vienna, was on a visitation to our convent at Wittem, or Wilre, Lacordaire was lecturing at Louvain. His audiences were mostly made up of young men from the university in that city. Others, however, crowded in from other localities in Belgium. A number of inmates of our convent at Wittem gladly availed themselves of a permission to go and hear him. At the head of these was a prominent professor, an official presiding over the second, or junior, section, consisting of students who devoted themselves to the study of philosophy and the humanities. In the absence of the rector he sometimes taught moral theology to the first section. This was Father Konings. Some years later he came over to America and was teacher at the Studentate at Ilchester, Md. On returning from Louvain he entertained both sections of students with a vivid account of Lacordaire's appearance, arguments, delivery, and elocution. He amused us very much by relating the remarks of a lady who was a fellow-passenger with him on his return.

"That's the man for me," she said. "I never before heard morality preached with such power."

The idea of Lacordaire being a famous preacher of morals was simply ridiculous. He was eminently a controversialist, a champion of the church against the false philosophies of the day. The venerable Father Passerat was present and listened to all this with a most serious attention.

"Do his discourses bring sinners to confession and Communion?" he inquired.

"Well, no," was the answer. "I cannot say he is remarkable for that."

"What good does his preaching do, then?"

"His peculiar vocation," explained Father Konings, "is to bring back young men to the Faith. His success in this way is simply wonderful."

"Alas!" the old man persisted, "that alone will not save their souls."

"There are others, my father, who know how to do that. At Paris there is Father Ravignan. In Belgium, at the Convent of Liège, we have our own Father Des Champs. In Holland and all the Netherlands we have Father Bernard and many more."

"It may be so," acquiesced the objector. "Time will tell. We shall see. No doubt the gifts of God are various."

Let us now return to St. Roch, and to Lacordaire's lecture in that church. The pulpit was quite distant from the stalls we occupied; it was about half way down the church. This made me feel uneasy. I feared I would lose much of what he said. My fears proved to be needless. I had forgotten what power men so gifted have to enforce silence. They will not even begin speaking until silence reigns. Lacordaire's first words were low and slow, and well calculated to bring about that familiar intercourse which a great orator is able to establish between himself and his audience. In it the speaker becomes a listener, and the hearers speak back again to the orator. The speaker spreads his mantle over every head, and under that mantle all is rapt attention. His pronunciation has been so long and so well studied that he studies it no longer. Every consonant is easily pronounced and not a vowel is mute. Let me give an instance of this in Lacordaire. I do not remember the exact title under which his subject at St. Roch's was announced, but I understand it to mean a society initiated at the University of Paris, and under the leadership of Frederick Ozanam, now known as the Conference of Charity under the patronage of St. Vincent of Paul.

When nearing the end of his lecture the great orator ceased to reason. Shaking his wings free like an eagle preparing for flight, and planting himself firmly upon the ground which he had made solid under his feet, he threw his head back; he cast his eyes about him like a man who finds himself lost in a

vision and hears the tread of a multitude of busy feet passing to and fro through streets and over highways on visits of charity. He called upon all slanderers of the church and of Christian charity to be silent and to listen. "Silence!" he shouted. Every consonant in the word was reverberated from the walls of the vast edifice and from the cavities of the groined ceiling. The last *e* in the word *Silence!*—which is generally supposed to need no pronounciation—refused to be mute. To those of our party who sat in the stalls of the far-off sanctuary that final *e* dropped like the music of a tiny bell. The effect of that unexpected appeal to the conscience was magical. His arms were extended as he made the appeal, and it seemed as if his very fingers reached us. The effect of this *coup de langue* comes back to me at this moment fresh and green, associated with a wise word well remembered which fell from the lips of an old friend, a singing master and organist in my own choir at St. Peter's, Troy. He afterwards officiated in the same capacity at St. Paul's, in Fifty-ninth Street. Hearing a priest say that a preacher ought always to let himself down in language and style to the level of his audience, he demurred.

"I do not agree with you, father," he said. "It is better for the preacher to adopt all that belongs fairly to the art of oratory and lift the crowd up to his own level."

Lacordaire was the master of this great art. Any one who did not feel lifted up when listening to Lacordaire was dull indeed.

For my own part, let me here say that I watched this great Dominican most eagerly to see if there was anything constituting a part of his power that I myself could use effectually. Some such things there were, and yet I never felt that I had any vocation to preach like him. I never felt that I had a vocation to preach like Newman, but he gave me good points which I shall not forget. My model preacher sat beside me in the sanctuary at St. Roch's. It was Father Bernard Hafkenscheid. He taught me how to be a missionary, and to give real missions, and not retreats. I never knew my missionary vocation fully till I knew him. Here let me say once for all, without enlarging upon the matter, that Father Bernard made a thorough study of me and of Father Hecker, and later on of Father Hewit, Father Deshon, and Father Baker, as indeed he did of all who came under his influence, and trained us up so far as he could to be missionary apostles. How far he was conscious of being another St. Liguori I cannot say. That he

aimed at this I know as a certainty. From him, amongst other things, I learned during this homeward voyage that it was an important part of my own personal vocation to be not only a missionary but an American, and that this planting of me and of the other American pupil of the same master was a call from heaven. To establish the preaching of American missions in America was from this time, at least, the foremost thought in Father Bernard's mind and the central wish of his heart. To establish an English house for this purpose I doubt not was already a part of his plan. This part of the plan proved ultimately a failure. No matter how it came about. I do not believe that any man whose hopes are firmly fixed on God can become broken-hearted. Broken down in some sense he can be. I have lived to see Father De Held laid upon the shelf at Clapham, all beautiful in a sorrow that had its own joy. I made my confession to him there and he pressed me to his heart while hearing it. Father Bernard's grief was greater, for his insight into the situation had been deeper and his hopes larger. Both have passed away to their reward. God does not punish a failure to succeed, but the true apostle always aims at success and hopes for it.

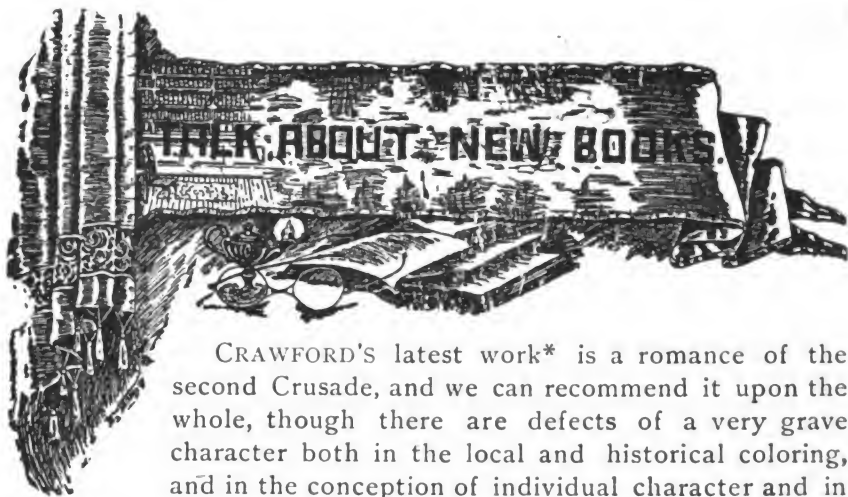
While, as I have already said, Father Hafkenscheld left us free to group ourselves into separate bands in visiting the places which interested us most, there were some places in Paris to which he led us without inquiring into our wishes. He took us to visit the remains of St. Vincent of Paul. St. Vincent and St. Francis de Sales are the two typical saints of our day. The one, a princely nobleman and perfect gentleman, the other a plain, practical peasant, shrewd yet simple, loving obscurity, yet bearing himself boldly in the presence of nobles, princes, and cardinals. Although the two Borromeos, Charles and Frederick, were coeval with these and intimately associated with them, I do not put them in the same class. These two brothers belong to all ages and to no peculiar part of the world, and their ways and manners seem to fit all countries and all times.

Father Bernard led us also to St. Sulpice. There we saw in the rough bricks which floored the corridors that the spirit of poverty reigned in this noble society, where the means of acquiring wealth could not be wanting. It was a happy surprise to meet there two Sisters of Charity from the United States, and to join in conversation with them and with Father Etienne about affairs in America and especially at Baltimore.

The most memorable visit which we made under the conduct of Father Hafkenscheid was to what is called "Le Séminaire des Missions Étrangères." If anything in Paris was calculated to raise the hearts of missionary priests to a full sense of their high vocation it was this visit. My own acquaintance with Paris is too limited to locate this seminary properly, so as to benefit any one as little acquainted with Paris as myself. Galignani's Paris Guide for 1884 gives its situation at 128 Rue du Bac. This I understand to be not far from the tomb of Napoleon and some fine residences of the old *noblesse*; near also to many notable institutions of Paris, which may conveniently be visited in one and the same walk.

The students of this Seminary of Missions are instructed in the Asiatic languages and in whatever may best fit them for the dangerous missions in the East. Their special vocation is to labor for the conversion of the heathen, and in those countries especially where such conversion can be achieved only by a danger which generally ends in martyrdom. My memory brings back little of what we saw at the "Missions Étrangères." The reason is that my attention was so completely absorbed by our visit to an apartment which is well named "La Chambre des Martyres." To this we were conducted by a young student who was near the point of graduation. Bodies of murdered missionaries, or some remnants of their bones, or some of their blood-stained garments, lay covered in glass cases and cherished as the richest treasures which this institute had to show. The young student who acted as our guide gave the history of these treasures. His eyes glittered as he recounted their success in the work of conversion, with its dangers and glorious fruits. But his mouth was wreathed with smiles of joy when he told the glory of their martyrdom, and of his own hopes to follow in their footsteps and, like them, to shed his blood for Christ. One of these had been a companion of his in the seminary, who had stood with him in that same room a year or two earlier. The seminary had succeeded in securing nothing of his remains save the head. The young man took this in his hands and fondled it and kissed it with the greatest affection. We were all moved at the sight of this. Father Hafkenscheid knew human nature too well to make many words of comment. He gazed at us all most earnestly, but all he said was:

"My Fathers and my Brothers, this is a good lesson for us. I think we have not got so far as this yet."



CRAWFORD'S latest work* is a romance of the second Crusade, and we can recommend it upon the whole, though there are defects of a very grave character both in the local and historical coloring, and in the conception of individual character and in the understanding of moral movements.

The book opens with a scene of early May in the year 1145; time, sunset. The lady of the Manor of Stoke Regis, in Hertfordshire, is walking in the little garden of the castle. As a preliminary we may say Mr. Crawford is hardly correct in speaking of a manor as if it were a building; accordingly we have changed his text so as to make the "garden" appurtenant to the castle and not to the manor, as lawyers would say. In fact, though there might be, by straining, etymological authority for his use of the word manor,† it really means the lands and jurisdiction of a lord, and we the more decidedly criticise our author because we have remarked that Scott alone is free from mistakes of this kind.

The hero, Gilbert Warde, is moulded by great trials to the fashion of a Christian hero. Suffering and temptation are the forces which strengthen and determine his character. In him the success of the author is signal; and he owes this success to the unfailing application of intelligible motives to the production of the acts which form character. Simplicity and purity are the strength of the conception, and from them the noble wisdom proceeds which governs the hero's conduct in difficulties where craft and mere worldly experience would afford no safe guidance. To do the right regardless of consequences is the principle which leads out from every perplexity; and so natural is the relation between the principle and its result that not for a single moment is there a strain, or a wrench, or a disproportion.

Queen Eleanor's love for Gilbert affords the means for offering a new and a somewhat elaborate study of the charac-

* *Via Crucis*. By Francis Marion Crawford. New York and London: The Macmillan Company.

† *Manoir*—mansion.

ter of the woman who had been the wife of Louis VII. and became the wife of Henry II., bringing to the latter the vast possessions which made him lord of a third of France when he was King of England. In the book we have this Plantagenet, a boy from twelve to fourteen years of age, manifesting towards this beautiful woman all the passion of manhood.

The disposition and the moods, the accomplishments and the strength of will, the inexorable cruelty and the strange generosity of Eleanor form a conception difficult to be worked into harmony with her relations towards those around her. The strain of blood is a factor in the author's psychology; and the inferences go forward and backward with an impartiality which may be inferentially probable, though never used by historians in forming estimates of character. Retroactive heredity, if not a paradox or a bull, is complicated by the consideration of foreign elements. At the same time she is made very interesting. The ferocious contempt for her husband—or, as she calls him, the monk; the alternations of defiance and admiration with which she regards St. Bernard; the enthusiasm and cynicism, moods of ice and moods of fire, with which she joins in the Crusade; the cruel and unholy love for Gilbert, gradually purifying and elevating itself into a passion of the intellect, lofty and intense, are traced for us with the power of a master.

There are certain tricks of what we may call psycho-physical determinism which we regret Mr. Crawford has not left to Balzac and Miss Braddon. The unutterable cruelty which is presented in persons of delicate organization, or in persons whose forms and complexions are usually associated with all that is softest and gentlest, is too evident a bidding for surprise to be legitimate art. Certain fanciful students of Shakspeare—Hazlitt, even Goethe, among others—draw in words some of his gallery from the minutiae of self-revelation instead of from the differentiating qualities, and these together with all else that constitutes the embodiment of imagination; but this, at least, has the merit of comment, even though unsatisfying comment. The other course has no justification in nature, for it simply resolves itself into the position that a Raphael face is not the outside of an angel of light but of darkness.

For a conversation between the spirit of this world and of the world to come we have in the scene in which St. Bernard and Queen Eleanor are the speakers the display of powers we had already noticed in Mr. Crawford. The monk, conscious that his responsibilities in connection with the Crusade and his

powers were limited, refused to lead it like Peter the Hermit. That he should do so was the request, if not the command, of Eleanor. "No, madam, I will not go with you. . . . I am unfit to be a leader of armies." She, however, insisted, and as they proceeded he said: "When an army has lost faith it is already beaten." To which she retorted: "As when love dies, contempt and hatred take its place."

Then the scene of Christmas Eve in the camp near Nicæa, as Gilbert and his attendant walked from tent to tent in the late hour, is a miniature of the world-wide rule of the church and the union of the races and languages of the earth under her sway; a reflection, too, of the influence of the world upon the church's influence in affecting life. Revelry in one place or another, devotion in one place or another, vice almost brazen in the wanderer's sight, and in a moment later a tent is passed where knight and squire and groom wait in prayer or welcome with the chanting of hymns the birth of the Lord as the stars climb the purple night.

The composition is Mr. Crawford's best. There are long passages equal to the finest in *Ave Roma Immortalis*!—his dialogue is always clear, natural, witty, vivacious—everything that the person speaking, and the subject, the place and time demand. We are by no means satisfied with his historical impressions; they are too often without perspective; but we are ready to give him credit for a desire to make himself acquainted with facts and their relation to the character of men and the knowledge of the time. We do not think he has been assisted by the authors he consulted; the sciolism of the nineteenth century appears to be the whole field of thought. Why, even the stupendous mendacity that the Greeks were justified in betraying the Crusaders seems adopted by him, and the exploded injustice that the Crusades were a blank, aimless waste of blood and treasure appears to be cherished by him. Even with these drawbacks we pronounce this novel one of the best produced since Scott.

*The Ralstons** is a novel in which Mr. Marion Crawford endeavors to put before us the moral and religious aspects of this age, as in *Via Crucis* he tried to reproduce those of the twelfth century. It is plain enough that he is at home with a certain class—with those who are called cultured people; we do not mean cultivated people, but those persons who are in easy circumstances, and to whom the pulpit is Mecca and the

* *The Ralstons*. By Francis Marion Crawford. New York and London: The Macmillan Company.

fashionable or scientific magazine the leaves of Gabriel edited by the prophet.

A novel of a very different kind is *Janice Meredith*, by Paul Leicester Ford.* It is a tale of the Revolutionary War, and a very good one too. Mr. Ford has made himself well acquainted with the "costume" of his time, which is not merely the clothes and the wigs of macaronis, but the whole setting of the colonial life on the eve of the revolt, and the prejudices inseparable from social distinctions. Charles Fownes, a "redemptioner," becomes the bond servant of a New Jersey gentleman, Squire Meredith, and we immediately see there is a mystery about him. Squire Meredith is an uncompromising old Tory; even the kindness and courtesy of Washington cannot shake his loyalty. He is very impulsive and given to swearing. The latter habit is a great offence to his wife, who belongs to a severe school of Predestinarianism, and is accordingly most anxious that no one shall deserve hell, though he may not escape it.

The minor characters are very well conceived, and entertaining in their own way. Squire Hennion, who is beyond belief hypocritical, finally meets his deserts while communicating information to the British leaders. We meet the British officers, for whom the author seems to have a liking; while the character of that man whom Byron called the Cincinnatus of the West stands out amid the varying fortunes of the war, the manifold treacheries, the desertions, the calumnies of all who should have sustained him,—stands forth fixed like the north star, strong and luminous; and so saying we recommend Mr. Ford's very admirable novel to our readers.

The Blue Lady of Miss Nixon's story† is the Virgin Mother, and her knight is a little school-boy who is converted to the church. The story of how the conversion came about is well told, and so presented as to win the interest and sympathy of child-readers. There is not a little good taste as well as that refined feeling that can come only from a writer of high culture.

Dr. Roark's former book on *Psychology in Education* was intended as a foundation for pedagogy. In the present volume‡ he attempts to develop in detail the applications of psychology to the work of teaching. He admits that courses of study

* *Janice Meredith*. By Paul Leicester Ford. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

† *The Blue Lady's Knight*. By Mary F. Nixon. St. Louis: B. Herder.

‡ *Method in Education: A text-book for Teachers*. By Ruric N. Roark, Ph.D. New York: The American Book Company.

should rest, to some extent, upon a sociological basis, taking into account, also, the mind and body and the laws of physical and mental growth.

Religion as a factor in character-building is not mentioned. Dr. Roark could get some valuable information on this point from the Catholic parish schools to complete his system of pedagogy. In other respects his book contains a large fund of expert knowledge on many questions that have been under discussion in the educational journals.

Words below the Third Reader are omitted in *The Student's Standard Speller*.* Much attention is given to the plan of associating the spelling of words with their common roots, especially those derived from Latin, Greek, and Anglo-Saxon sources. The omission of diacritical marks is a noticeable feature. For dictionary use a knowledge of such marks is needed by advanced pupils. Among small children pronunciation is learned chiefly by imitation. The average man rarely consults any dictionary. This spelling-book contains ten thousand words, and would be of great assistance in aiding the parents at home to revive their own knowledge and give an excellent drill to the children.

I.—“WHAT IS LIBERALISM?”†

In the flowing style of a practised American journalist Mr. Pallen has here given us the fierce attack of a Spanish writer on European ecclesiastical Liberalism, interspersing many remarks of his own, applicable, he trusts, to home conditions. We are sorry that he has not availed himself of the candid, though confessedly awkward, expedient of quotation marks, to distinguish the double authorship of the little volume, every part of which, as it stands, may be attributed to both or either of the names on the title-page.

Mr. Pallen utters some fierce warnings against the minimizing of doctrine and the mitigating of discipline, and what warnings can be too emphatic against such bad tendencies? But we venture to administer to him a fraternal admonition for totally ignoring the Holy Father's Letter to Cardinal Gibbons, whose opening paragraphs so severely condemn all minimizing and mitigating in religious matters. Why omit even to name the *Testem benevolentiae* in a book which treats of the very matter covered so recently by the Pope's supreme authority?

* *The Student's Standard Speller*: A drill book in orthography and dictation. By E. P. Maxwell. New York: Potter & Putnam Co.

† *What is Liberalism?* Englished and adapted from the Spanish of Dr. Don Felix Sarda y Salvany. By Condé B. Pallen, Ph.D., LL.D. St. Louis: B. Herder.

Religious Liberalism is mainly an error, or set of errors, of continental Europe, whose Catholicity is badly in need of Romanizing, using the word in the Roman-American sense—that is to say, it needs implicit and unreserved acceptance of all Roman teaching. That some trace of this evil may be found in the English-speaking nations is doubtless true, though it is too slight to be classified among our main difficulties. That there is real danger of its increase is, however, obvious from the character of our environment, so full of error and scepticism, a danger which is fortunately amply guarded against by the vigilance of our bishops and clergy, so lately reinforced by the Letter of Leo XIII. We thank God that Liberalism, as the word is used by Mr. Pallen, has little prevalence here. Take a test. The average American Catholic, sojourning or travelling in Catholic Europe, is notoriously surer to practise his faith courageously, from the Friday abstinence to the first Friday Communion, than the average Catholic from Italy, France, or Spain is likely to do while tarrying in English-speaking countries. A similar statement may be made as to respect for and obedience to the pope, bishops, and clergy of the church.

Mr. Pallen (or his Spanish original) has some excellent remarks about the impinging of naturalism (akin to Liberalism) upon true Catholic devotion, as not seldom noticed among devout people: "Piety itself does not escape the action of this pernicious naturalistic principle; it converts it into *pietism*—that is to say, into a parody of true piety, as is painfully seen in the pious practices of so many people who seek in their devotions only the sentimental emotions of which they themselves are able to be the source. They are devout over themselves, worshipping their own little sentiments and offering incense to idols graven after their own image. This is simply spiritual sensualism, and nothing else. Thus we see in our day in so many souls the degeneration of Christian asceticism which is the purification of the heart by the repression of the appetites, and the falsification of Christian mysticism, which is neither emotion, nor interior consolation, nor any other epicurean foible of human sentiment, but union with God through a supernatural love for him and through absolute submission to his holy will" (p. 45-5). Our author is quite safe in writing such true and hard words, but there are others who would write them only at their peril. Words like these have before now been condemned by Catholic journals as smacking of Liberalism, and even of pietism—nay, of Americanism.

We must also praise some very well expressed views in this book on the different forms of government as related to the church and faith of Christ, given on pages 65 and 66, which seem to us to voice the Catholic mind very adequately, and are a plain echo of one of the present Pontiff's great encyclicals, "The Christian State."

We reluctantly pen our protest against Mr. Pallen's violent language in condemning his erring Catholic brethren, or even our deluded but well-meaning non-Catholics. If the Roman Index warned the Spanish writer, mentioned by our author, against personal abuse and extravagantly violent language, what would the same tribunal say of such terms as "Liberal reptiles," "perverse Catholics [who] serve the devil," "tainted Catholics," etc.? The author alleges in excuse the custom of the saints, those in Scripture and others out of it. But, says St. Francis de Sales, "these were great souls, who could well handle their passions and regulate their anger, but we, who are, all of us, but common little people, have no such power over our movements." St. Francis then quotes an admonition from St. Denis to one of his followers: "'We in no sort approve your impetuosities (to which an indiscreet zeal urged you) though you should a thousand times recall Phenees and Elias; for similar words did not please Jesus Christ, when said to him by his disciples, who were not yet made partakers of that sweet and benign Spirit.'" (*Love of God*, Bk. x. ch. xvi.)

We also venture to suspect that Mr. Pallen, in putting his lips to the Spanish trumpet to swell its blast of woe, has imagined our conditions to be what the poor Spaniard's are. He is like the Englishman in New York, who reading in the paper that it was raining in London, went out into the sunshiny American streets with his mackintosh and rubbers and his umbrella, and with his trousers turned up.

2.—THE QUESTION OF MARRIAGE IN THE UNITED STATES.*

Six years of popularity, the best approval of any book, has made Dr. S. B. Smith's volume a standard work on the all-important theme of the Marriage Process in the United States. It is due to acknowledge the indebtedness under which the church in America has been laid. Year by year the need for the work is enhanced by the rapid modification of Catholic social life, incident to the increasing prosperity of our people.

* *The Marriage Process in the United States*. By Rev. S. B. Smith, D.D. New York : Benziger Brothers.

The day is already dawning when the Catholic element shall preponderate in American society, when the extant uncertainty of that society concerning the marriage bond shall be momentarily and intimately confronted by the stern inflexibility of the Catholic standard. This shall be only at the price of untiring ecclesiastical vigilance, for the new complexion of the times means new restiveness of the socially progressive laity. For how can they bear with equanimity a yoke which their partners in social prominence have long ignored? Yet the yoke must be borne with more than equanimity—with enthusiasm; for, as ever, the true Catholic is a witness to higher things. The problem is unhappily not confined to the beau monde. Marital difficulties are as ubiquitous as marital contentment is rare. And the constant stream of immigration by no means clarifies the problem. The priest must have the intricacies of marriage legislation at ready command if he is to perform the simplest routine of parish or mission duty. Unversed in marriage laws, he cannot hope to effect even the beginning of an influence upon the social tendencies which mark the century's close. In this instance Dryasdust is your only reliable pioneer.

Dr. Smith's work is at once thoroughly comprehensive and readily accessible. Marriage, its nature and essential elements, the nature and various kinds of diriment impediments, the personnel and organization of the court, the contending parties and their assistants, proofs and processes for annulment, the consecutive steps of the trial, execution of sentence, settlement of costs, remedies against unjust sentences—under these and similar headings he places the whole of the vexed question before the reader, who will be no less entertained if curious than edified if hard pressed for instruction. That the book is in English is as desirable for the spiritual director as that signal-lamps should be undimmed on the railway at night. Precise information, instruction at first hand, is too indispensable for the busy man to be for ever paying toll at the Milvian Bridge. At first inspection, the English of the book has even a greater merit—it secures to the layman an understanding of his position which must at times prove an invaluable safeguard to his fortunes even after he has confided himself to the ecclesiastical court. It were better still that he familiarize himself with the book before embarking upon wedlock's troubled sea. How many hearts to-day lie broken and bleeding for lack of Dr. Smith's timely instructions!



THE *Anno Sancto*, the Holy Year of 1900, will be inaugurated on Christmas Eve by the opening of the Holy Door of St. Peter's. The great year of Jubilee will have for its purpose the glorification of the triumphs of the Cross during the past century. It is good to stand on the mountain top to which we have laboriously climbed and look back over the road we have come, and then turn about and look into the future.

Mallock, in one of those luminous articles* in which he seems to have searched into the inner relations of the deepest movements of the age, discusses the intellectual future of Catholicism. He maintains that the Catholic Church holds the key to the present religious problem. Protestantism, which looked to the Bible as a chart to guide its course, through the destructive work of Higher Criticism is left floating helplessly on the high seas without any means of taking its bearings. Catholicism, inasmuch as it alone claims infallible authority, can safely guide the souls of men to a safe haven. The article is well worthy of careful perusal.

The most important national event of the month is the partition of Samoa. The present arrangement gives to the United States three islands and the magnificent deep, land-locked harbor of Pago-Pago. The utility of this half-way haven on the route to Australia and the Far East as a coaling station, as well as a naval depot, is immeasurable. The fact that the Far East is going to be the arena of the World's strivings during the next quarter of a century makes the present settlement an item of national importance. In the natives of the islands we shall find a docile and submissive people, educated far above the state of savagery and especially progressive on the question of religion. Mataafa is a good Catholic, and there are sisterhoods, with nuns of the native tribes, teaching schools.

**Nineteenth Century*, November.

Attention is called to a letter printed on the Publisher's Page pleading for the people of the rural districts. The more thoughtful men in the church are thoroughly aroused to the fact that not enough is done for the people who live at a distance from church and priest. It is among this class that the Catholic Church is not gaining, because the instrumentalities of our religion are not able to reach them. If the priest does not go among them, there seems to be no other means of getting at them in order to keep alive the light of faith. If the "catechist" movement were introduced in these distant places, it would, to some extent, supply the deficiencies of the priest. The "catechist" is one selected by the priest within whose jurisdiction the place is, to represent him to the people when he cannot be there, to gather them for some prayers, to teach the children the catechism, to read a duly authorized sermon, and in many other ways to supply such spiritual nutriment as may be necessary to keep faith and devotion alive. Such a one can be to a small congregation all that any Protestant minister is to his people and more, for he will have the great organization of the church behind him.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

A COMMITTEE of the board of trustees of the New York Public Library, combining the Astor, Lenox, and Tilden foundations, was appointed November 10, 1897, to consider the expediency of bringing all the libraries of the city under one administration. The leading member of this committee, Andrew H. Green, has been an earnest advocate of the proposed consolidation. A recent statement of his far-reaching plans is here given for the consideration of the managers of parish libraries.

In 1892 Governor Tilden left about \$6,000,000 for a public library, comprehending in his intention scientific institutions. Certain persons instituted proceedings to destroy his will, and finally the court, by a decision of four to three, declared the trust void. There were two judges of the Supreme Court and three of the Court of Appeals who considered the will valid. When the will by which Governor Tilden gave \$6,000,000 to a library was declared invalid, the Tilden Trust saved about \$2,000,000 by an arrangement which was inadequate for the establishment of such a library as New York should have, and I addressed to my co-trustees a paper in 1892, in which I said :

" Nothing short of the most capacious scheme that can be devised for supplying the needs of a large city both with a library furnished with the most efficient means of interchange and distribution and of enlistment of the popular interest will at all answer the requirements of this day and age. And to these may be added the propriety and the necessity of the most ample consideration and accommodation of those who are pursuing the interests of science."

It seemed to me that instead of establishing a library with a comparatively small amount of money, it would be best to consolidate the libraries of the city, and that was the basis of the consolidation of the Astor, Lenox, and Tilden libraries. Appended to my communication was a list of all the libraries in the city, to facilitate the question of bringing them together not only for reference but for distribution.

I would have one central depository and establish branches all over the city. At the central depository should be kept the costly works of reference, accessible only to scholars or the comparatively few who would wish to consult them. Radiating from there would be branch libraries all over the city.

What should the Tilden Trust do if it had at its disposal the sum that Governor Tilden intended it should have, and of which it had, in his view, been unjustly deprived? Manifestly so to cast its programme as not to interfere with but rather increase the efficiency of library plants already in operation. First, a chief seat of administration and depository of collections located with reference to the public convenience and to a continuous requirement of increased space for storage ; second, a system of district auxiliaries or branch libraries established at points readily accessible to the people of the respective districts ; and third, the means of prompt circulation and delivery of books, and of quick communication between the chief administrative offices and the branches. These libraries throughout the city, each with a general assortment of books such as are ordinarily in request, could provide reading rooms supplied with newspapers and popu-

lar magazines, and it might come about that in certain school-houses, stores, or other convenient places lesser delivery and exchange depositories might be established with advantage. A thoroughly well devised system of circulation and transmission of books by vehicles or by electrical process would be essential to the effective working of the proposed system, and it should be practicable that one calling for a volume at any branch library if it should happen not to be there could have it put there by a telephone call in a few minutes. Volumes from the reference library, which were not permitted to be taken home for reading, might be transmitted from the main library to be consulted at any branch.

Before the meeting of the Board of Estimate, Controller Coler lately urged the consideration of this plan. The subject was discussed and the evident willingness of the several libraries to amalgamate so encouraged the controller that after the meeting he said that he believed the work of union would be well under way before the end of the present administration.

At present there are some twenty-five libraries receiving aid from the city. Under a State law these institutions may apply to the Board of Estimate for appropriations amounting to ten cents a year for each volume circulated. Mr. Coler's plan is for the amalgamation with the New York Public Library of all the libraries on Manhattan Island which receive support from the city, with a similar centralizing movement in each of the boroughs. Already this plan is in operation in Brooklyn, where the Brooklyn Public Library is absorbing the smaller libraries. It is not expected that the carrying out of this plan will conduce to a great saving of money, at least immediately; but it will increase the efficiency of the service by tending to place libraries in neighborhoods where they are needed, and by lessening competition. In many localities there are libraries which compete with each other, virtually covering the same ground twice, while, on the other hand, there are neighborhoods which are entirely without libraries.

The majority of our citizens are not aware that the free circulating libraries are supported mainly by the city. As a matter of fact, it is the city's money which keeps most of them going. The libraries maintained for philanthropic purposes would be willing in most cases to co-operate with the New York Public Library. These libraries would naturally be continued as distributing agencies, except in cases where there were more libraries in a territory than the population warranted. In such cases the plant could be moved to other localities. It is to systematize this good work, rather than to reduce expenses, that this plan has been proposed, though ultimately a saving of money can be effected.

During the hearing, at which the representatives of at least twenty libraries were present, the latter were asked as to their sentiments in regard to the possible union of all publicly supported libraries. Ex-Judge William M. K. Olcott, who appeared for St. Agnes's Free Library, replied that he thought the absorption would serve a good purpose, and ex-Judge Henry E. Howland, who represented the New York Free Circulating Library, said that it would be most advisable. This system prevails in Boston, and has made the Boston Public Library the greatest in this country.

Samuel Greenbaum, in asking for an appropriation of \$51,000 for the Aguilar Library—an increase of \$11,000—informed the mayor that the society had just spent \$25,000 in erecting a new building, the cost of which had been defrayed by the society.

"Why, the city pays you five per cent. on \$800,000 now," said Mayor Van Wyck.

"I know," Mr. Greenbaum replied, "but we need the money to carry on the work. I am heartily in favor of the controller's plan for city control."

This control to be exercised by the city should not be a dictatorship. It should be a copartnership of public and private agencies working together for the general good. Many advantages will result from a broad plan of utilizing the books now gathered in the various collections of the city, so as to incorporate them into a system that will render them more easily accessible and therefore more widely useful. The union of these existing collections under one administration can, to a greater or less extent, as may be agreed on by their respective managers in many cases, be brought about, and where such union is not practicable some relations can be established certain to be advantageous, preventing the duplication of rare and expensive volumes and of special collections not generally consulted. One who desires to obtain some exceptionally peculiar volume or collection can as well seek it in one library as another. The chief problem is to provide material for the great number of readers. The variety of forms of ownership of existing libraries and the terms upon which some of them are founded may preclude the transfer of ownership of their plant unless the act passed at the last session of the Legislature is availed of, which renders it practicable to do this where the parties can agree upon the conditions; they can under their existing names, if desirable, and under present conditions of ownership, become branches of the main establishment and incorporated into its general system of circulation.

* * *

We are pleased to learn that the historical romance *Paul Beaumont*, by Dr. E. W. Gilliam, has been favorably received. The author has had much encouragement from many personal letters in praise of his book. Price one dollar; a liberal discount allowed for five copies. Orders may be sent direct to Dr. E. W. Gilliam, 1538 John Street, Baltimore, Md.

* * *

For many years the Paulist Fathers have assisted the cause of good literature in the United States, especially by the great Convention of the Apostolate of the Press which they organized in memory of the late Father Hecker and his work for the mission of the printed word. Likewise in THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE the department entitled THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION provided a convenient medium for discussing current topics concerning books and authors. In this department the claims of Catholic authors to recognition by the reading public have been stated in various ways since the year 1889. The members of Catholic Reading Circles became active in disseminating the opinions put forth in these pages, so that now it is gratifying to observe a general tendency to encourage the circulation of books representing the culture and learning of Catholic writers. Every Reading Circle formed among Catholics should endeavor to assist in this good work of cultivating a feeling of loyalty to their own representatives in the world of letters.

The latest effort in this direction is the list of Catholic Authors published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., containing over thirty choice books suitable for Christmas presents. A large discount is guaranteed to any one using the order blank appended to the list. Copies of this list may be obtained by remitting ten cents in postage to The Columbian Reading Union, 415 West Fifty-ninth Street, New York City.

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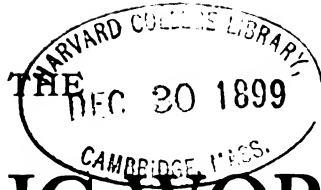
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—*Matthew ii. 11.*



CATHOLIC WORLD.

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ON THE TURN OF THE CENTURY.



HERE is to be celebrated throughout the Christian world during the year 1900 a Solemn Act of Homage to our Divine Lord as King and Saviour, and the attention of Catholics the world over is to be drawn in a special way to the wonderful progress that the Church has made during the last one hundred years. The particular purpose that the Central Roman Com-

mittee, under the chairmanship of Cardinal Jacobini, has in this celebration is to gather in one range of view the many triumphs for God and humanity which the Church stands for, in order that by a solemn act of religion there may be made a profession of our belief in and adherence to Christ the Son of the living God, in whose name alone we hope for salvation.

There have been many wonderful things which have profoundly influenced the destinies of men, both for weal and for woe, that date their birth during some of the eventful years of this century; but great as they are, we cannot but consider the welfare of the Church of God as the greatest of all. In all ages, through her divine organization as well as through the gifts she bears unto men, she can easily lay claim to being the most potent factor in the social and intellectual evolution of man. She lifted man up from the condition of serfdom and endowed him with both civil and religious freedom; she elevated woman; she inspired the arts; she trained the barbarian and taught him the highest civic virtues; she created the modern civilization which we enjoy. In estimating the factors

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VOL. LXX.—28

that have influenced the lives of men she must be given a place far ahead of all the others. As there is no passion so strong in the human heart as that of religion, she who is the external embodiment of it has moulded and modified the ways of men as no other power has done. In making a hasty survey of the last one hundred years it is from her point of view we must look, and through her eyes we must estimate the progress of the world.

She began the century with little hope of securing many triumphs during its course. She was down in the valley of the shadow of death. The wise men of the world seemed to see in her a hoary old institution, bearing with some dignity the laurels of the past, though feebly tottering to her ruin. Judged from worldly standards, there did not appear to be any elements of recuperation within her bosom; her strength was sapped in the wrinkles and emaciation of old age. The signs of the times were portentous. The spirit of religion had been drowned in the streams of blood of the Revolution in France. England and Germany, who had been nourished at the breasts of the Church, had gone out from under her roof-tree and had disowned her for the poisonous pastures of heresy. Russia and the East were in decadent schism. Austria, like a spoiled child, attempted to rule the household. Italy and Spain defended their old home, but it was with many insults to their feeble mother. Humanly speaking, there was but little hope that the Church would ever rise from her bed of prostration and defeat. But the ways of God are not the ways of men. "Why have the Gentiles raged and the people devised vain things?" "The kings of the earth stood up, and the princes met together against the Lord and against his Christ." "Let us break their bonds asunder, and let us cast away their yoke from us. He that dwelleth in heaven shall laugh at them; and the Lord shall deride them. Then shall he speak to them in his anger and trouble them in his rage. But I am appointed king by him over Sion, his holy mountain, preaching his commandments. The Lord hath said to me: Thou art my son, this day have I begotten thee. Ask of me, and I will give thee the Gentiles for thy inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession. Thou shalt rule them with a rod of iron, and shall break them in pieces like a potter's vessel."

The princes of the earth had raged against the Church and the people had devised vain things, and now, after every

antagonist has exhausted the resources of his energies, she has the Gentiles for her inheritance and the uttermost bounds of the earth for her possession.

It is interesting to note, in but a cursory way, the wonderful increases that have come to the Church within the last century. The Reformation, which had drawn away the northern races from the centre of unity, is now discredited in the homes of its own followers. Probably the most pronounced movement in the Protestant churches has for its purpose to undo the baneful work of the sixteenth century. Ninety years ago there were in North Germany but 6,000,000 Catholics, and they were steeped in apathy; but the flail of persecution came to them and awakened them from their torpor, with the result that now they number 13,000,000. In Switzerland, the home of Calvin, as late as 1880 the Catholic population numbered only one-third; to-day they are over two-fifths. In Denmark and on the Scandinavian peninsula the revival of pre-reformation Catholicism is most remarkable. As late as 1847 it was comparatively unknown; to-day it has its completed organization, and it numbers its adherents by the thousands. In Holland, where the Reformation had a profound influence, the growth of Catholics has been from 350,000 to 1,488,352. But the English-speaking peoples, who lead the world in commercial enterprise and all that is known as the spirit of the age—it is among these particularly that the undoing of the Reformation has been the more thorough. In 1800 England and Scotland had 120,000 Catholics and only 65 priests, and were absolutely destitute of churches, schools, and institutions, while to-day a cardinal-archbishop, 2 archbishops, 18 bishops, and 3,000 priests care for the spiritual interests of more than 2,000,000 Catholics. Great as these increases are, yet they are not a moiety of the phenomenal growth of the Church within the United States. In 1800 the combined missions of Canada and the United States hardly numbered 400,000, while to-day there are thirty times that number, or 12,000,000. This growth is largely due to emigration, but there have gone with it a consolidation of forces and an organization of energies that perfectly equip the Church for a still more marvellous progress during the years to come.

This growth which we have already indicated has been largely the expansion of internal forces, but there is another which has come through the peaceful conquest by the missionary from the temples of the pagan gods, from the jungles of

fetichism, from the darkness of barbarism. These are the noblest successes, and more than any other they manifest that all-conquering spirit of Christ which permeates the Church. In India the growth has been from about 475,000 souls in 1830 to 1,700,000 souls in 1900; while in China, in spite of the enrollment of thousands of martyrs in the lists of the Church triumphant, there has been a growth of 400,000 native Christians.

In Africa at the beginning of the century it seemed as though the millions of natives were perpetually to be given over to the lowest forms of savagery, but now from the Cape to Cairo missionaries are preaching the Gospel, and willing hearts by thousands are accepting the sweet yoke of Christ.

Nor is the progress of the century to be measured by mere numerical successes. There has been a wonderful deepening and strengthening of the Faith among her own children; and this in spite of the atmosphere of intellectual antagonism during the early half, and of infidelity and agnosticism during the latter half of this period. The open-handed generosity with which the Catholic people have cast their wealth into her lap has been outstripped only by the largesses of the ages of faith, and rarely if ever has any age seen such devotion to the higher life—so many of the choicest souls leaving the busy mart and the dusty lane, and scaling the heights of the religious life and placing on the altar of sacrifice the choicest treasures of earth. Moreover, along with this perfect flowering of her devotional spirit there has gone a complete co-ordination of her intellectual forces, so that she stands in the intellectual world as the great beacon, casting her steady light out over the shifty waters of scepticism and rationalism, and drawing unto her the best minds of the age and compelling from even her enemies the acknowledgment of her intellectual strength, vigor, and consistency.

To celebrate these triumphs in no boastful spirit, but as a solemn profession of fealty and homage to the great Giver of all graces, this year that we are just entering has been set apart as The Holy Year. The Vicar of Christ has sent out an invitation to all who may, to come to the trysting place of Christendom, the Eternal City of Rome, and with one acclaim send up their shouts of joy to the listening heavens.

THE CRISIS IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

BY REV. H. G. GANSS.



PROBABLY not since the beginning of the Tractarian Movement has the Church of England experienced a ruder shock, a more general upheaval, a more aggressive and determined reaction, than that which is now running its course in Great Britain, and, as a correlative force, affecting the Protestant Episcopal Church in America. It is not a revolution, though fundamental doctrines are seriously affected, and heated words, mutual crimination, and fanatic violence have not been wanting. It is hardly a reformation, in the accepted meaning of the word, for England had one distressing, calamitous experience in that direction, the results of which it is now trying to neutralize and efface. It might more appropriately be called a religious Renaissance—a supreme effort of reversion to the discarded old Faith. The mere attempt has wrung from the hearts of spiritual leaders the truth that, weighed in the balance of historic evidence, the English Reformation as a spiritual agency has proved barren ; measured by its so-called spiritual emancipation, its boasted liberty has sunk into anarchic license ; testing it by the heart-invigorating and soul-uplifting influence it was expected to exercise, it has left apathy, coldness, and unbelief in its train. This Renaissance, under the scrutiny of closer investigation—and this is a most auspicious portent—shows to the eye of faith the undying vitality of the Church of God, and more yet, how even the apparently inappreciable Catholic leaven, in spite of three hundred years of proscription and persecution, could not be sterilized, and promises again, like the leaven “hid in three measures of wheat,” to ferment under God’s guiding providence “until the whole is leavened.”

A DAWN FULL OF HOPE AND PROMISE.

The return to Catholic doctrine, once proscribed under penal legislation, the introduction of Catholic practices once denounced as idolatrous, the energetic efforts made to transfuse some vitalizing dogmatic consistency into its anæmic organism, the struggle to reinstate our Lord in his dese-

crated sanctuary, and reanimate those matchless architectural monuments of Catholic zeal and piety, the great cathedrals, with the Divine Life—all these endeavors bear the stamp of a higher influence than mere human effort, and all show the glinting rays of a dawn full of hope and promise. The reaction in our own country—a mere oscillation of that of the old—is of more recent date. Its incipient and progressive stages can be distinctly traced in the memory of living man. It is not as wide in extent, nor as pronounced in vigor, as that in the mother country. This is readily accounted for. First, on the ground that we are too much engrossed in the hurry and push of daily life to give such matters more than a passing attention. Principally, however, because we do not live in environments whose very atmosphere is surcharged with the hauntingly sacred memories of a Catholic ancestry, where every ivy-clad ruin and sunlit cathedral spire stands in mute eloquence, like the Pompeian sentinel, a pathetic reminder not only of the days of knighthood and minstrelsy, but of the abandoned faith and vanished piety. The introduction of the surplice, the cross-crowned church, the passing of the communion table, the substitution of the altar, the tentative employment of candles, the bolder innovation of sacerdotal vestments, the furtive prayers for the dead, the surreptitious use of holy water, the mass, the clandestine confession, the veering from the name minister to that of priest, the tabooing of its corporate name Protestant Episcopal, the temerarious appropriation of the name Catholic—with but a triflingly slight accentual variation on the first syllable—who does not recount the evolution in all its timorous and covert stages?

A HARBOR FILLED WITH DERELICTS.

However, this movement forms but one of a number of branches of the church, and at first sight would appear to the uninitiated rather as a speculative study on the “philosophy of clothes” belonging to the province of Herr Teufelsdröckh, than of interest to the ordinary reader. The clearly defined battle-lines of this one branch brings into bold and hostile relief its ecclesiastical adversaries in the same church. Above all it emphasizes and accentuates, with an overpowering sense of conviction, the absence of unity, even uniformity, which the logical mind must expect, and which always typifies the handiwork of God in animate or inanimate creation, and all the

more in his kingdom on earth—the Church. The Anglican Church and its own children shall stand up to give testimony, the accredited servants of her sanctuary shall bear witness that it not only lacks all homogeneity, but is a seething cauldron of heterogeneous, irreconcilable, unassimilative elements. It is the refuge of every color and shade of religious thought—the harbor that loosely anchors every ecclesiastical derelict that cannot find a mooring elsewhere, the inviting beach where all the flotsam and jetsam tossed on the sea of doubt, dissent, and negation is washed ashore. “It has remained open,” says Professor Allen, its leading American historian, “to all tides of religious thought which have swept over the nation; it has been able to retain in its fold those whom no other form of organized Christianity could tolerate.”* More trenchant and specific is the indictment of Professor Momerie, of England. “There is not one single doctrine or ceremony,” writes this author to an American public, “in regard to which the clergy are agreed. The views which they hold are divergent oftentimes to the point of contradiction. Some of the clergy, for instance, adopt the expiatory view of the atonement, and believe that Christ’s vicarious suffering ‘satisfied the justice of God’ and saved us from hell. Others look upon this theory as no better than ‘a doctrine of devils.’” He allows the plummet of his remorseless examination to sound the full depth of the decline of faith when he continues, in the same article, that there “is not complete agreement among the clergy even in regard to the value and importance of the Christian religion; for one well-known divine—Canon Taylor—emphatically asserts the superior efficacy under certain circumstances of the religion of Mohammed.”† Its own thoughtful members find but scant comfort in Dr. Schaff’s delicate flattery, that the Anglican Church “has more outward uniformity than inward unity.” But in this he is flatly contradicted by the official utterances of the church. “After two hundred and eighty years,” says Dr. McConnell, an authoritative voice in the history of the church, “the assembled bishops of the whole Pan-Anglican Communion have recorded their judgment that uniformity in discipline and worship is not only not to be compelled, but not to be expected.”‡ How could this uniformity be maintained? By the Prayer Book? But Dean Stanley said and proved “that if a literal accepta-

* *The Continuity of Christian Thought*, fourth edition, p. 324.

† *The Forum*, vol. xi. pp. 302-304. ‡ *History of the American Episcopal Church*, p. 12.

tion of the Prayer Book were required of the priests of the Church of England, *all* must come out, from the Archbishop at Lambeth and Bishopsthorpe down to the humblest curate in Wales and Westmoreland?"* Perhaps by falling back on primatial decisions? The Primate of England made a decision, fresh in the memory of every reader, before promulgating which he prudently disavowed imparting to it a legislative character—and with what result? Canon Knox-Little, as spokesman for a party, tells us emphatically that the "Lambeth opinion cannot stand. Its inaccuracies and mistakes are being every day more and more exposed."†

How can we picture a unity, even uniformity, where, in the language of one of the conspicuous figures of American Episcopalianism, we confronted "in one parish a celibate priest officiating in cope and chasuble, while in the next a married priest held forth in his coat, while his wife wore the embroidered vestment for a petticoat"?‡ How can an inquiring soul arrive at even the dimmest perception of certitude when such a battle-scarred and doughty champion as Dr. Littledale, with evident irritation, informs us that the very charter of the church's existence is "A piece of deliberately ambiguous compromise"? And the man threading his way through the innumerable sects in search of a religion, what hope is held out to him when one of England's most illustrious sons, Lord Chatham, recommends the Established Church because it has a "Calvinistic creed, a Popish liturgy, and an Arminian clergy"? How can the starved soul, tottering under the accumulating weight of doubt, find solace and repose in such confessions of impotence as that of Principal Tulloch—"that the spirit of the church is not and never has been definite and consistent" . . . that it is "undogmatic and adaptive"?§ And when a disillusion awaits the truth-seeker who sees in his church the One, Holy, Catholic Apostolic Church, "the Faith handed down by the Saints," to be awakened by another Anglican, and with a prodigious display of evidence told "that nothing . . . can be doctrinally or historically plainer than that the theology of the Thirty-nine Articles is the theology of the Confession of Augsburg"?|| Even the sceptic, the embers of whose declining faith still show fitful glimmerings, must they not be totally extinguished when he hears one of

* *Contemporary Review*, vol. lix. p. 570.

† *Ibid.*, November, 1899, p. 656.

‡ McConnell, *ut sup.*, p. 11.

§ *Luther and other Reformers*, p. 340, third edition.

|| Beard, *The Reformation*; Hibbert Lectures, 1883, pp. 315-327.

the ordained ministers of the church shout from the house-tops that "the appointed Lessons and Psalms, portions of the Bible," listened to Sunday after Sunday, are "inhuman, indecent, and false," and, playing into the hands of baldest infidelity, deplore the fact that "the rigmarole goes on with hardly a lifted voice to protest or demand that the Prayer Book be revised"?* And when a chivalrous attempt is made by the brave and sincere few† to protect and vindicate the sacred heritage of a common Christianity, a popular preacher with churlish flippancy finds the effort screamingly amusing, and with a scowling cynicism that would not have discredited Voltaire draws, "It interests and amuses me greatly"!‡

"AMBIGUOUS COMPROMISE" THE ONLY REFUGE.

After such public and official pronouncements, coming from the very seats of the prophets, from the very bosom of the church, who with any pretence to seriousness can entertain the thought that unity or uniformity could be found in a church which Carlyle in his unique vocabulary would describe as "monstrous, loud, blatant, inarticulate as the voice of chaos." It must be borne in mind that this "voice of chaos" is not the product of modern development, but is found and heard in all periods of its history. What does Latimer mean when, three centuries ago at the cradle of the Reformation, the infant still in swaddling clothes, instead of crooning sweet lullabies, is reproached as "a mingle-mangle, a hotch-potch . . . partly popery and partly true religion mingled together."§ The language is ungracious because he himself was one of its wet-nurses, knew its paternity, knew that the halting, indistinct, stammering speech was a congenital impediment, which even now has not yielded to centuries of treatment. When furthermore he completes the above sentence, chiding the royal offspring of Henry VIII. in language so coarse that modern type would not dare reproduce it, his conduct becomes, to use an Anglo-Saxon colloquialism, simply horrid. What language would he employ now, seeing the theological tug-of-war between Ritualism and Broad-Churchism, with all the other isms as interested, amused, hilarious spectators?

A year or two ago Harold Frederic caused considerable merriment, and some unfavorable comment, by an epigram, in which he defines the main characteristics of the Anglican

* M. K. Schermerhorn, *New York Sun*, October 27, 1899.

† In *Church Defence*.

‡ *New York Sun*, November 24, 1899.

§ *Latimer's III. Sermons preached before King Edward VI.*, p. 447, Parker Soc. Publ.

Church to consist in an "irreducible minimum of dogmatic theology and an artistic elaboration of ritual." Though verging on truth, the association of ideas certainly has not the authority of a truism. The Ritualists disclaim such an alliance even more vehemently than the Broad-Churchmen resent the implied insult. The attitude of the Anglican Church here is most perplexing. It seems singularly inconsequent, not to say inexplicable, that the fullest scope of thought and action should be allowed to Broad-Churchmen, and the Ritualist be corralled in a circumscribed limit; that the one should enjoy the amplest privileges of ecclesiastical citizenship, and the other be kept in a nursing state of pupilage. It may be variously explained: by the frictions and collisions of the latter with their bishops, whom they are oath-bound to obey, who usually are of a different school than themselves, and who as loyal Britons and Conscript Fathers must look to it that the prerogatives of the Establishment remain intact, that refractory spirits be summarily dealt with, and the Protestantism of the Realm triumphantly upheld. The Ritualists, as Bishop Wilberforce said many years ago, were men who "with great outward asceticism were ruled by an unmortified will." It makes the lot of a bishop most embarrassing, vexatious, if not whimsical, to an outsider. For a Broad-Church bishop to be told by Dr. Littledale "that every bishop who acts as a Protestant"—that is, obeys the formularies—"is a traitor to his order, either from ignorance or wilful disloyalty, and is thoroughly despised by those who are happy to use him as a tool against the church he has sworn to obey,"* does not tend to even a bishop's peace of mind; and we can conjecture the horror, consternation, and baffled rage that banished the suave benignity of the Ritualistic bishop when Dr. Arnold in contentious tone claimed that "to insist on the necessity of episcopacy is exactly like insisting on the necessity of circumcision. . . ."† Dean Alford celebrated his escape from the Bishop's Bench by gleefully laying his *Greek Testament* aside, preening his wings for a poetical flight, with the result that this charming and instructive ditty rewarded his toil:

"I'm glad I'm not a Bishop,
To have to walk in gaiters
And get my conduct pull'd about
By democratic dictators.

* Dr. Littledale, *Essays on Questions of the Day*, p. 25, 1869.

† *Life and Correspondence of Thomas Arnold*, by Rev. A. P. Stanley, vol. ii. p. 384.

From Langley down to Sodor,
 From Exeter to Lincoln,
 They've knots to cut, or to unite,
 Would make me mad to think on."

RITUALISM IS THE CINDERELLA.

The lot of the Ritualist is even more elegiac and plaintive. It is a continuous vacillation between conscientious scruples and sworn duties, between shuffling evasion and reluctant obedience, between stubborn contumacy and ecclesiastical censure. Compromise is the only avenue of escape.

In the second place, though the Anglican Church "nursed at her breasts Calvinistic Puritans, Arminian Methodists, liberal Latitudinarians, and Romanizing Tractarians"*—so, at least, says Dr. Schaff—her maternal solicitude for the latter, "like one born out of due time," was never cordially affectionate—in fact, it savored strongly of the step-mother's love. In the motley elements constituting the Anglican household Ritualism was and is the Cinderella. Has not the church with instinctive horror shrunk from Popery? Has not even the vaguely reminiscent and dimly obscure, if they bore but the faint echo or outline of Roma Immortalis, fallen under her maternal frown, and the most harmless coquetry with her been rewarded by the peremptory infliction of the "forty stripes save one"? The divinity of our Lord may be assailed, but woe to the malefactor who bears the odor of incense; Holy Scripture may be discarded as a legendary myth-book, but drastic measures threaten the use of confession; eternal punishment may be remanded to the credulous, but it would, presuming its availability, be meted out to the miscreant who would suggest the invocation of saints; the Blessed Trinity may be rejected as a relic of mediæval scholasticism, but the episcopal fulmination smites the man who will offer public prayers for the dead; the miraculous birth, the resurrection, the ascension of our Lord may be explained away as the phantasmal delusions of uncultivated fishermen, but censure, dire and instant, falls upon the culprit who dips his sacrilegious finger in holy water. It would seem what Lord Clarendon designates as the fundamental doctrine of the Scotch—"their whole religion consists in hatred of Popery"†—can hardly be misapplied to English Protestantism.

* *Creeds of Christendom*, vol. i. p. 593.

† *Edinburgh Review*, vol. xlv. p. 38.

INCONSISTENCIES OF THE RITUALISTS.

It may be remonstrated that the Ritualists battle fearlessly and courageously, in the face of a formidable breastwork of opposition, under continual and raking fire, at great sacrifice of personal comfort and popularity, to counteract these crying evils. Few Catholics, no matter what hesitancy they have in crediting the sincerity of their convictions, impugn the purity of their motives or underrate their spiritualizing influence. They are usually men of piety, zeal, energy, and ability. The results of their self-denying labors among the poor and wretched stand in marked contrast to the obsequious truckling of their clashing brethren to the rich and influential. All the same, in the estimation of reflective minds in their own church, and certainly in the estimation of all reflective minds outside of it, their position, to put it in all charity, seems anomalous, unreal, illogical. To imitate the Catholic Church in every rubric, contrary to episcopal command; to inculcate nearly all her doctrines, thinly veneered, in direct violation of their church's official decisions; to copy most of her private devotions, in opposition to the emphatic teachings of the Prayer Book; to masquerade in her vestments, satirized by their spiritual fathers in the faith as "ridiculous trifles and relics of the Amorites, . . . comical stage dresses"; to parody (the word is used in no offensive sense) Holy Mass, the mere hearing of which, not to mention the saying, was punished by the severest penal inflictions*; to speak in patronizing unctuousness about the "Roman Obedience," "Sister Church,"—all would be deliciously humorous if the object involved were not ineffably sacred; all would be prayerfully welcomed by the devout Catholic were the whole evolved claim not impalpable, imponderable, impossible; all would promise the widest extension of God's Kingdom on earth were it not that they sold their birthright, forfeited their inheritance by disowning their Mother. The Scotsman's prayer, "O Lord, gie us a gude conceit o' oursels," applies as an answered prayer to those who appropriated all the above, and then claimed it by the rights of imprescriptible inheritance.

The attitude is strange and incongruous; it baffles all charitable, even serious solution. It almost unconsciously reminds

* 23 Eliz. C. "What availeth it," says Cranmer, "to take away beads, pardons, pilgrimages, and such other like Popery, so long as the two chief roots remain unpulled up? . . . but the very body of the tree . . . is the Popish doctrine of Transubstantiation and the Real Presence of Christ's Flesh and Blood in the Sacrament of the Altar (as they call it) and of the Sacrifice and Oblation of the quick and the dead." (Quoted *Contemp. Rev.*, Dec., 1898, p. 786.)

one of a very clever illustration made by Zangwill, in one of his lectures on dramatic art, in which, if memory plays no freak, he draws a distinction between art and realism. "When I want to amuse my servant," he remarks with droll gravity, "I send her to a play that contains a steam-engine and a snow-storm. She can see both by looking out of the window, but it delights her to see them in the wrong place." With no attempt at facetiousness, is not the analogy between the servant and the Ritualist startlingly real? He would only have to go into the Catholic Church to see the full and sacred reality, which he can now only grasp as a figment of the imagination; he could as a free agent and consistent worshipper kneel before God's altar and participate in the holy functions there enacted, whereas now he cannot do so unless he makes mental compromise, disobeys his ordinary, and performs a purely mimetic rôle. "It was scarcely possible," are the indignant words of Thomas Arnold, "that they could subscribe honestly to the opinion of men whom they hate,"* referring to those who are in hostile opposition to their spiritual forefathers and repudiate and revile what they esteemed holy and sacred, and hold up to reverence what they denounced as superstition and cursed as idolatry.

The healthy consensus of mankind, irrespective of denominational lines, has long since questioned the propriety, the consistency—we will not push the question closer—of preferring the wrong place with its factitious accessories and accompaniments to the Living Reality with its Divine Immanence.

Spinoza somewhere says that there are two kinds of laws: those that appeal to reason, which are strong; those that appeal to reason and the common affections, which are invincible. Neither of these two criterions strengthen the Ritualists' title to Catholicity. The mere arbitrary usurpation and flamboyant parade of a name gives as little pre-emptive right to it as the sans-culotte's affectionate invitation to the first passer-by, "Be my brother, or I'll cut thy throat," made him a philanthropist. History has rendered its verdict—a verdict that still remains irreversible after three centuries of uncontested validity—that the English Reformation, in all its intents and purposes, was distinctly, typically, absolutely Protestant; that in its blind, iconoclastic fury it tried to stamp out every trace and vestige of what it now claims as its rightful, indisputable inheritance. Or, to borrow the language of a leading English periodical re-

* *Life and Correspondence of Thomas Arnold*, by A. P. Stanley, vol. ii. p. 289.

flecting the ripest national thought, "there was a time when she was universally regarded as the natural leader of the churches of the Reformation; when the Archbishop of Canterbury enjoyed a kind of informal patriarchate of Protestantism; when ministers of foreign Protestant churches found a ready welcome within her pale, and when no difficulty would have been raised against their ministering in her churches."* The verdict of history is ratified by Macaulay, Green, Hallam, Child, Brewer, Blunt, Short—every historian of weight and trustworthiness in England. The appeal to reason vanishes into empty pretence. The common affections of the people are not with their church; from the archbishop at Lambeth down to the rustic in the most isolated shire her members are not in sympathy with her, and would oppose the fiction of her Catholicity by every legitimate obstacle or revolutionary force.

GULF BETWEEN PARTIES WIDENING.

The gulf between the contending and hostile branches is daily widening and deepening, and to such a tension has it come that many anticipate a crisis, and a crisis that will shake the church from centre to circumference, perhaps even be followed by disintegration. And yet, unless the unprecedented happens, the latter contingency seems remote. An organization which has always permitted a boundless elasticity of dogmatic belief and a riotous liberty of ecclesiastical discipline unparalleled in the annals of any sect or denomination, even paraded this comprehensive and adaptive pliancy as a birthmark, will continue to yield. It will hardly go into ecclesiastical liquidation, or dissolve the ill-assorted partnership, as long as the principal member of the firm—the English Government—declares regular and remunerative dividends. Dogmatic bankruptcy, like moral bankruptcy, hardly entails a consequent loss of life. "The Church of England," in the language of Professor Momerie, already quoted, "is within measurable distance of dissolution. In fifty or a hundred years' time, unless it undergoes a radical change, it will practically have ceased to exist. There may still be an institution comprising bishops, priests, and deacons, but it will appeal exclusively to the intellectual dregs of the community, and could only, therefore, in the bitterest irony be called a National Church."†

We hardly think this a Cassandra vaticination when the interval during which this dissolution should occur covers the

* *Contemporary Review*, vol. xlvii. p. 74.

† *Ibid.*, vol. lix. p. 570.

space of a century. Haweis, another Anglican luminary of no small magnitude, claims "that nothing short of a frank and radical reformation of doctrine, at least as radical as the English Reformation, is required" in the present crisis; "all," he further alleges, "hear the shouting of the foe, and they bury their heads deeper in the sand." We are unkind enough to think that this most effective ostrich method, found so advantageous during the past, will be adopted in the future. However, the smell of Transvaal smokeless powder deadens the smell of Lambeth frankincense momentarily, and further developments may be expected after the present armistice.

One of the cleverest and most readable of English essayists, Augustin Birrel, has his own peculiar way of looking at the Anglican Church. "If the Ark of Peter won't hoist the Union Jack"—is his witty manner of putting it—"John Bull must have an Ark of his own, with patriotic clergy of his own manufacture tugging at the oar, and with nothing foreign in the hold save some old porter."* Abstracting from the cargo, we think that this Ark, with its captains manacled and gagged, the crew in a state of mutiny, the chart and compass thrown overboard, with the tug of State towing it whither it lists, would be a most unsafe vessel to cross the ocean of life with. Should it ever be separated from the tug, the storm-riven, rudderless boat would come to an early shipwreck.

It is related of the late Dr. Nevin, the leader of the Mercersburg movement, whose leanings to the church were most pronounced, and who, according to Döllinger, then in his palmyest day, was "the only (Protestant) theologian of any importance living in America,"† that having evidently lost his theological bearings, drifting about aimlessly, if not hopelessly, was waited upon by some kind, well-meaning friends of the Protestant Episcopal Church. They threw out gentle intimations that a warm and hospitable welcome would await him there. "No, gentlemen," said the stern old logician, who never knew what a compromise with conscience was,— "no, gentlemen, if I see shipwreck is inevitable, I prefer hailing that staunch, full-rigged, majestic vessel with the cross, keys, and tiara on its prow, before jumping overboard and trusting myself to the mercy of a plank." The story may be apocryphal, though it comes from a well-authenticated source and is characteristic of the man. But it points a moral.

Carlisle, Pa.

* *Res Judicata* passim.

† *Kirche u. Kirchen*, p. 327, 1861.



"OVER THE WHITE-DOMED HOUSES OF THE HOLY CITY."

FROM JERUSALEM TO NAZARETH ON HORSEBACK.

BY ETHEL NAST.



OUR final preparations were completed. We took a last fond look from our balcony, hung high over the white-domed houses of the Holy City; then, hurrying along the echoing corridors of the monastery, joined the cavalcade, which was awaiting us in the narrow street that threads its zigzag course by the entrance of Casa Nova.

It was a motley conglomeration of horses, baggage, and turbaned figures that choked the narrow passage and seemed entangled in inextricable confusion, but at last the bulky figure of Totorée, the guide, on a pack-horse, emerged from the chaos; after him his son and the muleteer; then our party, and finally the Franciscan Brother who was to accompany us as body-guard. The listless crowd that had collected to see us off parted to let us pass, and waving a final good-by to our friends at the monastery, we wended our way along the silent streets, out the Damascus gate, along the road that leads to Nazareth.

From the brow of the hill of Scopus we turned to take a last view of Jerusalem, crowning in embattled strength the sacred hills. All the undying interest of that picture, with its shimmering aureole of gilded dome and gleaming spire, stamped itself in a life-long memory in our hearts. The day seemed darker as its light set behind the ridge, and the dusty road and barren hills stretched in a sombre vista of desolation before us.

The land of Judea is indeed cursed; the fields are sown with stones, and the grain forced its sickly growth among them wherever the flowers had not usurped the soil.

It was a slow, tedious march picking a footing over the gullies and rocks that made the common highway, but the horses, choosing their ground with instinctive accuracy, never slipped nor stumbled.

Our first halt was at El Bireh, where tradition records that the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph, when en route for Naza-

reth, first remarked the absence of Jesus, who had remained in the Temple disputing with the Doctors.

We strolled about the wretched hovels of the village with a retinue of half the population at our heels. They were a friendly, picturesque lot, and by the aid of signs and exclamations, we managed to maintain an animated conversation. The female members of the community wear their inheritance, in coin, in a circle about the head, making a peculiarly effective head-dress.

We were soon in the saddle again riding along the crest of the hill, in sight of the ancient Bethel perched on an elevation to the east. As we descended into the valley the route was very trying, leading for a long distance through the bed of a stream, and then a miry bottom, where we floundered about in imminent danger of a mud bath.

Gifna was finally discerned nestling smilingly on a wooded slope, and as the sun set sombered into a purple glow, we drew up at the curé's house and asked for a night's lodging. It was a rambling stone structure of two stories, built around a court, and adjoined by the church. We were given comfortable quarters, and after partaking of a hearty meal from our stock of provisions, turned in for the night.

At five o'clock in the morning came a rousing rap, that startled us out of the sweetest of slumbers; but as we had a nine hours' march before us, there was no time for delays.

An hour later we were riding over the mountains in the brisk, cool mountain air, with the sleeping valleys far beneath us—Judea mantled in mist that lay a cold, gray shroud over her desolation, and the verdant plains of Samaria smiling in the flush of early spring. From time to time our way led by a deserted khan, with a bubbling spring, whose usefulness was mostly restricted to feeding the thirsty flowers and grasses about its brink. Upon emerging into the valley we passed a band of Russian pilgrims, toiling along on foot, with an occasional donkey to carry the aged and infirm.

Shiloh lies off the main road in the midst of well-cultivated fields. Flowers and tendrils of every hue and variety consecrate the site as a shrine of loveliness; but the ruins rise gaunt and naked from the earth, devoid of beauty, bereft of grandeur, affording no key-note into the past memories of the famous place.

Noon found us amid the olive groves of Sewiha, so we ate our luncheon under the trees, and spread our rugs in the cool

THROUGH AN OLIVE VINEYARD IN SAMARIA.



shade to enjoy a quiet siesta. The balmy breezes came to us freighted with perfume from the countless wild flowers nodding from every hillock and hollow. Our dreamy vision wandered from their prismatic hues to the azure of the sky and the purple mountains lighting up the horizon, to the silvery gray of the hoary branches above our heads, and the symphony of color lulled us into dreamland.

The Great Hermon's snowy crest came in view in the course of the afternoon, then Mount Gerizim, and after a toilsome climb over a mountain range we rode down into the broad plain of Mackhua, where Abraham erected an altar to the Lord, where Jacob pitched his tents, and where Joseph sought his brethren. The fields were covered with waving grain, and here and there were scattered groups of merry children and dark-eyed women clearing out the weeds. At the extremity of the plain, where the valley of Nablous curves around Mount Gerizim, we rode across the inheritance of Joseph and rested at Jacob's Well. Pilgrims were coming and going; phantoms of past ages, back to the twilight of time, mingled in the throng; but the mind and heart were centred on one vision—Christ seated on the brink, saying to the woman of Samaria, "Give me to drink."

Further up the valley the tomb of Joseph lay amid the fields, but it was growing late, so we rode direct to Nablous. The clatter of our horses' hoofs through the streets was a signal for the attention and interest of every one within hearing distance. Some watched us sullenly, others scowled, and an occasional urchin threw stones in contempt, cursing, with voluble eloquence, ourselves, our fathers, and forefathers back to Adam.

We had no more than entered the monastery court when a brace of police came and demanded our passports. We thought they looked disappointed when they found everything in order and had no excuse for making a disturbance. After a short rest we joined a party of "White Fathers" from Central Africa in a stroll through the town. Many of the streets are dark, vaulted passages running beneath the projecting houses. On emerging from one of them we found ourselves in a dirty, ill-smelling court, at one end of which was a vestibule giving ingress into the Samaritan synagogue. We were fortunate in arriving in time to witness their peculiar rite.

The room was small and whitewashed, and the walls lined with a shouting, howling congregation of men and boys, robed

JACOB'S WELL, WHERE OUR LORD CONVERSED WITH THE SAMARITAN WOMAN.



in white, swaying their bodies back and forth, and wildly gesticulating with head and arms. The Patriarch stood in the centre chanting before the ancient Pentateuch, and offered the book from time to time to be kissed. They took no heed of our inquisitive faces peering in at the doorway, and, in fact, seemed solely absorbed in rivalling one another in discordant sounds and energetic movements.

The inhabitants of Nablous are noted for their fanaticism, which finds vent in frequent outbursts against the Christians. In a recent disturbance they mobbed the monastery, breaking the windows and battering down the doors, and were only prevented from wreaking their fury on the inmates by the timely arrival of the soldiers.

We passed a restless night, haunted by discordant cries and phantoms of murderous Turks, and it was with a feeling of relief that we rode out of the sleeping town the next morning, up the valley and across the mountains to Sebastiyeh. A populous town crowned this site in the days of Herod the Great, and the ruins scattered about the fields and amid the hovels testify to its former importance. Tradition records that St. John the Baptist was beheaded and buried where the Crusaders erected the present basilica on the foundations of a still earlier one. Its dimensions and ruined magnificence contrast strangely with the mean and sordid surroundings, and the emblazoned crosses on the walls are a startling background to the turbaned Mussulmans worshipping in the shrines.

After lunching at Jeba we rode to Bethulia, the home of Judith, rising on a fortified eminence in the plain of Sanur, then over the difficult mountain pass, where we were obliged to lead our horses owing to the slippery slabs of stone that paved the route. As evening closed in around us we came to a deep and narrow valley, intersected by a brawling stream, and the splash of the water and the cooling shades were delightfully refreshing after the unusual heat of the day.

Jenin lay at the end of the pass, and we halted for the night at the only quarters that the place afforded—a small whitewashed building, consisting of four rooms and placarded with five big black letters that spelled—Hotel.

The beds were made as attractive as possible with white sheets and chintz coverlets; but experience had sapped our faith in fair appearances, so we improvised a couch with chairs and satchels, and rolling ourselves in the rugs, lay our weary limbs upon them and slept the sleep of the wicked.

RUINS OF HEROD'S CASTLE, WHERE JOHN THE BAPTIST WAS BEHEADED.



It was no hardship to respond to the early summons the next morning, and by five o'clock we were cantering across the plain of Esdrelon in the direction of Mount Hermon. We passed through Jezrahel and saw the traditional sight of Naboth's vineyard, that Jezabel so fatally coveted. A party of women from the village met us on the hill-side on their way from the spring. We were treading upon soil bearing the imprint of a thousand stirring memories; we were gazing on scenes hallowed by countless associations of the bygone times; and these women with their water-jugs filled the rôle that had been enacted by the women of these hills from immemorial time, revived all that was dead and toneless in the past, and made it a living, tangible thing that breathed with ourselves in the sunlit present.

Rounding a spur of Mount Hermon we came to the dilapidated village of Nain, and, as the heat was excessive, we rested for an hour or two in the shade of the church commemorating the raising to life of the widow's son. But the beautiful knoll of Mount Thabor, gleaming in ethereal radiance in the blue atmosphere, lured us onward across the plain, and we were soon toiling up the steep ascent, holding on to our horses' manes to avoid falling off backwards. The trail to the summit mounted up the rocky heights in a succession of steps, worn smooth by time and affording a precarious foot-hold. The only habitations on the mountain are the Franciscan and Greek monasteries, and on reaching the summit we rode to the former through a grove of ancient oak-trees. The spacious court-yard was enclosed by a wall, and the buildings rose on the edge of a precipice descending in terraces to the plains.

We were hot and tired after the climb, but soon regained our forces in the invigorating air and started for a ramble among the ruins of the ancient churches, built by St. Helena on the site of the Transfiguration. They cover a large area back of the monastery. Here and there only the ground-plan is traceable, but in some instances the walls rise to a height of several feet. Climbing upon an elevation, we commanded a magnificent survey of the surrounding country.

The plain of Esdrelon lay at our feet carpeted in variegated tones of green that outlined the pastures and the fields of grain stretching in luxuriant verdure over its vast expanse. All about circled majestic mountains: Hermon's snowy crest, the blue chain of Hauran from beyond the Jordan, the lofty heights of Carmel rising from the sea. Off on the horizon,

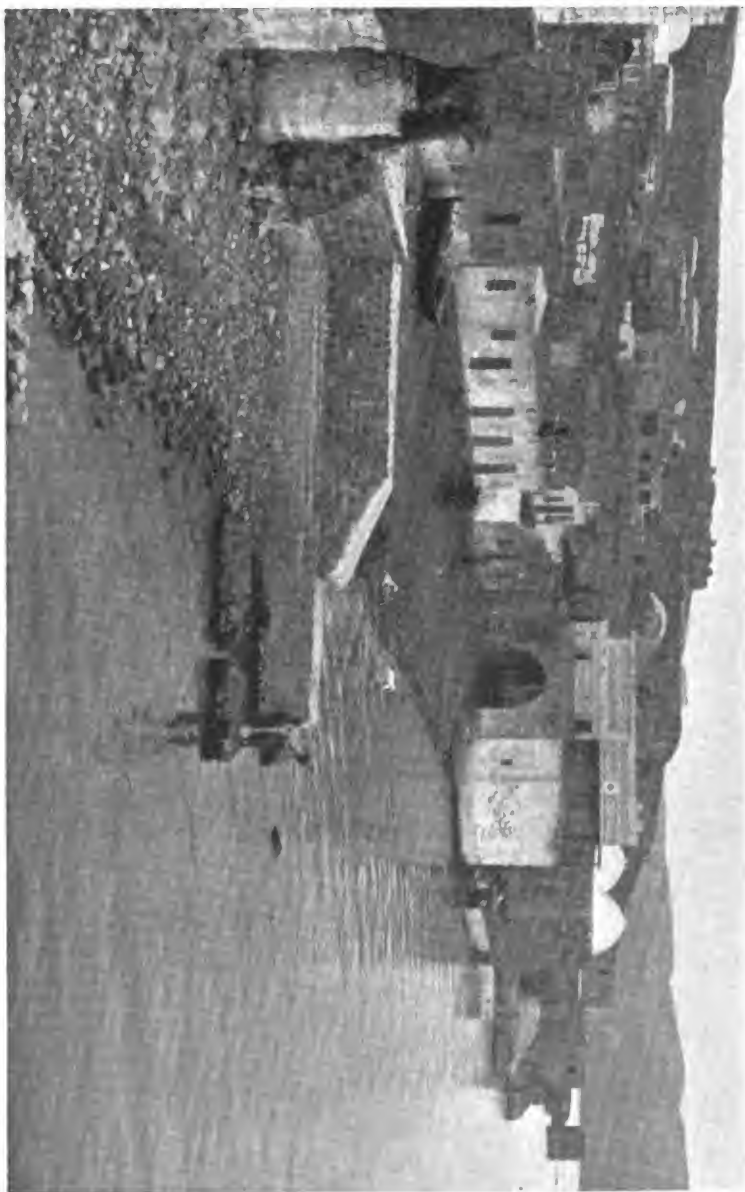
"JENIN LAY AT THE END OF THE PASS."



where land and sky meet, stretched a ribbon of light, the blue Mediterranean, and nestling in the cup of the hills slept the lake of Genesareth, mirroring the sky in its placid depths. The Mount of Beatitudes raised its knoll above the intervening heights. The Precipice of Nazareth fell sheer to the plain, and here and there gleamed villages in the valleys and on the mountain tops—Nain and Endor and many a historic name that bore some record of the ancient times. It was a panorama of surpassing beauty and untold interest, that chronicled some of the saddest and some of the fairest pages in the history of mankind.

The descent of Mount Thabor on horseback was too hazardous, so we were up betimes the next morning to make the descent on foot, and reached Tiberias before the heat of the day had set in. The ride across the rugged foot-hills was monotonous, but at Kahr Sabt a rich and fertile valley stretched in a charming vista before us. The ragged women and children of the village collected about us as we wended our way through the labyrinth of wretched hovels, and we had not proceeded far down the hill when we were followed by a party of eight Arabs, superbly mounted and looking more like personages from some Eastern court than inhabitants from the village we had left. They were armed to the teeth with knives and pistols, and rode their thoroughbreds with a matchless grace that was enhanced by their picturesque robes and turbans. The spokesman of the party, who knew a little French and said he had been a *Chasseur d'Afrique* in the French army, commented on the pleasure he and his companions felt in meeting us, and hoped we would not object to their riding in our company. We knew the repute of these people for brigandage, and that only the preceding week a merchant had been despoiled here of all his possessions, even to the clothes on his back, so we gave an unwilling assent. Totorée finally adopted the ruse of resting the horses to get rid of them, so we dismounted and they continued into the valley. They had not proceeded far when they also dismounted. The Franciscan, who had been a soldier and who was the only martial figure in our party, loaded the sole pistol in our possession and placed it in a conspicuous place in his belt. We then mounted again and, to our dismay, the Arabs mounted also as soon as they saw us, and loitered on the road until we came up to them. They kept with us some distance up the valley, and then, for some reason or other, either fearing we

"AFTER AN HOUR'S STEEP DESCENT WE REACHED TIBERIAS, ON THE SEA OF GALILEE."



were too well armed or had nothing worth the risk of robbing, they finally turned back and left us to pursue our way in peace.

At noon we found ourselves on the summit of a high ridge, and came to a sudden halt at the first glimpse of the outlook disclosed to view. We were high above the sea of Galilee. How that name soothes the ear, and lingers on the lips, and vibrates through the heart! We repeated it over and over again as we looked far below over the blue expanse of water, with the encircling hills and the gleaming villages along the shores.

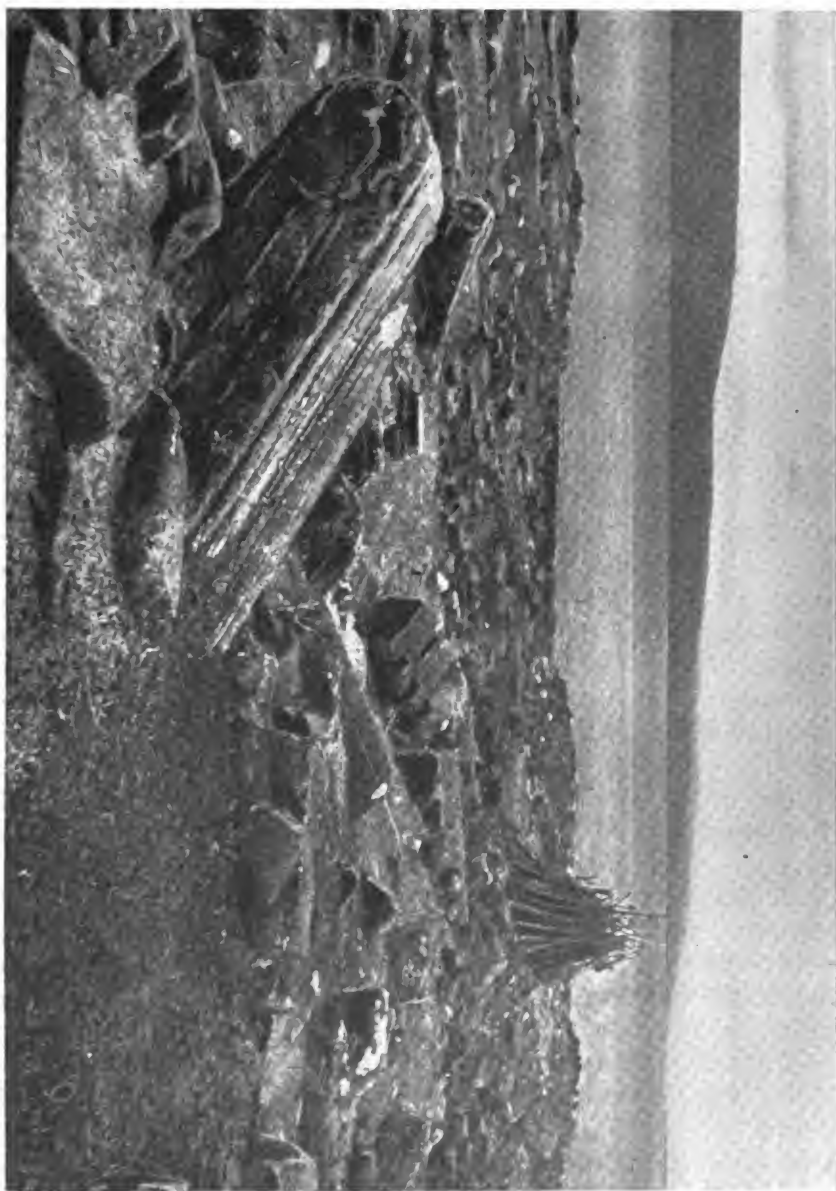
After an hour's steep descent we reached Tiberias and rode at once to the monastery, situated on the water's edge, where we ate a hurried luncheon and then prepared for the sail to Capharnaum. The bark was roughly built, with oars for six rowers and a curiously fashioned sail. As there was no wind the men took to the oars, and we were soon speeding along within a few yards of the barren shores. At Magdala a stiff breeze blew up, created by a gap in the hills, and under full sail we headed across the sea to Capharnaum. Owing to the rocky beach in this vicinity we landed with difficulty and began to look around for some evidence of the former town. Some low buildings of the Franciscan fathers cover the site, but all ruins are buried again as soon as discovered, owing to the difficulty with the Turkish government in regard to excavations. A record is made of each new discovery, and then all traces are removed until the enactment of more favorable laws.

There are some broken capitals and columns peeping out here and there from the soil, but naught else to aid the imagination in picturing what Capharnaum was in the days when Christ walked in its midst.

On our return we landed at Bethesda. It is a deserted place, and in the evening glow seems strangely pathetic in its loneliness. We sat on the beach gathering shells, and dreaming all the while of the eyes that had looked upon these shores and the foot-prints that had consecrated them.

As we drifted home in the twilight the breezes whispered echoes of the Voice that had sounded here, and, in the sunset hues lighting the gloaming with a wondrous radiance, we dreamed we saw visions of the One who had so often sailed upon the sea, who had stilled the waves and walked upon the waters. Then the night closed in around us and the moonlight enshrouded all in a silvery veil. We heard again the swish of

"WE HEADED ACROSS THE SEA TO CAPHARNAUM."



the water against the bark, the thud of the oars in the locks, and the grating of the keel on the beach. We were back at Tiberias. We enjoyed a magnificent prospect the next morning, mounting the hills on the way to Nazareth. After a rough climb a high plateau was reached where the site of the Multiplication of the Loaves and Fishes is located, and shortly after the road circled around the base of the Mount of Beatitudes. Early in the forenoon Cana came in view, picturesquely situated on the hill-slope. We drew up at the little church built in commemoration of the Marriage Feast, and had refreshments in the adjoining monastery. The goal of our pilgrimage was only two hours' ride distant and we were eager to press forward, so, after a short rest, we resumed the march over a rough and difficult road, keeping expectant eyes on the ever-widening vista for the first glimpse of Nazareth. The road finally made a broad sweep around the ridge, and there, in an amphitheatre of mountains, lay the little town, with its white houses clinging to the slopes, and its narrow streets radiating over the plateau. We descended in a zigzag course and entered the village by the Fountain of the Blessed Virgin. Numbers of women were congregated there gossiping with one another as they filled their water-jugs. This is the only spring in Nazareth, and the scene we looked upon has been daily rehearsed during the hundreds of years that the village has been clustered about its life-giving source. But for ourselves, to mar the reality, it might just as well have been in the days of the Holy Family, and the Blessed Virgin herself among the throng filling her water-jug to quench the thirst of Jesus and Joseph at work in the carpenter shop a short distance up the road.

A large new building for the pilgrims is being built, but we were lodged in the old house, a picturesque stone structure with rooms opening on a veranda that looked down upon a bright stone-paved court where plants were grouped around a splashing fountain.

That afternoon we ransacked every nook and corner of the little town, knowing we were treading in the foot-prints of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph; for how often must not the avocations of their daily lives have blessed the ways and by-ways with their presence! A beautiful church rises on the site of the Annunciation and another over the workshop of St. Joseph. Not far off, in a crooked little street, is the synagogue where our Lord taught the Jews, and from whence they dragged

"EARLY IN THE FORENOON CANA CAME IN VIEW."

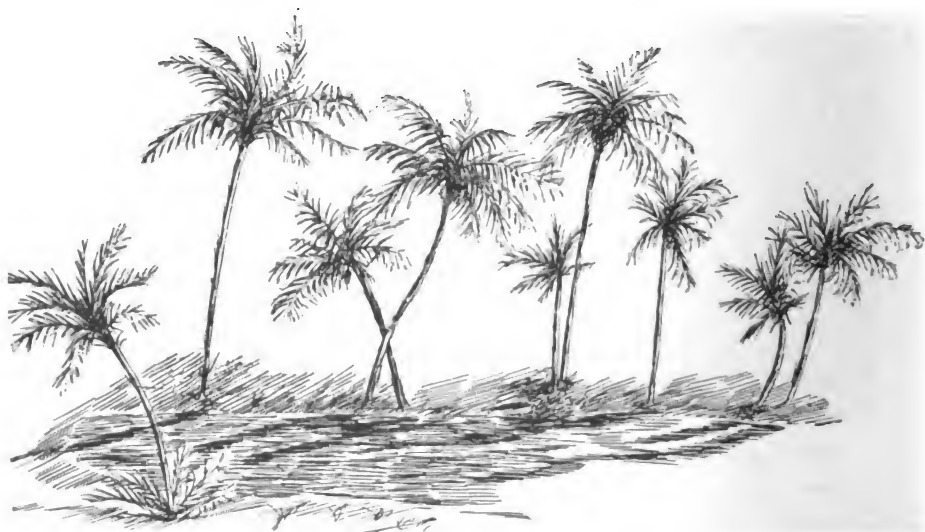


him forth to cast him over the precipice to the north of the town.

We could have whiled away many a happy day in Nazareth, but the boat that was to take us to Syria was almost due, so we left for Haifa the next morning. It took hours to reach the plain from our lofty situation in the mountains. By noon we were among the foot-hills and ate our last luncheon amid the olive groves, then rode along the verdant plain, through marshy bottoms and richly cultivated lands, to the sea.

We did not delay in Haifa, but rode at once up the heights of Carmel to the monastery crowning the summit. The mountain juts far into the sea and commands a wide survey of the surrounding country and historic coasts. We spent a delightful hour or so roaming along the ridge gathering the wild flowers for which Carmel is famed, then repaired to the little chapel in the grotto of the prophet Elias and recited the "Te Deum" in thanksgiving for our successful pilgrimage.

That night, at 9 o'clock, our ship weighed anchor and steered for the open sea. We sat out on deck in the starlight, watching the shores round into bold promontory and curving bay, till the outlines grew dimmer and the shadows deepened, and all semblance of form dissolved in the mist; then the sea and sky met and the Holy Land lay beyond our horizon. But its spirit abided with us and enriched our lives with a legacy of precious memories that treasured a harvest of blessings for the coming years.



"WE ENTERED THE VILLAGE OF NAZARETH BY THE FOUNTAIN OF THE VIRGIN."



A HALF-CENTURY IN BIOLOGY.

BY JAMES J. WALSH, PH.D., M.D.



WHEN, some time towards the close of the next century perhaps, the accounts of the Nineteenth Century with the race shall be definitely made up, it will be found that the intellectual activity devoted to biological science represents the largest item of the century's credit with mankind for this important period. Especially will this be true of the last fifty years. In general this is beginning to be realized already. Much of the thought of the time is cast in a biological mould. Words and phrases from biology are finding their way not only into distantly kindred scientific subjects, but into general literature. Not only are illustrations borrowed, but allusions are made which assume that, practically, every reader is familiar with the elements of biology, and that the terms, at least, of the great problems of biological science no one with pretences to culture can afford to be entirely ignorant of.

BIOLOGICAL TERMS IN COMMON LIFE.

Of course this view of the all-pervading influence of biology is apt to be set down as the dream, and perhaps the desire, of the enthusiast, rather than as the calm opinion of the impartial observer. Even a passing glance, however, at some of the biological elements that have found their way into everyday speech will serve to show, I think, what good grounds there are for the claim. Such phrases as "the struggle for life," "the survival of the fittest," "natural and sexual selection," "atavism," "crossed and direct heredity," "hereditary transmission," "environment," "parallelism," "altruism," "adaptation," and the like, though technical terms of very special significance, have become current coin of the realm wherever our English tongue is spoken. Even such words as ontogeny and phylogeny, abiogenesis, physiogenesis, kinetogenesis, and the like, have a definite meaning for many who have no pretence to any special biological knowledge. The names of Darwin, Wallace, Huxley, and Haeckel, to say nothing of lesser lights, have become universally familiar, because of the widespread interest in biological problems.

There is besides this a wealth of allusion to biological principles and theories in the current thought and poetry of our time, that shows how the spirit of the day is influenced, though often it may be unconsciously, by the biology in the air. This influence is patent not only in the works of what, for want of a better term, we may call the scientific *littérateurs*, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Grant Allen, and the like, but in essentially literary men.

“A sacred kinship I would not forego
Binds me to all that breathes,”

is Boyesen's expression of the new-found consciousness that has come to the race in our day of a relationship in creatures almost undreamt of before. Sometimes the biological allusion is missed, perhaps, by the generality of readers. Surely John Boyle O'Reilly's

“The world was made when a man was born”

was penned with the thought in mind of the biological principle that the individual, in his development, recapitulates the history of the race in the physical as well as the moral order. Much more of the current thought of our time is tinged in similar fashion than those who have not seriously considered the matter could very well imagine. Browning, always responsive to the human interest of the moment, is full of oft-quoted references to biology. Tennyson, as his admirers well know, though in a much less degree, has been notably influenced by the biology in the air. Lesser writers in their measure pay their tribute to the Time-spirit, whose most characteristic material expression would be a treatise dealing with biological problems.

THE REALM OF BIOLOGY INVADED—HER TITLE USURPED.

Biology came into her birthright among the sciences very late. So late, in fact, that one of the daughter sciences had usurped the name she was entitled to if, following the routine of nomenclature, she was to be named from the Greek. For the word biology, as has often been pointed out, fails entirely to express etymologically the proper subject-matter of the science it is used to designate. Aristotle used the word *Bios*—life—to signify the social or ethical life, not life as an expression of simple organic activity, as it is treated of in biology. He divided *Bios* into the species, a life of pleasure, a life of ambi-

tion, a life of thought. He divided *Zoe*, life, into the three species, vegetable, animal, and human. This is evidently the word that should have been selected as the root from which to derive the term for the science of life as we have it at present, but the word so derived, zoölogy, was already pre-empted when biology came on the scene by a science that treats of only one form of living things—the animals.

When the new science of life began its real development, just before the middle of the century, it found not only its name pre-empted, but its proper subject-matter practically taken from it by an invasion of physics and chemistry. The wonderful development of these sciences in the early part of the century, and the explanations their principles afforded of many phenomena utterly incomprehensible, or at most very imperfectly understood before, gave birth to the thought that they would serve to explain many of the phenomena of living things too.

The desire to find an explanation of physiological processes in chemical and physical laws was really father to the thought that such principles actually did afford the explanation wished for. On the one hand, the masters in the physical sciences were only too willing to extend the domain of their sciences so as to include living things. On the other hand, very welcome support would be afforded to materialistic views if the phenomena that occurred in living things could be reduced to the working of the same laws that ruled non-living matter. The scientists of the time were infected by outspoken tendencies to positivism and materialism, and were not backward to accept theories that promised to substantiate such views.

If life were no more than a co-ordination of chemical and physical activities, as seemed to be demonstrated; if even its origin, under certain circumstances at least, were no more than the fortuitous concurrence of certain favorable physical and chemical conditions, then biology—the science of life—would occupy a very second-rate place in the scheme of the sciences. It could scarcely be said to have an independent existence at all. Yet between 1840 and 1860 this was just the position that biology occupied. For, while Theodor Schwann by his discovery, at the Catholic University of Louvain, of the essential similarity between plants and animals, inasmuch as both were composed of ultimate elements called cells, had laid the ground-work of modern biology as it was destined to develop,

he had announced at the same time his conviction that cells might originate in certain liquids within the body, to all appearance, just as crystals do in a supersaturated chemical solution. This was, of course, to lower still further the dignity of biology, since it was to reduce the most intimate and important vital processes, in the ultimate elements of the physical basis of life, to the level of the most frankly material of inorganic physical laws.

The end was not yet in the matter of degradation for the great science of life. At the beginning of the fifties the spontaneous generation controversy was opened up once more, and for awhile raged with great bitterness. At first the upholders of spontaneous generation had things practically all their own way. They seemed to be able to demonstrate that no matter what precautions were taken to destroy all life in organic infusions, if these were afterwards exposed to the presence of oxygen minute living things developed in them. Grapes were crushed in a Torricelli vacuum, and remained sterile as long as the vacuum remained perfect, while immediately after the admission of the smallest bubble of oxygen they begin to ferment. Hay infusions after prolonged boiling seemed to develop microscopic life, notwithstanding that the most careful precautions seemed to be taken to prevent the entrance of all germs from without. Even the origin of life then seemed to be merely a question of the meeting of organic material and oxygen under certain definite and not very mysterious conditions.

BIOLOGY REGAINS HER BIRTHRIGHT.

These darkest hours for biology were indeed just before a glorious dawn. A revolution in accepted ways of thinking had been preparing for some time from two very different sources, neither of them directly connected with biology. Virchow, working in pathology, laid the first great foundation stone of the importance of the science of life as such, by showing that not even the minutest portions of living substance ever came from anything but material already alive. Cells were not formed in the body-juices as crystals in a solution, but were always budded off from other cells. *Omnis cellula e cellula*—every cell from a preceding cell—became the great axiom that revolutionized pathology, and with it biology.

Very shortly afterwards Pasteur, a chemist whose interest in chemistry had led him to the investigation of fermentation, and consequently had interested him in microscopic life,

showed that spontaneous generation was an utter illusion. If the living germs were completely destroyed in even the most unstable organic solutions, no living thing would appear in them afterwards, unless germs were allowed entrance from without. The air might be admitted to such solutions with the greatest freedom, provided it were first filtered clear of all living germs. It was shown by Pasteur that no very elaborate apparatus was required to keep the air from sowing the seeds of life in the organic material. The passage of the air, admitted through a layer of cotton, was sufficient to filter it completely of all germs of life. Even if the opening into the vessel containing the organic solution under observation were only fitted with a tube bent several times in reasonably large arcs of circles, the open end of the tube being made to point downward instead of upward, no germs reached the liquid and no life developed, though absolutely free and direct access of air was allowed.

These two important concessions to biology, the non-occurrence of spontaneous generation and the origin of cells only from preceding cells, were but the beginning of the better things in store for the science of life, but gave scarcely more than an inkling of the honors that were to come in rapid succession. Pasteur had shown that fermentation was always a biological process—*i. e.*, always due to the presence of minute plants called ferments. For years this process had been held up as the bright particular exemplar of the power of even the comparatively inert oxygen of the air to work wondrous chemical changes when the circumstances were at all favorable. But the spell of chemical ideas, so long dominant, was at length broken. Biology had come to claim her own. Besides making good the claim to the explanation of vital processes which were peculiarly hers, she was about to lay claim successfully to a series of most important phenomena in science that had long been conceded to be chemical or physical in origin. In return for the invasion of her territory the newly aroused science of life was about to make a most successful incursion into the territory of her rivals, who had succeeded in carrying off and retaining while she was in helpless infancy some of the precious spoils of her family heritage.

BIOLOGICAL INVASIONS.

Biology's revenge on her step-sister sciences is the main portion of the great advances in the science of life during the

half-century that is just closing. Over three centuries ago Sir Robert Boyle, the great chemist, of whom his notorious kinsman, Sir Boyle Roche, the great "bullster," said very truthfully, if a little inconsequentially, that he was the "father of chemistry and the brother of the Earl of Cork," made a wonderfully prophetic remark. Like Pasteur, though a chemist, Sir Robert Boyle had been very much interested in the phenomena of fermentation, and had spent considerable time in the investigation of the process and the search for its cause. Needless to say, with the ill-developed scientific methods of his day, he was not able to accomplish much in the matter. He penetrated far enough, however, into the mystery that the great chemist-biologist of our day was to solve, to realize that its solution would be pregnant with suggestive helpfulness for other equally mysterious natural processes that were baffling science. "He who succeeds in explaining fermentation," Boyle said, "will be in a position to throw great light on the causes of the contagious diseases." His prophecy was absolutely fulfilled *ad litteram*. Pasteur discovered the mycodermis that set up fermentation, and thus was drawn into the work that led to the discovery of the germs of various diseases. Disease had been considered for centuries, ever since Hippocrates' time and before it, as due to an alteration in the body humors, as they were called—*i. e.*, to a chemical change in some of the fluids of the body. How thoroughly ingrained this idea is, by millennial traditions, into the human mind, may be judged from the fact that the popular judgment has not even yet, after half a century, accepted the scientific ætiology of disease, but attributes practically all disease to that convenient scapegoat, "impure blood." This humoral pathology, finding in a dyscrasia of the systemic fluids an all-sufficient reason for disease, was even accepted by such distinguished pathologists as Rokitsansky, whose great pathologico-anatomical work at Vienna just before the middle of the century ushered in the new medicine. With Virchow's ground-breaking work in cellular pathology at Berlin, and later at the Catholic University of Würzburg, in Bavaria, when his political sentiments* made it advisable for him to retire from Ber-

* He became a Social Democrat, as the Radicals are called in Germany, as the result of medical investigations in Silesia during the famine and bread riot years, and has remained consistently and steadfastly as a leader of that party, though it has often been hinted to him, it is said, that a change of political sentiment would make him a *persona grata* at the royal, and later at the imperial court, and probably secure him the title of Excellenz—the equivalent, and perhaps something more in German eyes, of the honor of knighthood in England.

lin for awhile, all the old humoral theories of disease were superseded, chemistry lost her domination in the ætiology of disease, and biology succeeded to her kingdom.

PHYSIOLOGY AND THERAPEUTICS TRANSFORMED.

Practically the same thing happened—though it took longer for biology to regain her own—in physiology. Digestive processes were supposed to be mainly chemical. Respiration and absorption were considered to be the results of physical laws. The internal vital activities by which inorganic material was changed into the living substance that forms the physical basis of life, was thought to be a combination of physical and chemical processes. Now it is known that all of these important phenomena are the result of vital activity. Vitalism, as it is called, the doctrine that behind the blind forces of matter in the animal or vegetable system there is a great force, the principle of life, from which all the important activities of living things flow, and without which no combination of chemical and physical forces, however fortuitously happy, can liberate energy in the tissues of the living body, has become the most prominent feature of modern up-to-date physiology.

Pasteur did not halt at the investigation of the cause of disease, but went on to the study of the best methods for its cure. It is in therapeutics above all that biology has invaded a realm that seemed entirely given over to chemistry. From time immemorial it had been the custom to believe that there existed in nature some remedy that would cure every disease, if it were but known. The *vis medicatrix naturæ*—"nature's power to heal"—so lauded by Hippocrates, the great Father of Medicine, had come at one time to be almost entirely ignored. The greatest American physician of his time, Dr. Rush, a really great clinical observer, said, just a century ago, that "to trust to nature for help in the cure of disease was to foster an illusion; nature always did harm, never good in disease." Drugs were the great auxiliaries, and the developing science of chemistry, it was hoped, would soon lead to the discovery of remedies for every ill.

A reaction set in after this era of pessimism with regard to nature's curative powers and of too optimistic faith in the all-saving virtue of drugs. This reaction degenerated into almost therapeutic nihilism on the part of scientific medical men by the middle of the present century. Pasteur's discoveries

with regard to nature's methods in the cure of disease not only reawakened interest in therapeutics but led to further study of the factors that nature makes use of for the conservation of the organism. Here a whole new world was opened up to investigation. It was soon found that in many cases what were taken as symptoms of disease, and therefore were presumably to be combated by every means at command, were often really manifestations of nature's resistive reaction for the protection of the organism. Eruptions, for instance, constitute her method of eliminating by the skin the virus of contagions. Fever is a protective mechanism, pain a highly conservative agent. The fact that after a contagious disease had once been recovered from it would not, as a rule, be acquired again showed the perfection of nature's curative methods. Biological factors were very different to drugs in the persistence of their influence against disease. A new era in the study of disease and its treatment was opened up. It resulted in the splendid discoveries of Lister, that have revolutionized surgery; in Pasteur's method of treatment for rabies, which is gradually changing a great scourge of the race into a comparatively harmless and temporary inconvenience; in Behring and Roux's discovery of diphtheria serum, the greatest blessing ever conferred upon the race, scarcely even excepting vaccination; all this has aroused the highest hopes for a really scientific therapeutics.

BIOLOGY AND EVOLUTION.

While these great practical advances in biology were making there was infused into the rising science a current of thought that was to prove of most absorbing interest, and that was to attract the attention of all thinkers to it. Darwin and Wallace took up a theory that had been often broached before, and had been very ably presented by Lamarck at the beginning of the present century—the theory that all living things are derived from some simple form by a process of evolution. Darwin's and Wallace's work attracted immediate and widespread attention, because their theory of evolution was supported by a series of most acute observations on the influence of natural and sexual selection in modifying species of plants and animals. Evolution in all its phases has since that time come to be one of the most widely discussed of questions. There is scarcely any thinker of our day who has not considered it necessary to form or adopt some opinion on the subject.

The first edition of Darwin's book, the *Origin of Species*, was published October 1, 1859, almost exactly forty years ago. It would seem as though in that length of time some definite conclusion must have been reached in a subject discussed as much as evolution has been. Yet a definite position in science can scarcely be given to the Darwinian theory even at the present time. In view of the changes of opinion with regard to the theory in the last twenty years one is forcibly reminded of Huxley's almost prophetic words on the subject in 1870. Referring, in his address "On the coming of age of the *Origin of Species*," to the storm of protest that greeted the book on its first publication and on the reaction in its favor that had set in afterwards, he said: "History warns us that it is the customary fate of new truths to begin as heresies and to end as superstitions. As matters now stand, it is hardly rash to anticipate that in another twenty years the new generation, educated under the influence of the present day, will be in danger of accepting the main doctrines of the *Origin of Species* with as little reflection, and it may be with as little justification, as so many of our contemporaries years ago rejected them."

What Huxley foresaw so clearly came to pass, but sooner than he had anticipated. In 1890 there was in many quarters an almost unreasoning acceptance of many parts of the Darwinian hypothesis that further consideration and later investigation have shown to be untenable. With that pendulum-like swing of opinion that characterizes the theoretic parts of the physical sciences, though it is so often and so volubly insisted that they have to do only with exact knowledge, there are now very few that accept the Darwinian doctrines in their entirety. The theory of sexual selection, which is the typically Darwinian addition to the question of evolution, and which Darwin's wonderful power of observation, amounting almost to intuition in matters that concerned the habits of animals and plants, did so much to make popular, is no longer considered to have anything like the influence in causing variation that was at one time conceded to it. Natural selection—*i. e.*, the influence of the environment in bringing about changes in the organism—has practically eclipsed sexual selection.

In general a theory of evolution is accepted in biological circles, but by no means the simple succession of beings that it was at one time thought would constitute the history of the development of life from the lowest to the highest forms.

Whether one species may ever be transmuted into another is more generally doubted now than it was ten years ago. There is a general concession that organized beings contain in themselves certain organs and tissues, and rudiments of organs, and certain arrangements of these organs and tissues, that show that they have some marvellous relationships with other organic beings seemingly very distant from them in the scale of creation. Embryology, the science of the growth of the organism in its development from the single cell from which every organism comes, until it reaches the stage in which it may carry on an independent existence, shows that organisms in their origins demonstrate, still more than in their perfect form, the relationship that binds the whole organic creation together. But the process of whatever evolution there may have been remains almost as mysterious as ever. It is impossible to trace a satisfactory genealogy for any of the lowest animals, much less for those higher in the scale of creation. Certain species of animals, as the horse, have their history written large in the geological record, and some very striking facts have been brought to light, especially here in America, by the much-to-be-lamented Cope, which speak stronger for evolution than any other set of facts that have been discovered. The unearthing in our West of the many-toed, small-sized ancestor of our present horse, and the elucidation of the factors of natural development by which the equine race as we know it has been evolved, is a bright particular star in the firmament of evolutionary science.

Theory has, however, been allowed to rule scientific discussions too much in the subject of evolution. As a matter of fact, far from being able to show how species have been converted into one another, we are not even able to point out a single case of the undoubted transmission of even one acquired character. A good many cases presumed by various observers to be examples of such a transmission have been reported, but all of them so far have proved to be illusions when submitted to the judicious criticism of serious biological criteria. Medical men still cling to the idea that acquired characters are transmitted, and that, too, very commonly. A great many of the claims now so frequent as to the heredity of predisposition to disease, and even of disease itself, assumes that the transmission of acquired characters is an accepted principle. As time goes on, however, medical men have learned that at least it is not disease itself that is transmitted. Tuberculosis and leprosy, and

like diseases, have been removed from the category of directly hereditary diseases within the last few years, and the predisposition to disease is now recognized to be rather a general lowering of resistive vitality than a specific tendency to the acquirement of any particular disease, or even a lack of organic resistance to one rather than to any other disease.

Occasionally in the medical journals we meet with reports of cases where mutilations are said to have been transmitted. A parent who has an injured eye or finger or toe is reported as having for offspring a child with a congenital malformation of a corresponding part. Sometimes, as the reader of a paper at the last meeting of the British Medical Association notes, such a communication is followed by another from a sceptical biologist, who in derision reports an almost similar case, in which, however, the parent sustained the injury after, not before, the birth of the child. This brings the whole matter very properly back to the realm of coincidences, where it belongs. In general it may be said that this is the great crux of the theory of evolution, the corner-stone which must be secured before a permanent scientific edifice can be built. We are no nearer a demonstration of the actual transmutation of species now than we were forty years ago, when Darwin's theory first disturbed the scientific world. On the other hand, it must not be forgotten that forty years are not much in the history of human knowledge and that the theory of evolution, far from being definitely settled, is, in the opinion of present-day biologists, only just beginning its development. Professor Henry Osborn, of Columbia University, said not long ago: "My last word is that we are entering the threshold of the evolution problem, instead of standing within the portals. The harder tasks lie before us, not behind us, and their solution will carry us well into the twentieth century."

PRACTICAL BIOLOGY.

While the discussion of evolution has brought us very little nearer to a definite acceptance or rejection of the theory itself, it has brought us important benefits in other ways. It has brought with it a larger view in things biologic, it has hastened the demonstration of the marvellously close relationships that unite all living things, and has given us a better realization of the laws that bind them all into a universal whole. While biologists no longer think the beautifully reverent thought of Agassiz, that species are the special earthly reflec-

tions of the divine ideas, and therefore immutable, a great spirit of reverence has come over biological thought with the normal advance of the science. The contemplation of the mystery of life and of vital activities which every year becomes deeper, and of the wonderful co-ordination and correlation that exist among living things even when most widely separate in the biological scale, has made the necessity for Creation clearer and the reflection of the Creator in His works less obscure.

Beyond these advances in great fields of thought, however, there have come from the interest aroused in biological questions by the discussion of the theory of evolution great practical benefits. Under the new dispensation of life as a manifestation of activity not essentially different for each form of living being, but as a possible member of a great series of organisms closely connected and related, even the study of the most unimportant forms of life took on a serious significance. Pliny said long ago, without realizing all the meaning of the phrase, "*Natura nusquam magis tota quam in minimis.*" The study of the smaller forms of life became one of the great occupations of the biologist, because in them the problems of the organic being exist in their simplest expression.

Out of this study of the smaller forms of life has come the solution of many of the practical problems of every-day life. The rôle of the insect in fertilizing plants has been of use in agriculture. The study of the warfare between different forms of minute life has enabled the biologist to use biological agents to fight various pests. In California the orange scale, that threatened to ruin a great industry, has been gotten under control by the introduction of a destroying organism. In India an analogous triumph has been recently recorded, and the locusts that almost annually ravage that country are being destroyed by the distribution among the farmers of a fungus that kills them. The methods by which Pasteur was enabled to save the grape and wine industry and the silk industry for France were biological, and they are being imitated in many an improvement that is in course of introduction.

In medicine the study of the minuter forms of life has been especially of service. It has not only laid bare the ætiology of disease and opened a promising future for therapeutics, but it has especially created the science of preventive medicine. It is practically always biological factors that are concerned with the spread of disease. The study of the conditions and relations of life has led to the discovery of the microscopic

and other parasites, and made it possible to guard against them to a certain extent at least. Biology has lifted the filtration of water out of empiricism to a level of scientific precision. Finally, the study of the various insect carriers of disease, a chapter that is only just opening up in epidemiology, has already conferred great benefits on the race, and promises to be of the greatest possible service, especially in tropical medicine.

THE FUTURE OF BIOLOGY.

The outlook in biology is most promising. Already one is apt to be startled by the business card, "Expert in Biology," and is tempted to wonder just what may be the subject-matter of the expertness that he hopes will be lucrative in the commercial world. In the canning industry, however, in cheese and butter making, in wine and beer and vinegar making, there are lucrative opportunities for the practical biologist, and capital is glad to avail itself of his services, nor haggle about his compensation.

New lines of applied biology are constantly opening up, and it promises to surpass even the industrial successes of applied chemistry. Already patents have been issued in Germany for methods of growing microbes which when planted in the soil will store up for the use of larger plants the nitrogen of the air in an available form. This will do away with the necessity for expensive fertilizers, for guano and the products of the nitrate beds of South America, which threaten exhaustion. Another form of microbe has also been isolated and patented that will convert certain forms of phosphorus salts at present existent in the soil, but unavailable to growing plants, into more soluble compounds that can be of agricultural value. This will do away with the necessity for rifling battle-fields for bones to supply phosphorus, a practice which has of late years become very common. It is claimed that a four to five ounce vial of microbes will suffice for an acre field, and so replace hundreds of pounds of fertilizing material. This is not the idle dream that it may seem, for it is well known now that practically all the growth of larger plants is due to the conversion of the inorganic material of the soil into certain unstable organic compounds by the action of microscopic organisms.

In color-making the products of microbic activity will some day, and before very long, replace the coal-tar colors that in-

dustrial chemistry has supplied. Other microbic products there are, such as wax, that suggest practical possibilities. In the ripening of tobacco after it has been cut micro-organisms are said to play a very important *rôle*, and the better or more highly prized varieties of tobacco are claimed to be due rather to the products that result from microbic activity than from peculiarities in the plant itself, the soil, or the climate in which it has been grown. This matter, too, is the subject of a German patent. Spontaneous combustion is now known to be due to microbes, and not to any exquisitely heightened process of oxidation under special conditions. It seems far fetched to suggest such a phenomenon as indicating a possible source of energy, but the suggestion has been made, and stranger things have proved true even in less progressive times than ours.

The science of biology, though it had its origin in the midst of theories and problems that it might seem could never have a practical bearing, has developed into the most practical of sciences, helpful, suggestive, even commercial, and with a most promising outlook. The future of biology is roseate, for as yet it is but the dawn of the science, and somewhere there is behind the glorious day, that will prove at least as bewilderingly surprising to a not distant generation as have so many of the other sciences to ours and preceding generations. It is not too much to say that the next great industrial revolution, such a one as came with the introduction of steam or electricity, will come in the realm of applied biology.



CHILDREN OF CANA.

"They have no wine," sweet Mary said,
To Christ of Galilee;
(The fairest Man, the fairest maid,
The world shall ever see!)

"They have no wine," the mother said—
"No wine for marriage-guest!
O Son, to bride and bridegroom's aid
Haste Thou at my behest!"

"My hour is not yet come," spake He,
The Son of mother-maid!
"Whatever He shall say, do ye!"
To waiters Mary said.

Did she not heed His word divine,
That not yet came His hour?
Nay! Bride and bridegroom lacked for wine,
And Mary knew her pow'r.

"They have no wine!" She said no more;
Awaiting now His part.
She knew that Christ would not ignore
The prayer of Mary's heart.

"The pitchers fill with water!" So
Said Christ, with gracious sign:
"And carry to the Master!"—Lo,
The water turned to wine!

O Mary, pitiful of bride
And bridegroom in their dearth;
O Christ who lived, O Christ who died
In love for us of earth,

From hearts that parch in human thirst,
Dash chalice of despair!
Love's wine at last, if not at first,
Concede to Cana's prayer!

MINNIE GILMORE.

A NEW YEAR'S TALE OF THE NORTH.

BY KATHERINE HUGHES.



O one is eligible for membership in the Wanderers' Club at the Canadian capital unless he has seen a certain amount of the globe, and has grown mentally with his travellings.

They say Hawkins can tell you all about Western Africa; Sadler knows as much about India as Kipling does, but he rarely talks of it outside the club; Ives-Halkett, with whom the idea of the club originated, has been in almost every corner of the globe in a dozen different capacities. There are ten others on the membership roll—mostly engineers, mining and civil, or surveyors attached to the Geological Survey.

The club is not very well known at home; it is by no means a show-place for visitors. The building itself is an old-fashioned stone one, looked down upon by all its newly-glorious neighbors, and the principal room of the club is a long, low, shadowy one. Seen at night through wreaths of nebulous smoke, it leaves an indistinct picture of dusky arm-chairs and reclining forms, with one spot of vivid color in the glowing fire-place.

There are good stories told at the club—very thin yarns spun.

When a few evenings after Stanley Scott had come home from an Alaskan survey, he and Tom Richardson, the political correspondent, found themselves alone at their club, Richardson asked the surveyor for a yarn. He was in an unusually receptive mood that night, and willing to give credence to anything, he said. But Scott was in a serious mood, as he is habitually—"ponderous Scott" they call him at the club. When he finally told his story he thought it necessary to preface it with an apology to the brilliant journalist:

"It's so far removed from a yarn, Richardson, that you will find it awfully slow, I daresay. But my camp-fires have always been more lonely than gay and I don't know anything thrilling."

Richardson assured him that it was part of his profession to listen to all sorts of stories, and that he had an infinite



capacity for enjoying them. Scott told the story. Richardson made it his own, but he says things of that sort aren't in his line. That is why Scott's story has come to be set down by me in this inadequate fashion.

"I've never seen a fire-place to compare with this for comfort but the one at Barclay's trading-post at St. Ignace, up North," Scott began.

"I've never seen its equal; it is a genuine old one.

You can seat a neat little hunting party of four between the jamb-stones. We've done it, too, on occasions — Barclay

"HE WAS IN AN UNUSUALLY RECEPTIVE MOOD THAT NIGHT."

and his man and myself and my Indian.

"That's a room for a man to be happy in—Barclay's den. All rifles and pipes and skins and books—what is n't, fire-place! But the poor beggar says he is sick enough of it at times."

"I daresay," Richardson said when Scott paused. "It is one thing to visit there, and quite another to set up one's *penates*, even such good things as pipes and rifles."

"That's very true. Yet somehow it is always the best sort one finds stranded there, on the hill-tops. Cultured, hospitable, real sportsmen when they're after game—fine fellows!"

Scott's mind did not seem to be concentrated in proper story-telling fashion, so Richardson jogged his memory.

"Is it about Barclay you are going to tell the story?" he asked.

"No, it is not. It is about another man, and I don't feel equal to the thing now that I have begun it. But here goes! Let it come out anyway.

"I used to feel it a red-letter day when my work brought me to St. Ignace. Barclay always had a seat for me by the fire-place, and I particularly enjoyed a talk with Père Lesaint, the Jesuit missionary there. He is the man I want to tell you about.

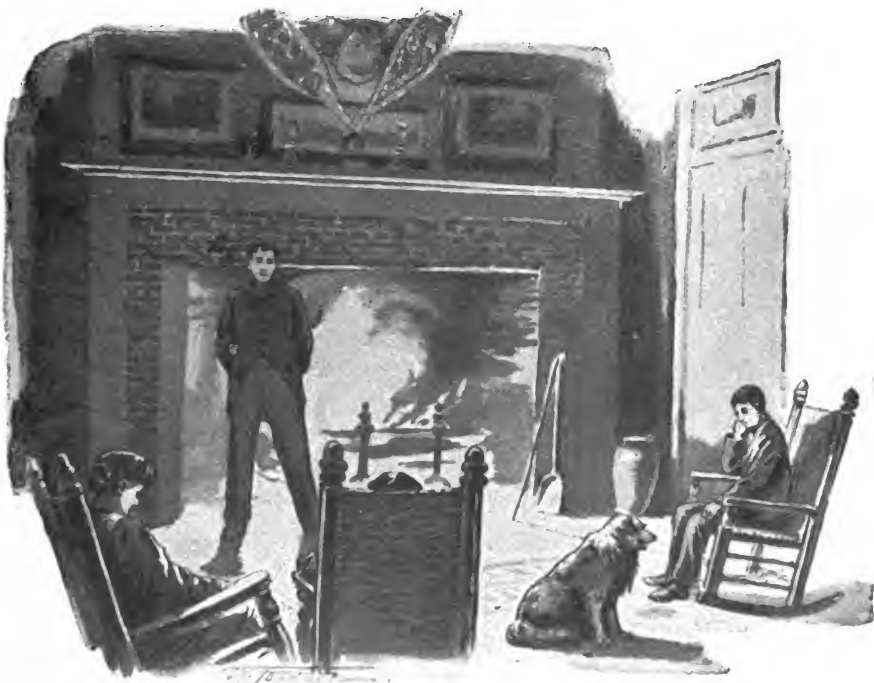
"He was a man of about forty-five, with a face like—like the statues of your St. Joseph—"

"My St. Joseph! I am afraid I haven't any more claim on him than yourself now."

"Never mind; you ought to have—Père Lesaint's face had the look that must have been on the Apostles' after Pentecost.

"I really cannot tell you how that man impressed me. The Chelsea hills can give you no idea of the Rockies' height, nor I of him. You will understand.

"Barclay told me he was a Parisian of good family who had left home for the missionary field. When I ran over there with Marshall, during the Behring Sea Commission, I learned a great deal more of him and his family. They were of the



"YOU CAN SEAT A NEAT LITTLE HUNTING PARTY OF FOUR BETWEEN THE JAMB-STONES."

first people there, and this priest, when a young man, had given up a career in military circles that would dazzle plain Canadians like you and me, Tom.

"His relatives were active, influential men, and willing to do a great deal for him.

"It was after that I picked up at the mission a piece of a large obituary card, with an Indian hymn written in a hurried way on the back—for some one in the little choir, I suppose.

"I remembered then an impressive black-edged envelope that had come to him with the last mail—you know the mail only goes in and out there twice a year. The array of titles on the back of that slip of paper would have insured it safe-keeping in the most democratic home in America—in a place, too, where a stranger would be likely to catch sight of it. It was asking his prayers for relatives who had died in that Parisian holocaust, the Charity Bazaar. You may remember it.

"The day he got that card I was with him, and I got a glimpse of what he still felt for the people at home. But he never said a word to me about it, and the next day there was no trace of grief on his face.

"I was at St. Ignace a year ago last October. Père Lesaint came over to Barclay's den for a couple of hours one Sunday evening, and we sat around the fireplace and smoked. In seven years Barclay told me he had never spent so much time there before. I think he felt particularly satisfied with his Indians that day. They *were* putting on Christian clothes and manners in an encouraging way. But they would have been less than human if they had n't, with that man devoting seventeen hours a day to them. If two men quarrelled, their families asked the Praying-man to settle it; if Taku Red Blanket borrowed some wood from Spotted Tail's wood-pile, the matter was brought to the same tribunal; and if Budding Leaves called White Fawn a she-dog with eyes of fire and a heart of serpents, the poor man had to settle that too. On week-days he even used to go to the little school awhile each day and teach the children morals and manners. In fact, when the teacher left—he was a roving sort of a fellow—Père Lesaint took the whole thing on himself for some months.

"His Sundays belonged to the grown-up children. The day I speak of Barclay and I had watched them going in and out continually before and after the Mass and afternoon service. I pitied him that day; a little of their company must go a long way with a man. I know it does with me.

"In front of the good logs at Barclay's that night he was another man than I had imagined he could be. He felt our sympathy, I am sure, and he appeared to grow younger and stronger—which he could very well afford to do. I got an idea then of what he might have been as a man of the world, instead of a Jesuit absorbed in saving souls. He was brilliant. His Gallic wit was perfect, tempered with the gentle humor you might expect in a priest. We talked mostly of his people, for they were his world, and a score of droll things came back to him then when he had some one to laugh with.

"A young fellow had come into the mission two months before. He was the son of a noted medicine-man from Old Fort Hope, an abandoned post, two hundred miles away. He was a clever young fellow, as Indians go, and Père Lesaint had been very much afraid of his influence, but that day the missionary's cup was filled when the young pagan came and asked to be taken into his flock. Père Lesaint laughed at first fears then.

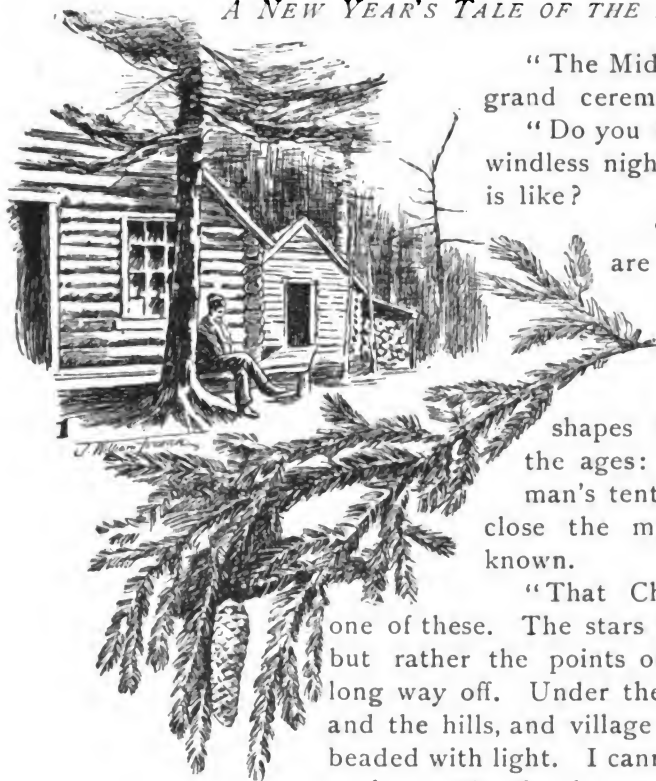
"We went over to the priest's gate with him, and it was when we were coming back that Barclay told me he thought Père Lesaint would find Takwaipa as bright as quicksilver and about as solid. He was notably 'crooked' in business matters, Barclay said, and a man of his stamp was likely to accommodate his religion to his needs.

"That was the first winter I stayed North, and I turned up at St. Ignace again at Christmas. Sak, my man, wanted to go because his cousin was going to be married, and I easily fell in with the idea.

"We had to cross a wide plain the last day, and we tramped along on snow-shoes while the dogs hauled our tent and belongings. The winter daylight is a poor affair up there, settling into darkness very quickly. The lights of the decent little village looked like home-comfort that dingy afternoon. My Mecca was in a grove of stunted firs standing over from the village where Barclay's post and the log Mission-house and the ungainly bit of a church were.

"I tramped into the place with some anticipation. After the bare white plain there was even a touch of Christmas cheer in the village tucked under the shoulder of a hill. I felt comfortable; particularly so when I met Barclay. He beamed on me.

"I enjoyed that week like a stray moose might that had come up to a herd and was given the freedom of their yard. Barclay and the priest were equally kind.



"The Midnight Mass was the grand ceremony of the week.

"Do you know what a frosty, windless night in the North-west is like?

"The white plains are the world's swaddling-clothes or shroud, according to your mood; the hills are ebony shapes that have clasped the ages: they come into a man's tent at night and disclose the mysteries they have known.

"That Christmas night was one of these. The stars weren't like jewels, but rather the points of flaming swords a long way off. Under them were the plains and the hills, and village and church of logs beaded with light. I cannot imagine a more perfect setting for that service of your church.

Barclay wasn't a professed Catholic then, but he was one in heart, and I went with him to church that night. I daresay you would have been amused to see us looking for a Christmas star—and finding one too, shining directly over the church.

"There was a crib in there, and the most apparently devout worshippers I've ever looked on. They were singing Christmas hymns to old French airs. Of course, you haven't heard those people sing, Richardson, and I cannot describe it. It is usually sweet—and plaintive, like the music of trees; very high, and wayward as to time and tune, like the Northern winds. Barclay and I had followed the star until we entered the church, but our star was in the extreme west, and in other ways, I am afraid, we were not very much like the Kings—with gifts prepared, for instance. But at least before I left I felt something of the shepherds' awe. I felt some moments of real worship of the Divinity—that was all. Fellows like us, Richardson—pardon me!—have not blameless lives or even ones of honest spiritual endeavor to offer the Child.

"Barclay said Père Lesaint's sermon was a wonderful invi-

tation to us to give our hearts to God, but I didn't dare to venture such a worthless thing.

"There, I know what you're going to say—'That it was the best I had.' Yes; but I know it's my own fault that it is not better.

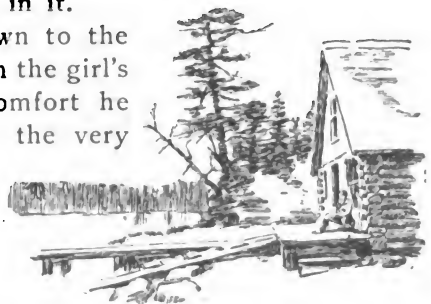
"We had dinner with Père Lesaint Christmas day. He said in such times he would make no apology for the rather plain *menu*; it was the best he could offer us, and many of his people would not have as good. You see, the fall hunt and fishing had been somewhat of a failure, and Barclay said that while he did what he could without depriving himself of too much, Père Lesaint had been literally going half-fed. He certainly looked it. We almost carried him over to supper at the fort—carried him with mental persuasion, I mean—though he had n't a ghost of an excuse, for all his people were having a good time down in the village.

"New Year's night, when we went out with Sak to feed the dogs and put things ready for an early start next morning, we saw the lights in the mission-house windows and we remembered that he had spoken of giving me letters to take down to civilization to post.

"We went over and found Père Lesaint coming through one of those *quarts d'heure* that it takes fifteen years of a man's life to strengthen him to meet.

"A young girl in the village was dying. She had been very sick for a couple of weeks, and that night her lover, the *Christian* of a month's standing, had thrown religion, prudence, everything to the wind, and gone back to paganism to practise magic and effect a cure. What was killing Père Lesaint was that almost the whole village had been lured on the quiet into the affair with him. Some of them had almost forgotten the performance, and they wanted only to see it at first; but when the clever young stranger had roused their race's blood in them, they grew anxious to take part in it.

"Père Lesaint had gone down to the village that evening to pray with the girl's friends and give them what comfort he could. Down there he found the very old and the very young, and a few of his 'standard-bearers' who had frowned on the thing at first and were afterwards kept in the dark about the plans.



All the others had gone off in little parties after dusk, with the sick girl wrapped in skins and carried on a litter. They were somewhere in the forest back of the plain, and he knew better than we could guess what hellish dances and ceremonies they would go through.

"If he had known where they were, I am sure he would have set out after them—I know I would have been glad to go with him. But he told us there would be half-a-dozen trails to follow, for they had started out in different ways and then made a tangle of trails, criss-cross, that would take us hours to unravel in the darkness. He had been looking, you see.

"It's doubtful what we could have done if we had gone. Still, the tangled trails seemed to show their fear of the priest following them and compelling their return.

"We forgot all about the mail that night. We went back to the fort utterly miserable. We felt as helpless as the young lay brother appeared to be before the anguish of that priest. Not that he said anything of it, but his face—man! it was sublime. A holy woman, whose family had thrown her off, and God as well, to join a band of some Rosicrucians or other, might have looked like that. Those missionaries have the tenderness of a woman's soul with all the strength of a man's. They have pre-eminently 'the maternal heart,' I should say. He was making excuses over and over for his 'poor forest children' and their defection. He put it down to their half-starved state, I remember.

"His hand was on the house-chapel door when he said good-night, and we knew he would spend the greater part of the night in there.

"The next morning Barclay's old, half-breed housekeeper gave us an early breakfast in Barclay's den. It was awfully cold outside, and the darkness before dawn was oppressive. The den was so cozy and bright that I was weak enough to listen to Barclay coaxing me to stay a few days more.

"I was trying to resist him and my weaker self when we heard some one running over the hard snow outside and thump on the heavy side-door. Barclay is a cool fellow, but he looked thoroughly frightened then. He told me later that he had an instant premonition of what had happened.

"Brother Jean was standing shaking in the big door-way. He was in trouble and had run to us as the only white men near.

"Père Lesaint was dead!

"I would not believe him and I told him so, but he only shook his head like a protesting child and ran to the church. We heard a queer, agitated Angelus ringing as we went over the road. And then when we were in the yard the bell began to toll.

"I tell you, Richardson, we did not want to go on toward the mission-house lights. It seemed a hard thing to step out of that darkness into a bright room and meet Death there—in the awfully calm way we knew we would.

"The door of his room was open. We tiptoed in. There was a candle burning low in there, a large crucifix, and a thin black figure bent on the praying-desk before it. We put him on the hard couch that had been his bed. There was a small crucifix above the rosary at his sash. Barclay put that between his hands.

"‘I think he’d like to have it there,’ he said.

"Then we stood back and looked at him. His handsome head and silver-brown curls reminded me more than ever of the St. Joseph statues. He looked what he had been—a very just man. Even the shell was venerable. I tried to imagine what light those eyes had opened on when they closed to the candle-light.

"It was a poor death-chamber for the man who came of the noblest of French *noblesse*, wasn't it, Richardson? But it was a poorer room for him to have lived in seven years.

"Our feelings were choking us. Men cannot cry—and we could only stand there and look, while the distress was rolling up in us like we rolled big snow-balls at school. Brother Jean came in and fell on his knees. That was his relief.

"After awhile we heard a noise outside. Day was just breaking and we could see the yard and road dotted with people running. The Indians had heard of it. The old house-keeper had roused the village.

"When I saw them I remembered his anguish the night before. I had no doubt that it had killed him, for Barclay said he had some heart trouble for years. I wanted to take the whole pack of them in my two hands and knock their collective heads together, as you would do with very bad youngsters who had heads like rocks. They had been so utterly graceless and ungrateful.

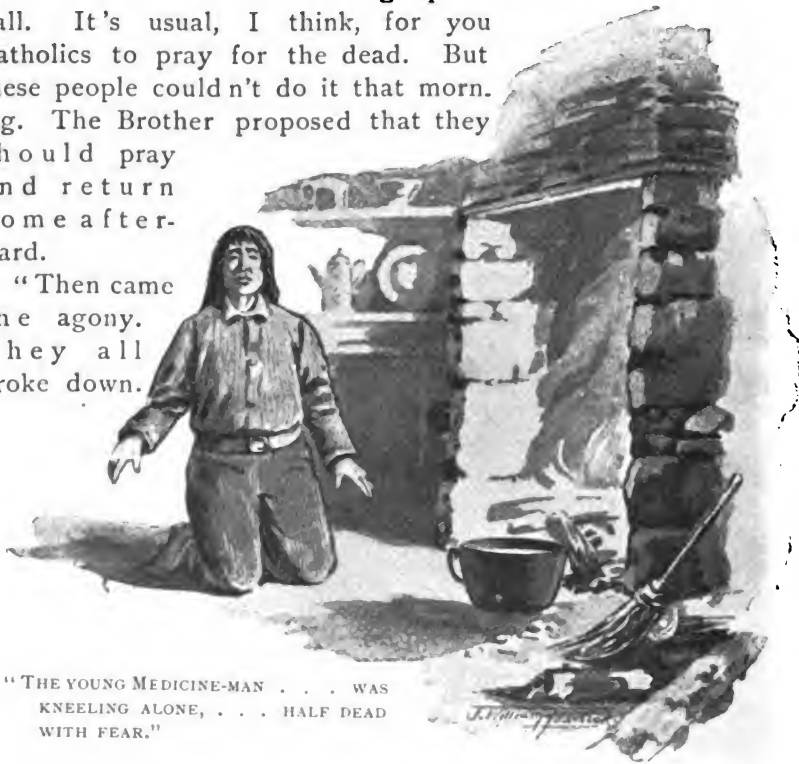
"I locked the door on the pack, at any rate; but the little Brother unlocked it. He was wiser, I guess. They wouldn't have stayed out. Their nerves were n't over the strain of the

magic-dance and this sudden turn in affairs had made them lose control of themselves. They thought their hearts were broken; I believe they were temporarily. They loved him in their own fashion—miserable children! He was a living type of his Master to them—all gifts, all care.

"The men were moaning like frightened animals; the women were sobbing; the young medicine-man, with face livid behind its paint, was kneeling alone in an outer part of the house, half dead with fear. Man! it was a harrowing sight.

"They looked on him in groups; then went out and sat or stood or crouched about the big square hall. It's usual, I think, for you Catholics to pray for the dead. But these people couldn't do it that morning. The Brother proposed that they should pray and return home afterward.

"Then came the agony. They all broke down.



"THE YOUNG MEDICINE-MAN . . . WAS
KNEELING ALONE, . . . HALF DEAD
WITH FEAR."

Heart and soul seemed crushed in them. Even the men sobbed; the women cried aloud.

"One old man said, as nearly as I could understand: 'It must not be, Brother. Devils cannot pray for saints. . . . Brother, we killed our father—me and my people.'

"He turned to them and said: 'It is true, my brothers. We have sent away the Light from Heaven'—his Indian name—'his spirit passed us and put out our fire while we danced.'

"That reminded me of Barclay's stories about the trembling lodge and the smoke and flames about the medicine-man, but when they all broke down again, like frightened children, I could honestly pity them. They were so much in earnest.

"The little Brother did not try to stop his tears or keep them out of his voice. He said to the Indians then: 'We are all sinners, my brothers. But Jesus died for love of sinners. Kneel with me.'

"They all knelt. Barclay and I did too. It would have been boorish to stand *there*—pharisaical to separate ourselves from them in the face of what the Brother had said.

"First the Brother made some sort of acknowledgment of sin and repentance—a—"

"An act of contrition."

"Yes, I suppose that's it; then some more. After the prayers they were calmer, but they seemed unable to leave the place and the body.

"A wild-looking girl came in and whispered something to a man at the door. The girl was not more wild than they were when the message spread. The girl in the village was dead.

"Their punishment was up to the measure. They felt it. Such a cry, Richardson—not loud, but from souls in despair! Then they were stunned to perfect silence. The women hid their faces in their blankets. And before we quite realized the movement, they had slipped away and left the hall empty. I believe they felt themselves on holy ground and unworthy of it.

"I didn't leave St. Ignace that day. I waited until we had paid what honor we could to the dead priest; the Indian girl was buried the same day. I took all the letters he had ready for me and sent a note of my own with each.

"Necessity made a sort of spiritual hero out of the little Brother in those days. The Indians were like broken reeds frozen in a marsh. They were in perfect despair. But some of Père Lesaint's spirit seemed to animate Brother Jean, and he raised them up again. He said the priest was praying in heaven for him and the Indians. I could honestly believe it.

"Barclay declares that the priest's death has done more than even he could do living to drive all hankerings for paganism out of the Indians. There is likely truth in that, but it strikes me again how hard it is to bow to the old truth that God's ways are not our ways, and his wisdom not the world's

wisdom. It is wonderfully hard. But a fellow thinks of these things in his tent at night."

When Richardson told me this story he ended it with this: "There are many good sermons written and some delivered, but if there were more living sermons out in the world, where we need them most, Tom Richardson and the likes of him would be better men. Don't you think so?"

I assented. I added that there must be somewhat of a sermon in his own life, since Tom Richardson was pointed out to "me and the likes of me" as a model of success achieved in a certain line.

He grew serious at that, and his eyes saw much beyond the paper-knife in his hand, that was left to find its way to the Review's pages.

"Success? That is in the world's tribunal," he said. "Don't follow the model too closely, little woman, and touch in your work with lights caught from Stanley Scott's Northern picture."

That was a remarkable saying for the brilliant journalist.

HOME.

BY CLARA CONWAY.



O many long and lonely exile years
I walked the tropic wastes of scorching sand,
Away from Thee and from the dear home land
My childhood knew, my strength oft spent in fears,
For naught, in vain; so long, with blinding tears
Thy rod and staff were veiled, though near at hand,—
So long, dear Lord, I do not understand
Why now, at eventide, the home land light appears.

Because I spent the gifts that came from Thee
In reckless service to my own wild will,
Imperious seeking o'er the desert sea
A Voice to bid my restless heart be still;
Because waste dregs alone are left to fill
Thy chalice, Lord, I pray Thee, pardon me!

MURDER IN THE NAME OF SCIENCE.

BY REV. GEORGE M. SEARLE, C.S.P.



HUMAN VIVISECTION" is the title of a pamphlet we have received from the American Humane Association. At first sight this title is perhaps somewhat misleading, for we are generally accustomed to associate the word "vivisection" with surgical operations; and of course the etymology of the word justifies us in so doing. But it is evident that a medical practice, as well as a surgical one, can be instituted for the purpose for which vivisection, as it is usually understood, is performed; that is, for the better understanding of the workings of an animal organism. This better understanding may be either that of the scientific world in general, in which case the aim or object of the vivisection is an absolute contribution to science; or it may be merely that of a class of students, who are supposed to learn their profession more thoroughly in this way than in any other. This last case we need not discuss, as it is not concerned in the matter now before us. The question proposed to us by the pamphlet is whether vivisection, either surgical or medical, of the human subject, *simply for the advancement of science*, can be allowed by the laws of morality; that is, whether it is allowable to perform dangerous operations, or administer powerful drugs to a human being, with no intention of curing or alleviating a disease from which he is suffering, but simply to learn something about the way in which such operations or drugs will affect the human subject generally. It is obvious, also, that practically such a course would be taken without obtaining the consent of the patient, or victim, as he may more properly be called. The victim, in practice—for unfortunately this is not a mere theoretical question—is either an infant or young child, or insane, or in some way unable to protest; or if he be able to protest, the real intention is concealed from him, and the impression is given to him that the medicine or operation is employed in order to remedy the disease or lesion from which he is suffering, or at any rate in some way to do him good. He is either deceived, or taken at a disadvantage.]

Evidently there are questions concerning this matter, beside the definite one which we have proposed; other cases might arise beside the one which we have stated. It may well be doubted when one can lawfully subject even himself to such a treatment; and if in any case he can, what that case must be. Conditions for its lawfulness may be supposed, etc. But with all this we are not now concerned. The actual practical case, which stands before us, is the one defined above.

Before passing the judgment upon it which the common sense of mankind, as well as Catholic theology, immediately and unhesitatingly must pass, let us realize the gravity of the matter by looking into the actual facts; let us see what is this monstrous thing which is being done, and the doing which is defended in the name of science by not a few medical men. The full impression of it, unfortunately, cannot be given by merely a few instances; but we must not be too prolix, and moreover due regard for propriety in a magazine for general reading must shut out some of the strongest ones. But what we can give ought to be quite sufficient.

Here, to begin with, is the direct statement of an English physician; for charity's sake, in this, as in the other cases, we will suppress the name. It is taken from a published work of his.

"In connection," he says, "with Mr. —, I have made some investigations concerning the action of salicine on the human body, *using healthy children for our experiments* (of course, here and elsewhere, the italics are our own), to whom we gave doses sufficient to produce toxic (*i. e.*, poisonous) symptoms.

"Our first set of experiments were made on a lad of ten. . . . He was admitted with belladonna poisoning, but our observations *were not commenced until some days after his complete recovery.*"

Of course, the boy should have been discharged then, as cured; but this doctor (may God save us from such!) takes advantage of his past illness to make a pretext for these diabolical experiments, pretending, it may be well supposed, to his parents that their child needed further treatment.

In another case he makes his experiments on a boy who had recovered from pneumonia, "*his temperature having become normal ten days previously.*" In this case the symptoms became somewhat alarming, and frightened his kind physician; he became, perhaps, afraid that some persons interested might get

on his tracks, though he seems to have felt that his medical brethren would consider his proceedings very commendable. But it may be, also, that when death seemed likely to be the result of these proceedings, his conscience may have also begun to make him uncomfortable.

But this gentleman was really quite kind and considerate; compared, that is, with many of his fellow-practitioners. He seems to have thought, indeed, that it was rather a weakness to have a scruple about killing a human being committed to his medical care; "we must *confess*," he says, "we felt a little relief when the toxic symptoms abated." Still he did feel that relief, and it is to be hoped that it was not merely the fear of being caught which had caused his alarm. But others evidently regard it as quite a matter of indifference whether their victims live or die, as long as new ones can be procured. Indeed, if they die, so much more cogent becomes the proof of the efficacy of the treatment; for the treatment is not to cure disease, but to produce it.

Here, for instance, is a very outrageous case, but by no means an extraordinary one except for the deliberate deception practised on the parents of the child on whom the experiment was made. This is calmly reported by the German doctor who made the experiment, as follows; the idea being to inoculate a boy with the seeds of consumption!

"I am sorry," he tells us, "to say that it is very difficult to obtain subjects for such experiments. There are, of course, plenty of healthy children in consumptive families, but the parents are not always willing to give them up. Finally, I got a little boy for the purpose. The treatment to which I subjected him was to be a sort of punishment for some slight bit of naughtiness of which he had been guilty at home. I had been entreating the parents to let me have the boy for some time, but the father relented only when the child deserved punishment. He said to him: 'Now you shall be inoculated.' My patient was very susceptible to the poison. After I had given him an injection of one milligramme, the most intense fever seized him. It lasted three or four days; one of the glands of the jaw swelled up enormously. *I cannot yet say whether the boy will be consumptive in consequence of my treatment.*"

Of course he hopes he will, that the theory may be verified; though he does not say so.]

Now, in fact, there is no difference in principle between

poisoning a boy to obtain a scientific result, and poisoning an old man to obtain a pecuniary result. Both are equally deserving of *capital punishment*.

Let it not be imagined for a moment that these atrocities have only occurred here and there, or at long intervals. On the Continent of Europe, we are justified in saying that this horrible business is carried on wholesale. We quote again from the pamphlet before us an article from the *Medical Brief* of June, 1899:

“More shocking revelations of the atrocities perpetrated by Continental physicians on helpless women and children are coming to light.

“At the Königsberg Hospital of Midwifery, Professor —, experimenting with Koch's new tuberculin, made injections of fifty times the maximum dose prescribed by Koch, in *forty new-born children*! Inoculations of various virulent bacterial cultures were also made on a large number of women at the same institution.

“A German physician named — tells, without any apparent understanding of the heinousness of the offence, how he inoculated a young woman with a poisonous virus.

“Dr. —, assistant physician in the University Hospital for Women at Leipsic, made similar inoculations on a helpless woman. The same man inoculated a new-born infant with a culture of staphylococci, in the Royal University Ear Hospital.

“A Dr. — inoculated two boys with the virus from a boil, and *both died from a pustular disease*.

“Dr. —, Professor of Children's Diseases at Prague, infected five children with round worms just for the sake of experiment.

“These are *a few instances of every-day practices* in the hospitals and clinics on the Continent.”

Let it be understood that the names of the criminals are given in the original publications. These things are not vague rumors; quite the contrary; for these men, butchers rather than physicians, do not hesitate to publish their shame to their professional brethren, who, they seem to think, will approve of everything done in the name of science; though they might think several times before letting the public in general know of their iniquity; particularly that portion of it which is likely to come under their hands.

〔But perhaps these crimes are only committed abroad

surely, we may say, no American physicians would be guilty of the like. We wish, for the honor of our country, that such a hope could be indulged. But, incredible as it may seem, we have before us extracts from the reports of two hospitals of large American cities, in which these abominable practices are openly recorded. Of course it would be perfectly right to give the names of the hospitals and the physicians; but we refrain from doing so, in order not to put a special brand of infamy on any particular institution or man. Moreover, it is to be feared that the ones for which we have the documents are not the only ones implicated, as might seem to be the case if we said just what or who they were. One evil of these practices is that they necessarily cast some suspicion on all physicians and hospitals, until they explicitly disavow them.

Let us then give the instances right here among us, without distinctly pointing out just where they occurred.

First, then, we have poisoning with the extract of the thyroid gland, which as the doctor, with surprising ingenuousness, remarks, when administered even to a moderate degree *almost invariably produces death*. With a most astounding perversion, then, of the ordinary conscience possessed by the most callous or uninstructed, he proceeds to try this deadly substance on *eight persons*; insane, it is true, and *probably* incurable; but what of that? We are all incurable; we cannot be cured permanently, but have got to die some time. Yes, it may be said, but meanwhile we are useful members of society. But did any one, except in pagan countries, ever hold that the insane or hopelessly diseased could be put to death, even by the public authority?

[Of course you would expect that at any rate these experiments would be made very cautiously, and that if there was the least sign of a fatal result, they would be promptly stopped, and antidotes instantly applied. By no means. That would ruin the whole object, which is to find out just how much is needed to really kill a person in this way, or to find out just how much one can stand, which of course involves serious danger of death. In the second case recorded, the patient, though "deeply demented, *was quiet for several months* before the thyroid treatment began. She lost flesh very rapidly, and on the eleventh day of the treatment showed pronounced mental and motor excitement. On the twelfth day she *passed into a state of frenzy*."] The thyroid extract was now discontinued" (not apparently to save life, but not to give more than was needed

to produce the desired effect), [but the excitement kept up . . . for seven weeks, at the end of which time she died.]

But now we have something still worse, called "some experimental work" on children by way of tapping the spinal canal. To show its atrocity in the strongest light, we will simply give, without note or comment, extracts from the cold-blooded journal of this "work," merely asking the reader to notice the dates:

"Case II. Female, aged 20 months. Punctured, January 16, 1896, January 22, February 16, on day of patient's death.

Case III. Female, aged 4 months. Puncture, January 17, 1896. Patient died January 22.

Case V. Male, aged $3\frac{1}{2}$ years. Puncture, February 3, 1896. Patient died February 4.

Case VI. Male, aged 6 months. Puncture, February 1. Patient died in convulsions three weeks later.

Case VII. Male, aged 7 months. Patient entered hospital February 5, 1896. Punctured, February 5, February 21, February 27. Died February 28."

Besides these, we may mention the detestable experiment of an American physician to inoculate, in *no less than twenty cases*, persons already suffering from leprosy with the virus of another, and we may even say still more loathsome and horrible disease. This experiment was suggested to him by a medical friend in Europe. Fortunately it was not successful; but he was not satisfied, and thought it should be tried again. He says: "It is to be hoped that this experiment should (*sic*) be tried by competent observers under more favorable circumstances." He seems to need a little instruction in grammar as well as in humanity.

Even worse than this has been done in Europe. We quote, with reluctance, but moved by the desire to excite as far as possible a righteous indignation against these horrible practices, the attempt of a doctor in Vienna to do what would seem to many even more criminal than murder. This professor inoculated three women, recently confined, with an infectious disease of a loathsome and shameful character. . . . "We can imagine," says the right-minded physician who reports this, "the feelings of these poor and probably respectable women, compelled, for no fault of their own, to herd with diseased women of infamous life."

Would this Vienna man have tried this "experiment" on his own wife or sister? And if not, why not?

[And would any of these doctors have tried any of their experiments on *themselves*, getting other doctors to watch the results? That shows how genuine their enthusiasm for science is. It is *not* enthusiasm; it is simply curiosity or vanity, coupled with utter disregard for ordinary charity or justice. We remember hearing of one such case of self-sacrifice, a good while ago, when a French physician swallowed some of the vomit of a cholera patient, to see if it would affect a healthy organism. Whether justifiable or not, that was certainly real desire for knowledge. Probably there may have been, here or there, some such instances; but we imagine they are very rare.]

[The pretence may be made that experiments on ^{human} ~~animal~~ beings are absolutely necessary for the full acquisition of science.] Even if so, as we intend shortly to show, that would not justify such as have been described; but that this is not always, to say the least, the real motive, is evident from the following infamous statement by a Swedish doctor.

[When I began," he says, "my experiments with *small-pox* pus, I should, perhaps, have chosen animals for the purpose. But the most fit subjects, calves, were obtainable only at considerable cost. There was, besides, the cost of their keep, so I concluded to make my experiments *upon the children of the Foundlings' Home*, and obtained kind permission to do so from the head physician, Professor F.]

"I selected fourteen children, who were inoculated day after day. Afterward" (moved apparently by conscience) "I discontinued them, and used calves. I did not continue my experiments on calves long, once because I despaired of gaining my ends *within a limited period*, and again because *the calves were so expensive*. I intend, however, to go back to my experiments in the *Foundling Asylum at some future time*."

[You see his valuable time and money were more important by far than the health and life of his fellow-beings. What else is the motive of the ordinary murderer or thief? There is not a word to imply that calves would not have done as well as children; only his limited income could not supply them rapidly enough.]

It is indeed disgraceful, though natural enough, to have the poor and the children of the poor selected for these atrocious experiments on account of their cheapness, ease of supply, or safety to the operator. But let not the well-to-do imagine that they are secure, if circumstances are such that the butcher can

safely go to work on them. The very fact that operations on the rich are more lucrative by far, is in itself an inducement to try them unnecessarily. A leading physician of London distinctly says that it is charged that "surgical operations are now constantly performed, *not for the advantage of the patients, but for the pecuniary benefit of the operators.* This is really a very serious charge, and, I deeply grieve to think, *one not altogether unfounded.*" This, perhaps, is something you have not thought of before.

One root of the whole trouble, we are inclined to think, is the prevailing opinion that there is no essential difference between man and the lower animals. If this is admitted, no solid reason can be given why a monkey in the woods can be killed for food, or even for the excitement of the chase, but that a man cannot. Admit evolution to this extent and in this sense, and we must hold either that it is wrong to tread deliberately on a worm, or that we have a right to shoot any man on sight, as far as any solid obligation of conscience is concerned. Fear of retribution by his friends or by the state, or the opening of the door to indiscriminate slaughter, and the total destruction of society and civilization, are dangers to be feared of course; but these do not exist, if the crime can be kept secret. Secret murder *of any kind* becomes as lawful, if practised on a man, as on a brute; and this really breaks down all possibility of the order and security which civilization requires. The ultra doctrine of evolution is then, not merely to be regarded as destructive to religion, but of all our temporal peace and welfare. *Evolution means murder*, in the sense in which the doctrine is taught by many, and carelessly accepted by many more.

That these logical consequences have actually been deduced from it, is evident enough from the express statements of some votaries of modern science. A writer in the *Independent*, December 12, 1895, as quoted in our pamphlet, distinctly says:

"A human life is nothing compared with a new fact in science. . . . The aim of science is the advancement of human knowledge at any sacrifice of human life. . . . If cats and guinea pigs can be put to any higher use than to advance science, we do not know what it is. *We do not know of any higher use we can put a man to.*"

There is the doctrine, you see, openly and unblushingly stated; that, at any rate, compared with the Moloch of science, and as offerings to it, human and brute life are practically on a par.

Of course, as Catholics, we know the true doctrine on this matter; namely, that human life is sacred; that we have no right to take it as a means to an end; that it can only be taken in legitimate defence, or by the vindictive authority exercised by the state in the name of God, who has the supreme right over it, and imparts it to the state so far as the stability of the state requires. We need hardly say to Catholics, that even our own lives are not our absolute possession, to do with them as we please; that we have no right to take them by suicide, or even to risk them wantonly. But we have a right over the lives of brutes; as we read in Genesis: "Every thing that moveth and liveth shall be meat for you; even as the green herbs have I delivered them all to you." But it is added: "Whosoever shall shed man's blood, his blood shall be shed; for man was made to the image of God" (Gen. ix. 3-6).

But it will naturally be asked: "Do we not continually take chances, so to speak, on life? To come right down to the subject in hand, is it not legitimate practice to perform an operation which may, and even probably will, result fatally?"

It certainly is; but in such legitimate cases the real intention is not to destroy or endanger life but to *save* it; to cure in the patient some grievous malady or lesion; if this, the intention, is not accomplished, fatal consequences, which we are far from wishing, may result. And in some cases in the medical line desperate remedies may be used, which may save life, but, on the other hand, may be injurious to it, or even result fatally; of course these are used in a desperate disease, which will terminate fatally if no remedy is employed, and in the absence of any knowledge of an equally efficacious, but safer, one. And even in these cases, generally the consent of the patient should be obtained. But to perform an operation, or use a drug, even in desperate cases, which is simply injurious to life, as a *means to an end*, in order, for instance, that the sufferer may sooner be relieved of his misery, is not allowable.

P We need hardly say to Catholics, but we have great need to say, and cannot repeat too frequently, to those not in the church, that *it is never lawful to use bad means to a good end*; in other words, that *we cannot do evil that good may come*; or to put it still more tersely, that the doctrine that "*the end sanctifies the means*" is unknown to Catholic theology. It is strange that even in the earliest days this calumny against us was in circulation. "As we are slandered," says St. Paul,

"and as some affirm that we say, let us do evil that there may come good" (Rom. iii. 8). The teaching of the church is clear on this point, as given by Catholic theologians, and especially by the Jesuits, to whom the contrary doctrine is so persistently ascribed. But outside the church, the most hopeless confusion seems to prevail. In our very pamphlet in review we find an instance of this. The *Vossische Zeitung* of Berlin is quoted as affirming that sometimes in war "a general sends a regiment to certain death to gain the victory for the rest of the army." Does he send them, we would like to know, simply to be shot down; are they not expected to do some shooting on their own account? The whole theory of war is that it is lawful, if the rules of civilized warfare are observed, to shoot your enemy, still more to embarrass him, or impede his movements in any way; and if a regiment is sent to "certain death," to use the somewhat exaggerated language of our German friend, it is not in order that they may be shot down, but that they may do some good work before they are.

Then he says, "Should not a doctor be allowed to act in a similar way?" Certainly he should, in what *really* is a similar way—that is the way that has just been described; *i. e.*, of using a remedy which it is hoped will do good, though with a possibility, even a probability, of disastrous results, and with a certainty of a good deal of pain and inconvenience. The remedial effect is expected to proceed directly from the operation or drug; the medicine or the amputation is expected to do good *in itself*, though there is danger of its also doing harm, if the patient's system is not strong enough to bear it, or is not suited to it, or of harm coming afterward from it. Such proceedings are legitimate; but to do the harm *first*, in order that good may result from it, is to invert the order, to put the cart before the horse. It would not be lawful even for a martyr to offer himself for death, thus directly inviting and causing the sin of the persecutor, and disposing of his life as if it belonged absolutely to himself, even if he knew that afterward thousands would be converted and saved by reflecting on his faith and fortitude. No, he confesses the faith, which is a virtuous act; the sin of the persecutor follows from it, against the will of the martyr. [It is commonplace Catholic theology, taught indeed in our Sunday-schools, that one cannot even tell a harmless lie, if it were to save the whole world from ruin. There is nothing more plain and consistent than the Catholic teaching on this subject; all theologians teach

that we must *not* do evil that good may come; that the end does *not* sanctify the means. But the confusion of ideas outside the church as evidenced by the *Vossische Zeitung*, and in hundreds of books, periodicals, and newspapers besides, is really phenomenal. The real truth is that Protestantism, which started in unreasonableness and self-contradiction, has by the mental chaos necessarily following from it, made clear thought about moral questions very difficult among those affected by it. They have no fixed principles to start from, and naturally never arrive at any fixed conclusions.

Now, finally, that we may understand just how the special matter in hand is determined by the clear and precise moral theology of the church, the teachings of which, by the way, rest on the labors of great thinkers enlightened by Christian principles, rather than on actual definitions or condemnations proceeding from the Holy See, though some such have been given, we will put the matter in a few words, which, though not alluding to enormities such as we have mentioned, cover them fully, and much more.

All Catholic works on morals intended to be thorough, and to serve as guides for the clergy, contain a treatise on the duties of physicians; and this treatise contains as a *certain* teaching, not open to doubt, that a physician sins grievously, or mortally as we say, if he uses unknown drugs with the intention of finding out their effects, unless indeed he uses quantities so small as to preclude the possibility of serious harm. The same doctrine, *mutatis mutandis*, of course applies to operations.

"But how," our scientific gentlemen will say, "are we going to find out the effects of an unknown drug or a new operation? Is not this like requiring us not to go into the water till we know how to swim?"

This is an idle question, for they know the answer to it themselves. The brute creation is ours for legitimate use of this kind, though suffering should not be inflicted on it except for reasonable cause. And it is also idle to say that we cannot learn sufficiently well from the higher animals what the effect of medicine or surgery will be on man. As we have just seen, the Swedish doctor does not claim that it was necessary to take children for his experiments, but that they were cheaper than calves. But even supposing that *complete* certainty cannot be attained by experiments on brutes as to the beneficial effect of any treatment proposed for human beings,

still enough knowledge can be acquired in this way to give a probability quite sufficient for our purpose; for that matter, *absolute* certainty cannot be obtained from experiments on one man or woman as to the effect of the same experiments on another. If we have a strong probability of a favorable result, the course is clear; we are not now simply working in the dark, but with a good light ahead. We can direct our intention now to the securing of the good which we have good ground to hope for; and unless there is something *better* or more certain to do the good which we wish to effect, we are at perfect liberty to follow what seems likely to accomplish it. We may fail of course, and even do harm instead of good; but, as has just been stated, we know of nothing better to do than what we did. The physician who acts in this way is doing the best he can for his patient; and it is to his patient, not to science in general, that he is bound by his profession. If people do not trust in doctors to do this, they will soon lose all confidence in them; no person of ordinary common sense would employ a doctor who was even suspected of making experiments even remotely resembling those which have been related.

But the real gist of the matter is that, whether people trust him or not, a doctor cannot lawfully injure or even endanger the well-being of his patient, simply to advance the general cause of science; for this is *doing evil that good may come*.

[If there is, as seems likely, serious danger that physicians may ignore this rule of morals, it is certainly high time that the common sense of the community should force them to do so, by penal legislation. Many of the proceedings described above are simply *murder in the name of science*; and the usual penalties of murder should be visited upon them. The scaffold, or the electric chair, is the proper remedy and preventive for these utterly abominable and disgraceful crimes.]

"WATCHING UNTO GOD."

**Ancient Priory of Saint Petre and Saint Paul at Bath
A bond for prayer perpetuated.**

**No other Order hath
As this for centuries, both by day and night,
Kept up continuously the noble Christian rite
Of "Watching unto God" for other,
King or queen, erring sister, brother :
Nor interceded so, with heart and soul,
As Durham monk o'er mortuary roll
Announcing death of mortal, great or small,
Lowly priest, or potentate, daily prayer for all—
Perpetual prayer for others, spiritual fellowship.**

**Nor eloquence of language spoke, nor fervent dip
Of facile pen in fount of inspiration
E'er heralded a fairer cause for pious meditation.
To comfort living souls, and rest the spirit fled,
Of children of the Earth plane ; to ease the mortal dread
Of the coming of the Angel, harbinger of Death,
Who gently lays her touch upon the mobile lips and saith,
"Come with me, child, to visit other scenes,
Thy soul to brighter, better world now leans—
Thy infant hands hath only grasped
At the latch key to the portal, rasped
Against the thorns along the way
That leads to Life eternal, a fairer, longer day."**

KATE HUNT CRADDOCK

REMINISCENCES OF A CATHOLIC CRISIS IN
ENGLAND FIFTY YEARS AGO.

BY REV. C. L. WALWORTH.

XIV.

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC IN FIFTY-TWO DAYS.

AT HAVRE.—ESCAPE FROM BEACHY HEAD.—STORMY CROSSING TO NEW YORK.—ST. JOSEPH A GREAT SAINT BUT QUESTIONABLE NAVIGATOR.—FATHER BERNARD'S NOVENA.—HEARTY WELCOME HOME FROM MCMASTER AND OTHERS.—FIRST ENGLISH MISSION AT ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH.



ON the 27th day of January, 1851, we embarked at Havre on the *Helvetia*, a sailing vessel bound for New York; and with every promise of a fair voyage. In this we were doomed to disappointment. Before we could reach the open sea we were met by stormy weather which drove us back upon our course, and so far into the English Channel that Havre lay once more abreast of us to the south, and the coast of Sussex on the north. Here the head winds which had blocked up our way to the ocean grew into a perfect hurricane, so that in the evening of the thirtieth of January we found ourselves quite near to England. We were so land-locked in the recesses of its coast and so confronted by a promontory called Beachy Head that it was difficult even to beat our way out into such small safety as the British Channel afforded. Our adventures here were so memorable and brought out so strongly the characteristics of our provincial that my reader must perforce wait patiently at this point until I get ready to let him off. In the evening of the thirtieth of January aforesaid we were seated at supper and holding carefully on to our plates and cups, which were behaving in a very frantic manner. This caused more merriment than alarm to our party, for we were getting accustomed to stormy weather. The captain had not come to the table as yet, which was something quite unusual. When at last he came aft through the cabin he showed no disposition to take his seat amongst us. He paused, however, for a moment to take a look at us, and seeing our merriment, he said :

"Eat hearty, gentlemen; eat hearty!" And then passed rapidly up the companion way to the deck.

I noticed something strange both in his words and in his manner. After supper Father Hafkenscheid advised us all to retire early to our births, and so sleep away a night which was not likely to prove favorable to anything more busy than sleep.

I took the earliest opportunity to go up on deck, for I knew that we were in danger and I was anxious to learn precisely in what the danger consisted. I found the captain and crew all still and silent as death. There was an energy in this silence. The ship was pushing her way forward to some crisis, and all hands were braced up to meet the emergency. I felt familiar with the captain, and walking up to his side, I asked him to let me know frankly what the danger was and where the chances of safety lay. He replied without hesitation:

"Look there! You see that land off to the leeward. Well! that is Beachy Head, and we are bound to pass it. On this course, which is the only course we have, we could pass all there is to be seen of it; but lying still farther out into the Channel there is a reef under the water, which no eye can see. Whether we shall be able to pass that reef no one can tell in weather like this. Chances! There is only one chance that I can think of. That one is to pass Beachy Head without touching the reef. If we don't, any one is welcome to my chance after that."

I then went down into the cabin again and explained the situation to Father Bernard.

"The first question," he said, "to be settled is, shall we wake up our companions?"

I thought not. They could do nothing to save the ship and it would be a needless alarm to themselves. To this he assented.

"They are good young men," he said, "and, I believe, well prepared to die. You and I will go on deck and watch. But come with me a moment. I have a little business with you."

He then led me into his room and made a brief confession. This being done, I knelt to him in my turn, after which we both mounted to the deck. Here we remained, attentive observers of all that took place, but keeping out of the way of the mariners on duty. I do not now remember how long this watch of ours lasted. The night was not very far advanced when the captain brought our anxiety to a joyful termination.

"Get to your berths, gentlemen," he said. "All danger is over now. Give thanks to God and sleep soundly till morning."

To get past Beachy Head, however, was not to get nearer

to our destination. Our backs were still turned upon home, and the wind chased us further up into the Channel until we were driven past Dover and into the Downs, or what is called the Port of London, dropping anchor in Hampton Roads. The captain and Father Bernard made arrangements to go by rail to London, and return together in case of a lull in the storm. This gave our provincial an opportunity to visit Clapham and confer with Father De Held. This state of things continued for nearly four days, when a favorable change in the weather brought both back to the ship and in a hurry. On February 3, early in the morning, we left the Downs, retracing our course to the Atlantic. The Atlantic received us this time with a better show of kindness, but she did not let us go far before she got her back up again and disputed with us every inch of progress. The captain had serious thoughts of running down the European coast to Africa. Sailing vessels often do this, hoping that, by taking advantage of winds and currents that prevail at this lower latitude, they can cross the ocean to the mouth of the Mexican Gulf, and there striking the northern currents which bear toward New York, gain more by rapid progress than they lose by the greater distance traversed. Such a plan, however, was too bold a one for a man of his cautious temperament, and he concluded to work his way westward by the usual route. Many days followed of stormy weather and slow progress, with the usual experience of sea sickness and personal casualties incident to life at sea. We have no desire to go into details of this kind. Enough to say that the French steward and waiter was constantly tumbling down with the tray in his hand and breaking the dishes, for which the captain as often broke one of the commandments over his head. I only mention this to show what mishaps might have happened to any of us. I remember no damage very serious except that one of our party was thrown very violently against the partition of his cabin, making a crack in the panel with his head. It was a good head and has done much service for the church since.

In spite of wind and weather, Father Hafkenschaid found opportunities to take the measure of his companions and to leave on our minds an impress of his own great soul. Of any plans which he may have had to work for the conversion of souls to the faith in America I cannot speak. I cannot say that he had any at that time. When St. Alphonsus said to his missionary companions that when the order should be ex-

tended beyond the bounds of Italy it would have to "preach the Faith," he could have had no special plan to modify the work of giving missions. He was only conscious, as all apostolic souls must be, of the charge of Christ given to his Church to "go teach all nations." The same must be said of St. Paul of the Cross, founder of another missionary band, whose heart was fired with the thought of devoting himself to the conversion of England. The chief means of converting a nation of unbelievers to the Faith cannot consist in giving missions such as are grounded on the *Exercises* of St. Ignatius Loyola. There is always a development in these matters. Great apostles and holy saints are developed by circumstances.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men

Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

In matters of grace the church presides and souls take shape under her guidance, albeit sometimes very slowly.

In Elliott's *Life of Father Hecker*, page 239, we find very direct testimony on this point:

"The missions could not be made the ordinary channel of direct influences for turning sceptics and Protestants to the true religion. The attempt to make them so, involving as it does a notable interspersion of controversial sermons, has never been tried by the Redemptorist or Paulist Fathers to our knowledge, and when done by others has resulted in not enough of controversy for making solid converts, and too little penitential preaching for the proper reformation of hard sinners among Catholics."

Elliott then adds the testimony of Hecker to show that no such thought existed in the mind of Father Bernard. It was our venerable provincial himself who aided Hecker in preparing his morning and evening instructions for the American missions. These began almost immediately after the arrival of the *Helvetia* at New York. They had as little of controversy in them as those given in Italy under the direction of St. Liguori, or under that of Father Bernard in Holland and Belgium.

St. Liguori is sometimes cited as an instance of a wise and holy man, a doctor of the church, an old and experienced missionary and confessor, who never sent away a sinner from his confessional unabsolved. I look upon this statement as something utterly incredible. It is something worse than incredible. It is a dangerous thing to believe or to repeat. Father Bernard brought up this question one evening during this

voyage. He was evidently anxious to sound our minds in regard to this matter and to give us a clear insight into his own. If preaching must be earnest and instruction must be sound and practical, it is the confessor who has the last word in the mission; and he must be no "*gobe-mouche*" himself, but stand by those doctrines of approved theology which the church has taught him.

"For my part," said Father Hafkenschaid, "I must confess that I have sent away many sinners without absolution, and this I have learned from St. Liguori."

Father Hafkenschaid's Christian name was Bernard-Joseph. For St. Joseph he had a very special devotion. To St. Joseph he appealed in order to bring our long-protracted voyage to a speedy and happy termination. We were in the month of March, and consequently approaching the annual festival of the great foster-father of our Saviour, which occurs on the nineteenth of that month. He determined on a novena. He not only engaged his Catholic companions in making it but talked freely of it to the captain.

"You shall see," he said, "what St. Joseph will do for us. He will bring us into New York in time to take part in celebrating his festival."

"He can't do it," replied the captain. "I wish to speak of him respectfully, but he can't do that."

He then gave us several funny stories to show the confidence of Italian sailors in the patronage of St. Anthony. The novena began and went on, but the Atlantic held on also to the same weather and the same winds.

"What is St. Joseph about now?" the captain would say jocosely, from time to time. "Can't you wake him up a little?"

"Wait awhile," was the confident reply. "You will see before long."

Sure enough, it was not very long before it became apparent that something was working in our favor. The wind chopped about with a suddenness that took every one by surprise. We found ourselves driving towards our port before a wind as favorable to our hopes as it had been until then untoward. I remember well a joyful morning when I stood gazing westward upon the sea, enjoying the progress of the vessel. We were making fifteen knots an hour. The weather was still stormy, but it did not seem so. A fair wind steadies a ship and it glides along with little jolting or rocking. We were crossing the Banks of Newfoundland, or nearing them. The captain stood at my side. He was as happy as any man on

board, and having leisure to talk was glad to do it. He listened amiably to all my questions and was ready with his answers.

"Captain," I said, "there is one thing I notice which I do not understand, and would like to have you explain it. What is the meaning of that smooth water that I see?"

He was startled. "Smooth water? Where-away?" I pointed it out. It was over the left bow, a little off our course and more to the southward. In a moment all was confusion on deck. The captain was shouting out his orders, which were repeated by the mate and the boatswain. In a few moments we saw the *Helvetia* coming about by the northern bow and going backward on her course.

It was a field of sunken ice which caused all this alarm. We had to make a wide circuit to get past this and similar dangers. Alas for our novena! thought some of us. But our superior was still confident.

"Leave it all to St. Joseph," he insisted. "St. Joseph will make it all right."

In fact there was still time to reach New York by the nineteenth if the fair wind should continue to hold; so we kept up our novena. The wind did hold. On the fifteenth day of March we had been out forty-eight days since we left Havre. The seamen on the *Helvetia* attributed this long and perilous voyage to the fact of having so many clerics on board. The boatswain declared that Brother Giesen never looked at the compass without changing the wind.

On that fifteenth day we met an unfortunate English ship in presence of whose distress we were forced to lose sight of our own condition. Her sails were all tattered and torn. Her bulwarks were broken in, and her whole appearance was forlorn beyond description. She had been blown past her harbor, which was Boston, before the wind changed, and was now beating her way back against winds equally adverse to find her way into Boston. We passed this battered vessel within hailing distance and gathered these and other particulars from her captain through his speaking-trumpet. The last question asked him was:

"How long since you left port?" The answer was:

"*Eighty-four days out!*" The captain raised his trumpet above his head and swung it down again as if in desperation. Poor man, how we pitied him! Some face more malign than Giesen's had been peering at *his* compass.

Our captain admitted that with the favorable wind we then had we were rapidly approaching New York, but not with suf-

ficient speed to bring us there on the nineteenth. As if to meet this emergency, the wind grew stronger on the sixteenth and continued to increase in strength.

"Ha! ha! captain," said Father Bernard. "What do you think of St. Joseph now?"

His reply was: "I admit that St. Joseph is a great saint. But it seems to me that he is a poor sailor. Otherwise he would know that with such a gale as we are getting he will either break my masts or blow away my sails."

On the evening of the eighteenth, as night approached, the captain said:

"I dare not go on any further in this way. I have lost my reckoning and do not know where I am. I may be near the coast or may be a hundred miles away. I must heave to and wait till morning." And so he did.

On the morning of the nineteenth of March, St. Joseph's Day, when we came up on deck the coast of New Jersey lay close at hand, Long Branch in plain sight, with a wrecked vessel on the sand before us which had gone ashore during the night. Soon after came a pilot with newspapers in his hand. Under his guidance we got quickly under way to make our entry into harbor. We were brought to again at the Narrows, where we waited for a tug to take us into the inner bay. How beautiful to see the islands of the bay and the spires and domes of the great city glittering in the sunlight! As Father Hecker and I stood gazing forward on this scene, by no means unfamiliar to our eyes, something appeared which attracted our attention. We knew very well the location of the Battery, and it was there. In the distance it showed itself as a mere speck lodged against the land at the water-line. It detached itself from the shore. After a little it grew larger; it was moving, and towards us. Fond expectation told us what was coming. Home would not wait for our arrival, but was coming forth to greet us. "There is smoke that rises above it!" "Now I see the pipe!" "It is a small tug George Hecker has secured. He will be sure to be on it; and John, too." "The hurricane deck shows now plain enough and a little group on it watching us. McMaster is there too. He could not be away." "Now we have caught his eye." Sure enough the first man that showed himself distinctly was James A. McMaster, our old comrade of the novitiate at St. Trond. His tall form was elevated high above a group of friends and he was waving his hat frantically above his head.

We will pass by without further detail the various meetings and greetings, embraces and inquiries, which took place between these two groups in which we have tried to interest our readers. To do otherwise would involve much commonplace and word-painting. We go at once to the dock at New York, and up through the streets of that city to the Redemptorist church and convent in Third Street. This was the first station of our new home, our spiritual home, the home of our present vocation; and a sweet home we found it. Here we all found eyes that awaited our coming and looked brighter when we came.

Father Hecker and I were destined to find duty at once upon our arrival. That duty was to begin a series of English missions in the United States. A companion was waiting to join us in this duty, constituting a band of three preachers, to be aided in the confessional by other Redemptorists as occasion might require. This companion was the Rev. Augustine F. Hewit, a convert like ourselves. He was too highly gifted and is too well known in the United States to need any further characterization here. The Rev. Father Joseph Müller, then rector of the house in Third Street, had made arrangements with Rev. J. McCarron, pastor of St. Joseph's Church in Sixth Avenue, to have a mission on our arrival. It began on Passion Sunday, the sixth of April, 1851, and ended at Easter. Father Hafkenscheid inaugurated this mission. His was the spirit which had given it birth. He was present at it throughout, as he was at many others during a succession of years, although he took no part in the preaching. I only remember once that he preached in English, and that was at old St. Patrick's Cathedral on Mulberry Street, in the presence of Archbishop Hughes.

Father Bernard's desire and design was to establish a house of the Redemptorist Order in the United States where English would be the prevailing language, and from which missionaries understanding English well could be supplied. I believe this to have been the great culminating project in his truly apostolic life. In this he failed. Many knew of him and the failure without feeling free to speak. Some of these are now gone and will come back no more. A very few remain, but they are bound to act both wisely and dutifully. A kind farewell to all our readers. We never know when we shall be separated entirely from the public. We ask, therefore, the prayers of all who know of us, beginning with the present moment.



THE finding of the art village was one of those lucky chances of travel which, like the spoils of war, come not always to the most deserving. We were on our way to Delft and had stopped at Rotterdam to take the boat up the canal. There were four of us; we were dusty and travel-worn, and it was a stifling hot day, but we were sustained by visions of a spotless hotel hung round with blue and white china, where soon we would be reposing in high Dutch beds between cool linen sheets. At that moment we were told that the last boat for the day had gone. Yes, there was a train, but not for two hours, and it had required ten minutes and the use of four languages to extract these interesting facts from the ticket agent. Our misery was complete when he gave us in change a handful of unknown coin. In our helplessness we appealed to an American fellow-traveller, who proved the "friend in need." He was an artist and knew Holland well,

and the outcome of our conversation was the abandonment of Delft for the quaint village.

Alighting from the train of which I wrote, some miles from Rotterdam, we were soon bowling along one of Napoleon's military roads in a "rijting," or open carriage. Lofty elm-trees bordering the way lifted their branches high overhead, locking them together to form a colossal Gothic arch which extended unbroken as far as the eye could reach.

Spreading beneath was a carpet of grass sprinkled over with English daisies, the "wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower" of which Burns

speaks, and below the road on both sides flowed streams of clear water through grassy ditches. Beyond lay a perfectly level country of pasture and grain field dotted over with Holstein cattle, and suggesting a gigantic checker-board with black and white checkers on green and yellow squares.



A REPRESENTATION IN STATUARY OF A DUTCHWOMAN
WHEELING BRICKS.

Whilst the harvesters were piling high their last wagon load, the delicate perfume of new-mown hay came to us mingled with the scent of ripe strawberries, and here and there the dark sails of a wind-mill spinning with a jerky motion against the sky gave animation to the still landscape. The sweet influences of the hour had stolen our fatigue long before we reached the quaint village of Rijsoord, and as we drove down its one street, where all the houses stand in a straight line close beside the road, a sudden turn disclosed the river Waal. On its farther shore there stood a chalet-like building, picturesque, Alpine, not "Dutch" at all. A light balcony

stretched far out from under low-hanging eaves and served as a boat-house for a little fleet of skiffs moored beneath it. I have often fished from that balcony. It was one of our after-dinner amusements, for sliding past the very foundations of the house the sleepy river Waal flowed irresolutely towards the west between banks fringed with willow.

It resembled at that moment a gorgeous Roman sash, its

colors borrowed from the glowing sky, and indeed the scene presented from the inn was at all times so boldly picturesque that I was never quite sure that I was not taking part in a comic opera.

The apple-cheeked, tow-headed *mädchen* who perpetually clattered across the bridge in their wooden shoes seemed momentarily about to face and burst into song, and from the bright red cottage opposite, with a mossy roof, I expected to see emerge at any moment a love-



THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND.

lorn tenor who would pour forth his woes to me in an aria. Drawing nearer the inn our eyes were gladdened by the sight of the hostess, Frau Warendorp, who stood at the door to welcome us, smiling, rosy, immaculate. She wore a long, white apron and a wide, white head-dress of the kind adopted by all Holland women at the age of sixteen. It was held in place by large and conspicuous gold ornaments, called *krullen*. She knew "a leetle

English," and led the way to the dining-room, where the table was laid for tea. A glance around the room reminded us that our friend of the Rotterdam station had told us that the inn and village were known to few save artists, Edward Everett Hale's son having "discovered" the place and opened it up to his fellow-countrymen of the Paris art schools. The fireplace and panels of the door were decorated with landscapes in oil, and canvases turned upside down served for shelves in different parts of the room, and the group that presently assembled at the tea-table bore out the general artistic character. Most of the painters were Americans of widely varying types, but having in common an expression of geniality and unworldliness



OLD AMSTERDAM.

and a spirit of what De Wolf Hopper calls "bonhominie" that made every meal at the inn a feast. The tea-table was lighted, according to a Holland custom, by little spirit-lamps enclosed in white porcelain shades. They served the double purpose of softly illuminating the table and keeping hot the pots of tea and coffee placed on top of them. Another touch of color was added by an earthen brazier filled with live coals. On this we that liked toast made our own, after helping ourselves to brown or white bread served in large loaves on a side table. Oat-meal, blended to a sweet creaminess by hours of slow cooking, simmered in a large pot just inside the fire-



THE FRIESLAND TYPE.

place, and yellow Dutch cheese, cold meat, and ripe strawberries completed the tempting repast. It was served by Meichen, a typical Dutch village girl with a rose-leaf complexion, a wealth of yellow braided hair, and a soft, hesitating voice. Holding her head a little on one side, she said to each of us in turn: "Like you an i?"—adding: "Like you your i boiled three minutes?" It was suggestive of the Inquisition, but we did not take her pronunciation of "egg" literally, and soon she returned with the "ies" under her apron, from which she rolled them softly on the table-cloth.

Opposite me sat a fair-haired American lady who was making a study of the Dutch peasant type and the national head-dresses. These she was painting in miniature on ivory in a manner scarcely inferior to Amelia Küssner's best work. A young Danish-American represented the buoyant, perennially youthful type of artist, and yet another interesting figure was that of a young man from Iowa, a recent winner of the Halgarten first prize at the Academy of Design in New York. A class of younger students had followed him from Paris to sketch under his guidance, and every morning he and they, laden with easels, camp-stools, and color-boxes, would troop gaily away down the avenue of elms, returning in the evening tired out but always hopeful.

My neighbor on my right deserves more than passing notice. She was an Englishwoman striving to keep middle age at bay by a bird-like and chirrupy manner. Her remarkable coiffure consisted of a large quantity of hair twisted into a complicated geometrical figure, dropped into a net and fastened securely to the back of her head. This form of hair-dressing is known in England as a "bun," and she informed me that, although the prevailing forms in vogue were "tea-pot handles" and "door-knobs," she preferred "buns."

After supper our hostess introduced us to the contents of a

cupboard occupying one entire side of the dining-room, inviting us to take from it whatever we wanted whenever we wished. The order of meals was breakfast at half-past seven, coffee at eleven, dinner at one, five o'clock tea, and the freedom of the cupboard at all times. Nevertheless Frau Warendorp was always a little anxious lest we should not have enough to eat. She hoped we would not think her extortionate if she charged us four guldens (about eighty cents) a day. We did not object to the price.

Next to the dining-room the most interesting part of the house was the studio on the upper floor. From its walls the faces of the villagers looked down from canvas and academy board, and the room itself, with its ancient Dutch furniture, queer brass tea-kettles and jugs, bright-colored china and bric-a-brac, resembled a curiosity shop where confusion reigned supreme.

The hospitality of the artists made us welcome to their sanctum at all hours, and when they were "not in a working mood" they would amuse themselves by doing monotypes, a kind of crude etching, of us. When the likenesses were finished, we would flock with great glee to the laundry and print these works of art by running plates and paper through the clothes-wringer.

On rainy days, when the artists could not work out of doors, after-dinner coffee was served on the piazza, whilst the lazy smoked pipes and the ambitious fished for minnows. Always eager for their society, we would sit for hours in a sheltered corner listening to "the sound of summer showers on the twinkling grass," and learning many secrets of art. One of them was, why painters frequently choose for models men and women who are not conventionally beautiful. It is because what the artist seeks is the characteristic expression showing the soul behind rather than regularity of feature or



A DORDRECHT TYPE.

beauty of color; so, among the peasants, the faces that spoke most eloquently of hard, continuous toil, that wore the deepest tints wrought by sun and rain, were the faces chosen for models. An hour in the day which we eagerly seized was the one directly after supper when the artists would go out for a little evening "motif." Sometimes it would be in a boat, and our river excursions were enlivened by the musical accompaniment of accordeons played by the peasants as they sat through the long twilight in their gardens along the river bank.

The accordeon occupies in Holland the place of the parlor organ in America, and is the only musical instrument I remember having seen in the village homes.

The houses are usually one story and a half high, with low-hanging gable roofs. They are poorly lighted, as there is a tax on window glass, also on chimneys and house servants. The owners, mostly field laborers, receiving about forty cents per day wages, dispense as much as possible with luxuries. Scrubbing goes on at all times, and includes everything in and about the house, from the shingles on the roof to the rows of wooden shoes standing outside the door to be scoured and whitened every evening. The bed-room and parlor combined has one or more deep recesses in the wall, in which the beds are made. Curtains entirely conceal these coffin-like places of slumber during the day. Brass and copper cooking utensils of rare design are in common use, and bits of antique Delft ware are not unusual among the household china. The Dutch peasant invests his superfluous wealth in silver, in the form of curious and beautiful bag-clasps, brooches, buckles, vinaigrettes, and snuff-boxes, which are worn with great pride by both men and women on festival days. The marriage dowry consists of some such pieces of silver, in addition to the krullen which are the boast of every Holland woman. They vary in material and value according to the wealth of the family, of which they are



"AN OBJECT OF PRIDE IS THE HEAD-DRESS."

regarded an index. Frau War-endorp had a pair gemmed with pearls, but ordinarily she contented herself with wearing the simple cone-shaped *krüllen* made of spiral gold wire. She called our attention, however, to the thickness of this wire, adding that there was none quite so heavy in the village. A less pretentious spiral than the frau's costs one hundred dollars.

Another object of pride among the simple women is their collection of head-dresses made of finest lace, the work of their leisure hours. Its filmy whiteness brings out to perfection the Holland complexion. The milky fair skin and pink cheeks of childhood become in



"ONE WHO LOOKS FOR BEAUTY INSTEAD OF COLOR WILL BE DISAPPOINTED."

middle age streaked with crimson like a fall pippin, but there remains always a suggestion of the underlying fairness producing a "warm" tint much admired by artists and contrasting strikingly with the pale, straw-colored hair almost universal amongst Holland women. One who looks for beauty except in color will be disappointed, however. Even the children have angular little bodies and expressionless faces. They look weary, as if the burden of toil to be their portion already rested on their young shoulders. Their pleasures they take sadly, and being taught to knit at the age of four, their fingers are flying even at their play. During our stay one of the artists gave them a *fête*. I remember but one or two who showed any pleasure or surprise. "Moo i" (pretty) was the sole comment of the most enthusiastic, though one boy did ask for "ein tooter" (a horn), then, returning, asked for "ander tooter" for his friend.

On bright days we drove about the country or over to Dordrecht, with its dignified old cathedral standing on the brink of a wide river, wherein the minutest detail of its towering façade is reproduced. The interior is bare and cold, for since the Reformation its richly painted walls and ceiling have been hidden beneath a coat of white plaster. In places the

chipping lime uncovered a bit of faded fresco. Here the mild face of some mediæval saint smiles out; there a group of cherubs sing, and both smile and song are mute but eloquent appeals for the restoration of beauty to God's house.

The town itself is full of dreamy charm and quite untouched by the modern spirit, taking its time for all things in a leisurely, old-fashioned way. The ancient drawbridges yawn themselves open to let an occasional fat-sided canal-boat drift through, and there is no trace of the bustling little steamboats so numerous on the Amsterdam canals. These, instead of waiting for drawbridges to let them pass, lower their adjustable smoke-stacks, duck under, and "bob up serenely" on the other side.

On the road from Dordrecht one can never fail of interesting sights. It may be a milk cart drawn by three dogs harnessed abreast, and urged on by a lumbering driver who walks beside them; or it may be a vender of cherries, big red ones heaped up in straw baskets. These he will deliver to you on a large green leaf at the rate of four cents a pound. It may be a milk-maid, a most winsome sight when the sunbeams filtering through the leaves dance in tremulous patches on her white head-gear, striking shafts of light from the burnished brass milk-cans she carries suspended from a yoke about her neck.



"THEY LOOK AS IF THE BURDEN OF TOIL
ALREADY RESTED ON THEIR SHOULDERS."

The Holland milk-can is exactly like the ancient Greek water-jug, except that it is made of brass and has a handle. It is one of many instances where the artistic spirit has been awakened in the Dutch by the touch of brass.

Between the trees of the Dordrecht road the landscape showed yellow, with wheat fields splashed over with scarlet poppies like blood-stains, and intersected by long, straight lines of trees marking the cross-roads.

The prominent characteristic of the Dutch landscape is pre-

cision. God gave these people the materials for a country, but they made it themselves.

Nature is never in a lavish mood in Holland. She is docile



"THE HOLLAND MILK-CAN IS LIKE THE ANCIENT GREEK WATER-JUG."

and responds to all that is asked of her, but she volunteers nothing. There is absolutely no waste. Trees never grow in clumps scattered through the fields, and I do not recall an acre of woodland in all Holland. The numerous trees are planted along the edges of the dikes, and as they absorb about the same amount of water from the ditches at their feet, they are uniform in size. In the canals and ditches, that form a network over all Holland, the water is changed every forty-eight hours by the aid of wind-mills and steam water-works, and when it reaches the sea-coast the whole of the vast overflow is lifted over the sand dunes and emptied into the sea. To bring a desolate waste of nearly ten thousand square miles to the perfection of modern Holland means an expenditure of labor well-nigh inconceivable. The achievements of Hannibal's armies and Napoleon's legions are not more colossal. To the student of history Holland presents a most interesting example of the force of circumstances in the moulding of character;

for the unflinching purpose and unwearrying patience that could wrest a country from the waters, then set bounds to the ocean itself, have borne fruit in that national characteristic, composed of tenacity and faith and hope in the face of fearful odds, which we call "Dutch courage."

The problem of material existence has taxed the Holland mind immemorially and left no time for the growth of imagination and fancy. Uniform stolidity of glance and deportment attest that it is the practical view of life that prevails. Poetry is not native to this soil. In religious thought fanaticism appears to go hand-in-hand with a certain moral laxness. I saw a curious sight after a church festival that occurs once a year and assembles some five thousand country folk. The religious service over, the young people scattered to the various inns about the country for supper and recreation. About forty couples came to Rijsoord, and after applying themselves vigorously to Frau Warendorp's bill of fare and Herr Warendorp's wine-list, they clearly evinced their appreciation of joys other



"UNIFORM STOLIDITY OF GLANCE AND DEPORTMENT ATTEST THAT THE PRACTICAL VIEW OF LIFE PREVAILS."

than spiritual. The evening was still young when nearly every one of the twenty maidens had reclined her head on the shoulder of her accompanying swain, safe within the circle of his arm. There were a few exceptions, but in these cases it

was the young man who reposed on the shoulder of the young woman. My mind reverted to the innocent gayety of the French peasants, amongst whom, I think, one could not happen on such a sight, and although Frau Warendorp did her best to remove an unpleasant impression, remarking that they came from "Zeeland," which is equivalent to saying they were from New Jersey and were not accountable, I was but half convinced.

At that same moment, and within a stone's throw of this love-feast, some over-scrupulous Dutchmen were paying the penalty in the county jail of a too rigid interpretation of the decalogue. Undue zeal for the glory of God had inspired them to prevent two young men from riding through their town on bicycles on Sunday. In the altercation the men of the village



A ZEELAND WOMAN.

"Proved that they were orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks,"

and tumbled one of the young men into the canal. He proved to be the son of the mayor of Rotterdam, and the next day an officer appeared with an order of arrest for these muscular Christians.

The church festival brought together a great variety of national costume. The Zeeland girls wore black gowns made with short, tight sleeves and cut square at the neck. Their hands and round white arms were bare, and they wore necklaces made of four rows of cut jet beads. Their *krullen* were flat and highly polished like little mirrors. The men wore corduroy bloomers and roundabout jackets with satin sleeves. Flat beaver hats and belts clasped with huge silver buckles completed the rather unattractive costume. Some carried knives in pendant silver sheaths, but on this occasion they served only the peaceful purpose of spreading butter on bread

for hungry sweethearts. The artists buzzed about like bees that afternoon, trying surreptitiously to jot down bits of costume; but the girls were too quick for them. When they were told, however, that the artists were only trying to "take their pictures," they were thoroughly pleased, and one and all offered to pose.

A few days later it came our turn to ride for the last time down the avenue of elms, throwing pennies to the children, waving our handkerchiefs and gazing after the Rijsoordsch Koffiehuis until the turn of the road hid it from our wistful eyes.

But I had not yet seen the last of Rijsoord. A year later, as I was strolling through a picture gallery in New York, I stopped with a cry of pleasure before a familiar avenue of elms. It was twilight; the road was in deep shadow, and there was the turn; and I peered hard into the canvas for a glimpse of the inn and Frau Warendorp smiling at the door. But the artist had stopped short of them. In the corner of the canvas I read his name. It was that of our guide and friend, the artist we met that first day at the Rotterdam station.



"THE MEN WORE CORDUROY BLOOMERS."

MR. MALLOCK ON THE CHURCH AND SCIENCE.

BY REV. GEORGE McDERMOT, C.S.P.



R. WILLIAM HURRELL MALLOCK contributed to the *Nineteenth Century* for November an article of great importance, not quite so much for what it contains as for what it suggests. There are most mistaken conceptions of the leading principles in which he sees the action of the church towards the discoveries of the future; and yet there is the recognition, in a way, of the elementary fact to Catholics, the most recondite fact of all facts to non-Catholics, that the church has always looked upon science as mistress in its own domain. Whatever science could grasp by its methods and make its own belonged to it; and if discoveries should render necessary a new interpretation to be put on passages in the inspired writings—that is, on passages as to which the church, or the pope speaking infallibly, has not pronounced—such new meaning must be looked upon as the true one. Mr. Mallock is altogether wrong in implying that the church, equivalently or metaphorically, exclaimed *Thou hast conquered, Galileo!* I do not blame him for not appreciating a case so very difficult for persons outside the church to understand, impossible for English-speaking people outside the church to understand, and difficult for those English-speaking people within the church to understand whose minds had been formed in a school of thought hostile to her; I only say the church suffered no defeat, consequently she could not have confessed defeat.

SCIENCE AND SCRIPTURE INTERPRETATION.

However, it serves as an illustration. The meaning put on a passage in Josue, and possibly another in Isaïas, by theologians and a Congregation, was that the sun moved from east to west, as all men thought they saw it move and as their fathers before them had thought. When the double motion of the earth became an established fact, a meaning in accordance with that fact should thenceforth be the meaning of the words. Any one recognizes in the light of scientific truth that

the words were merely descriptive of physical phenomena,* but no one could have supposed, as Dr. Pusey and other Englishmen of his school have supposed, as well as the mass of writers who belong to no school in particular, that the theologians of the church ought to have seen in the face of Galileo's hypothesis that Josue used the words—as we say sunrise, sunset, that is—with only a phenomenal meaning.

The case comes up constantly;† it has served as an illustration of a good point which I think Mr. Mallock has made, or at least suggested, namely, that the only effect of the most revolutionary discoveries in science will be in the interpretation of the Scriptures. This is really correct, and our readers must understand that such increased knowledge in the natural and experimental sciences will be in effect nothing more than handing to the exegetist an improved lexicon. I do not think Mr. Mallock will say I misrepresent his purport.

I have said the case of Galileo serves as a good illustration of this very point; it serves also as an illustration of another point—the almost insuperable difficulty which a certain training with regard to method and matter and an exclusive intellectual atmosphere combine to make for the Englishman or American in understanding the nature and quality of the church's being. This is due to certain elements added, one might say, to the substance of the mind, the prejudice and the passion fostered through three centuries of conflict, either warlike or social, when the latter meant *Væ victis*, fed to fatness by literature, dramatic, political, philosophical, poetic, spread among the masses through light literature, tracts, sermons, and libels hawked by broad-sheets in the streets, and finally crystallized in the historical literature which is the product of all the other kinds.

A LATE RECOGNITION OF THE CHURCH.

There is a disposition showing itself recently to look at the church in a spirit not unworthy of the most stupendous chain of facts in the history of the race. One is tempted to pity the men who spoke the language of Shakspeare and Bacon for not finding in the church, until the latest hour, anything but the

* Nothing can be more dishonest than the attacks on Catholic theologians from all English sources for laying stress on the literal meaning of the words. Something shall be said about this.

† Dr. Mivart used it a very short time ago; immediately before him another Catholic. It is a stumbling-block to many of them, no doubt of their own making; but what must it be to outsiders?

reality of that Babylon in which the inspired writers had beheld the combination of all wickedness and power, in which men of learning could only discover the influences which wither the intellect and corrupt the heart. This is the explanation, however, of the notion which puts the church in antagonism to modern science and material prosperity as the consequence of the triumphs of modern science. Well, now there seems a growing recognition of her unique, her—humanly speaking—inexplicable place amid the organisms of all kinds that have appeared and have disappeared in the life of the race, and those which exist for contrast with her or comparison. Those who regard social facts with a scientific mind, who judge by principles the phenomena of society, see in the church that one organism whose life, past and present, contains the promise of the future of mankind. The dreams of Positivism have no foundation except the ideas borrowed from her; science cannot be an alternative, because it neglects the moral part, that part whose imperious claims have been troubling all the generations since man first found the microcosm within the mirror of the wars around him. This is the clue to Mr. Mallock's article. He perceives that the church is not only a moral force but an intellectual one. He puts away the offensive plausibility that her influence under varying conditions arises from the flexibility which sacrifices principle to a particular gain there and then. It is too clear that her long dominion could not be maintained by a makeshift policy; it must rest on something eternal and immutable. Mr. Mallock in the upper and serene air sees that she is profound in her wisdom, which is the strength that has drawn all the forces of the past to her feet, and will draw the forces of science in the day to come.

AN INCONSISTENCY, WITH ITS EXPLANATION.

With the calm eye of a student he sees her unchangeable in belief, constant in the claim to exercise authority in the Name and to teach all she had been commanded by the Lord. To the serious mind there is something striking in the fact that her influence is as wide and her confidence as strong in this age of the science whose votaries thought would be fatal to her, as when she sat as umpire amidst kings, ruled her own schools as mistress, stood against the ancient philosophies as the teacher of the highest truth. And here one must pause to wonder at an inconsistency. Her triumph over the pagan

schools is regarded, and rightly, as an evidence of intellectual and moral strength; her hold on men's mind in the Middle Ages is looked upon as a sinister and corrupting influence. What makes the difference? There is no proof she used weapons in the one case she had not employed in the other. She gave the same doctrinal nourishment to each. The explanation seems simple. The courage, sacrifice, zeal which won the Barbarian ancestors of the men of the Middle Ages were the qualities that gathered to her fold the Jew, the Greek, the Roman, the races of Africa and the East, in the freshness of her youth. These qualities must have been inspired by something the hand cannot touch and to which this success was due. We can count and weigh the powers to which any other propagandism owed success. Conquest was the spring of every one of them. Galilean fishermen taking captive Greeks, proud of intellectual supremacy, and Romans, lawgivers of the world, is not a more astonishing fact than that of the fierce nations of the north and west, the descendants of those Barbarians, looking to this aged Italian or to that as the authority they were to obey in certain things against their own rulers.

Among the difficulties which stand in the way of a fair understanding of the church there is one which affects men like an anodyne, namely, the theoretical and practical humanity of our age. Science has done much to lessen suffering; but it forgets that the church in the rude days of medical and surgical science was the patron of all that might help to assuage pain and make life more tolerable. Take one instance: her exertions on behalf of the most unhappy class of sufferers, the lepers. I should like to say something about this side-way knowledge on the high-road of Christian beneficence, but I assume it. Here, at least, there is no conflict between the two powers—man's good is the object of each*—as if ever there could be a conflict between Christian and scientific truth. The point I wish to bring out is, that there is an illusion in the idea that because one branch of study makes life easier and lengthens it on the average, it has done more for man than religion. This is neglecting the large part of nature, lying in the affections and the moral impulses, for the intellect. It is making man an intellectual brute, even though he covered the land with hospitals. Yet the prejudice is there among other prejudices, and I cannot sufficiently express my admiration for

* I mean medical and surgical science inspired by charity like that of the church.

the candor which enables Mr. Mallock to divest himself from its influence.

He expresses himself, no doubt, as though there were in some way an antagonism between the church and modern science. He speaks of a reconciliation, or at least of the employment by the church of the weapons of science; he allows the possibility of finding a *modus vivendi* between the two powers; he distinctly raises the question whether in the face of advancing knowledge religion can be tolerated by science at all; and the most it seems that he can concede as the representative of science is the possibility of the truth of the Christian religion. This is the starting point of his argument, taken as an assumption only used provisionally for the declaration of the real issue into which the controversy is resolved: Can men believe that the Catholic Church is true actually? Here, then, we gather the opinion which men of science hold—that they belong to one camp, while they look upon Christian men as belonging to another; possibly they are the small and compact forces of civilization assailed by an endless host of Barbarians, or possibly something like the glamour over the late Professor Tyndall* leads them to suppose they are martyrs, or better still, the forlorn hope, as of Spartans at Thermopylæ, but destined to a longer strife than the three hundred. There is some part of this illusion on Mr. Mallock, but upon the whole his eyes have been touched by some magic, and he sees through the haze; if not as when the sun shines on a landscape, yet with a power to see the cities of men, the fields of labor, the influence of the state and human instinct drawing the separated constituents together into a union strengthened because accredited by the profound influence of religion.

THE REAL CHARACTER OF THE OBSTACLES.

It would be an oversight not to present the real character of the obstacles preventing appreciation of the Church by the English-speaking peoples. In doing this I have no interest except the cause of truth. There is a great deal of flippant writing at this moment about the superiority of these peoples over the nations of Southern Europe. Dr. Mivart, who lectures the Congregations, and a few more I could mention—*e. g.*, the half-instructed convert who thinks he

* Tyndall promised that no matter how men might persecute opinion, or to what lengths; how tyranny might proceed as the instrument of intolerance—or something stilted in this way—these problems should still be agitated when “all things shall have melted into the infinite azure of the past.”

knows more than St. Thomas; the utterly uninstructed man born in the faith, who takes his philosophy from magazines and his history from newspapers—these men are pushing into prominence, as if a new discovery, or rather a new pretension, this idea of superiority over the men whose ancestors framed that science of right which is the basis of modern law, and which surpassed all other jurisprudence.

The fact is, it is the revival of a theory almost as old as the Treaty of Westphalia. The religious and political settlement then apportioned Continental Europe among the creeds very much in the proportions we have to-day. The ancient antagonism between the Germanic Empire and Southern Europe imported into itself the religious hatred ploughed into the soul by the wars and retaliations of a hundred years. It became the boast later on that wherever the Reformation had fixed its quarters material prosperity followed; in the nations which retained the old faith some were decaying, some showing the first symptoms of decay, some already in the last stage of decrepitude. The English took up the idea. The most insular and least informed people outside their own interests and intellectual efforts of any in Europe, the philosophy, the polemics, and political history of England put forth the great fact that the reformed nations stood foremost in industry, prosperity, comfort, and education, while the Catholic nations were going back to the worst features of mediæval barbarism—the unlimited power of the king over all with the exception of the spiritual authority of the pope, the power of the nobles over their vassals, the helpless submission of the latter, and the obedience of all, without exception, to that spiritual authority. In this favorable condition of the Protestant nations England, as might be expected, in the judgment of her sons, took an intellectual, moral, and financial precedence as far ahead of the reformed states as these were of the popish ones. In this present century, at any rate, the Germans were too well informed to be any longer deluded by the idea of the intellectual supremacy of the Teutonic over the Latin peoples. The English remained and still remain in a stiff and unappreciative mental state. With regard to the science of the world, the literature and philosophy of the world,* they are far away from the rest in a highly culti-

* There are some Englishmen acquainted with the success of Frenchmen and Italians in the exact sciences, but they know nothing of the vast social literature of the latter people, the high political and elegant literature of the former.

vated Prospero island of their own, an Ultima Thule of conceit and self-righteousness. We have, then, this intellectual prejudice and the inherited hatred of furious social and political changes against the victims of them to account for the separation of the British mind from all knowledge of the church's claims to be called a religious and moral force in comparison with which all political societies are weak of themselves, and all other creeds are the puzzle of the grave and just-minded, the mockery of the frivolous or the cynical. The impact of that influence shapes the English Catholic mind to some degree; the philosophy, the morals, the opinions, the legislation, which have gone to create that influence are too strong for some Catholics to resist; so that we have some English-speaking Catholics almost regarding the infallibility of the pope as not conditioned by the limits of divine action so much as by their patronage, looking at the administrative functions of the Congregations as the treasury into which were flowing all the abnormal degrees of meanness, mendacity, and fraud too great for expenditure elsewhere.*

Mr. Mallock affords by his language and method a remarkable contrast to non-Catholics, and to such Catholics as have been recently airing themselves in magazines and newspapers, and to such Catholics as went into paroxysms at the Definition of the Papal Infallibility and whose head-shakings at the Syllabus were as of palsy, while they heard the roarings of Professor Huxley and his band, or listened with sympathy to the popguns of the press, hurt by the thought that there should be a restraint on libel, injured by the idea that imagination should give way to truth. Anything in the shape of philosophy in England—metaphysics, abstract politics, economics, morals, any and all, are Protestant to the core. All these owe their existence to the principle of the Reformation; that the Bible as interpreted by each one was the Christian religion. Scientific criticism, which is the skilled application of the principle of private interpretation, decides that this Bible for which the peace of Europe was broken from end to end, for which kings and great men were assassinated, for which priests were hanged or tortured, for which dedicated women were subjected to outrages in comparison with which death at the stake would be a blessed release, for which fertile places from the Rhine to the Vistula, from the Baltic to the Danube, were made wildernesses such as

* What else do Dr. Mivart and others mean?

might be described in the language of those savage warriors who boasted that their horses galloped without stumbling over the sites of cities, that no grass grew where their war-steeds had trodden—scientific criticism decides that this Bible is without inspiration, that it is no authority for itself, none for its contents; that it is literature, bad literature, foul literature, cruel literature, blasphemous literature.

THE ATTITUDE OF ENGLISH INTELLECTUAL FORCES AGAINST
THE CHURCH.

Then the Reformation which changed the Christian doctrine, maimed the authority of the church, degraded the priesthood, and wiped out the sacramental system which is the central point of advancement from the Old Dispensation to the New, this revolution is condemned as proceeding from false principles. I must press this point of view. On behalf of Luther's Bible—the story of his finding the copy is, I think, now left to good old ladies whose purses are open to the begging letter-writer and the man in rusty black; left to school-mistresses approved of by the parson's wife or the Dissenting minister's lady; left to Irish Orangemen and Mr. Kensit,—on behalf of this unauthorized and impudent selection of the writings that were from those that were not inspired—a revolt more epoch-making than the French Revolution, the only social event with which, so far as I know, it can be compared—was excited against a society which had lasted since the fall of the Western Empire, against institutions of teaching and charity resting on the gratitude of nations, and against the church under whose guidance this society had formed itself, and under whose protection those institutions had been begun and had been fostered.

If the causes of the Reformation were mistaken ones, if the reasons put forth for its necessity were erroneous, and of these verdicts there can now be no question, one cannot easily understand the constitution of mind which still insists that the church is the enemy of intellectual progress, while the forms of Christianity which issued from plain falsehood or plain mistake are held up as the forces under which the human race marched to liberty and knowledge. Let there be no confounding of distinct things. It was not for science and political liberty the Reformers rose in rebellion; but it was in the cause of a Christianity not later than the Fourth Council or the Sixth against the decadent Christianity of the sixteenth century. A reasonable student of history and Biblical criticism, in

the light of the conclusions arrived at by experts, would ask for proof that authority to decide on Biblical interpretation was taken from the church when the Fifth or the Seventh Council sat. This is one point; another is Mr. Mallock's—the irresistible conclusion that destructive criticism has established the Catholic contention, that the Bible is only a part of the revelation of God and needs a living authority to expound it.* So far the case resolves itself into the alliterative epigram of Positivism: There is no halting-place between Rome and Rationalism; but Positivism, every form of rationalism, the scientific atheism which has “not found the soul under the scalpel,” is a development, or, if you like it better, the last analysis of Protestant principles. One must welcome Mr. Mallock's fairness and insight; but there are misconceptions of the church's trust to be guarded against, incorrect statements of her position with reference to the sacred writings to be borne in mind, and a mistaken judgment as to the inspiration of these. As I have said, he has caught the important fact that she need not dread a science which will only afford to her theologians additional help in penetrating some distance into mysteries on the outer ring of which they now must rest content to stand. But when a man so painstaking and so fair-minded falls into mistakes despite the evidences of labored thought, how may one hope for appreciation from the thinking and the unthinking who are fed upon the philosophy compounded of Hobbes, of Locke, and of Hume, or upon the husks of each one of them?

The whole of British philosophy is in one way or another the outcome or the reflex of these thinkers. The mere statement would explain the rabid hatred of the church as the enemy of political and philosophical liberty. There are positions in which Hobbes and Hume are as far apart as the poles, yet in spite of this there is a cast of thought over the whole of Hume, over his principles or positions, over his method and objections, which would make one think he had sat at the feet of Hobbes. The political philosophy of Locke is the logical contradictory to that of Hobbes, but both stand on the same fundamental principle, the will of the prince, the will of the government; the morality of Locke, so far as it is at all systematic, is Christian, but his psychology destroys morality as effectually as Hobbes' metaphysics. They are imitated by the host of able or mediocre men who in England have engaged themselves in abstract thought or the formulative synthesis of experimental dis-

* This is substantially what he says in a statement of several pages.

covery, who have considered a particular society with reference to any theory of government or society in the abstract, with reference to the universal theories of legislation, judgment, and execution; and all these thinkers have found a monster in the church, a diabolical intelligence and cruelty and craft, a combination of the severest asceticism and the grossest debasement, of the most generous sacrifice and the most calculating perfidy. This mass of opinion is a thick and lofty wall of innumerable strong towers; and who may scale them? It is the kingdom of the world against the church; the old, old conflict—the synagogue trying to strangle her, Greece to slay her with a pitiless contempt, Rome to trample out her life by her lictors and legions; and yet she is here, as Mr. Mallock sees, in the face of all the acuteness acquired by her enemies in their pursuits—in spite of what investigation, tabulation, adjustment for experiments confer; she is here holding her own against them, though they make light of forces and influences which cannot be harnessed like the forces of nature; she is here and she must be reckoned with.

I have referred to Mr. Mallock's mistake concerning the church's connection with Galileo—that is, if I may call the inquiry of a court an inquiry by the church.* Even at the risk of wearying the reader I shall briefly offer one or two points. If there be any meaning in language, the Scriptures seemed to have declared the immobility of the earth. It was not merely that the sun was commanded to stand still; there were texts which must have formed part of the *ratio decidendi* of the Congregation, a few of which I shall cite: "Thou didst found the earth on its stable support; it shall not be moved for ever"; "He hath fixed the earth, which shall not be moved"; "Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth?" "Upon what were its supports established?" "Then the fountains of waters appeared and the foundations of the world were discovered"; "He hath corrected the world, which shall not be moved." Against these was the Copernican theory, suggested by a priest, and subsequently adopted and so used by Galileo, without advancing it beyond the stage of an hypothesis, that Protestants and Catholics took scandal. Among the Protestants was Bacon. No instructed Protestant out of England or America holds that the infallibility of the church or a pope was involved in the decree.

*I do not agree with Dr. Mivart that they are the same thing. Dr. Mivart as a member of the bar should be more exact in his terms.

The text "Thou didst found the earth on its stable support" must now be interpreted, if one wishes to be precise into "Thou didst fix it in its orbit"; and this is what will happen, as Mr. Mallock evidently means, with the advance of scientific knowledge. The best part, however, of his application of the scientific method, from his own point of view, is the putting aside consideration of the cosmic sciences and examining the subject from the text of the historical teachings of science. The church is in the midst of a thousand formulas of belief, of doubt, of despair. Among these states of mind or feeling the divine society asks humanity to hear her message, to hear her title to speak of Him whose life has drawn to it the best men, whose character and promises are the only hope of those who are wearied and heavy-burdened with the knowledge of many things and the appalling desolation of the world. She is in the midst of the nations, yet apart from them; a force like a subtlest ether pervading, penetrating all things, yet no abstraction; * intangible, yet a power as adamant, ruling without armies or taxes; a moral, irresistible authority, but visible from pole to pole, from east to west—visible as a city on a mountain; visible with her hand on the head of infancy, on the head of sickness, on the head of age, a hand on the union which consecrates affection, a hand above the grave where all the sorrows are hidden.

She has a life; is it not worth considering? It is peculiar; for, unlike other societies, its beginning is not in some strong robber the other day; it passes like a spirit into and through the cloud masses of the far-off past. As it saw Greece and Rome, and the empires of the East and Egypt, so it looks upon the heights where the undivided race planned to escape the doom of their mighty fathers; it floats on the shoreless waters above that drowned kingdom of the world so terrible in its strength and its wickedness; it climbs the ages until it finds rest in the innocence of the days before the Fall. This is her story, this is the continuity of her knowledge; to tell this is her mission. Let it be borne in mind she inherits the primal religion and the revelations which converged on the people of God. The Jewish Church was her forerunner, and all lights directed thither were part of the preparation for the work she was to accomplish in the personal, social, and religious redemption of man. Though Mr. Mallock has not caught the full sense of this abiding consciousness, he understands that

* *Pace* Dr. Mivart.

she too has heard the message to Our Lady and to the shepherds, and bears witness to it; she knows, if not the deeper mysteries, the facts of the Private and the Public Life of the Lord as they enter into her duty of teacher and into her life as the continuation of His life on earth. Protestantism, led on by criticism, may deny or obscure the miraculous Birth, the Resurrection, the Ascension; in heart and mind the church was with Our Lady and the shepherds at the Birth, she was before Him when He emerged from the tomb, she heard His words for the forty days, and she bowed her head for His blessing when He ascended out of sight. In my poor words I cannot imitate the literary fire in which Mr. Mallock has expressed his perception of her consciousness of the three great facts just named—facts inseparable from the proof of the Lord's divinity. He sees that she alone is the witness of the relations of God to man specifically given to her charge. Well, I can admire the insight which enabled him to see so much, and the candor with which he draws the inference that she will go down to the end of time the guardian of the inspired writings, the guardian and the witness of the whole deposit of the faith.

HOPE.

BY W. A. MALINE.

BEATING against sharp prison bars of life,
The Soul immortal, to the body chained,
By lust of earthly pleasures deadly pained,
Full weary grows of Nature's ceaseless strife;
Through thee, bright Hope, her courage is maintained;
Through thee, blest one of heaven, is vict'ry gained;
Thou lustrous, spotless one, with promise rife
Dost ward her safe from passion's deadly strife.
When on thy placid brow her gaze is turned,
Reflected there she sees the smiling morn,
Dark shadows fly, sweet peace the soul has earned
Through toil and prayer, is gained, content is won;
Thy sweeping joyful wings, divinely fair,
With her ascending, pierce the heavenly air.

"BENEVOLENT ASSIMILATION" THROUGH THE LAITY.

BY M. J. RIORDAN.

BENEVOLENT assimilation" is in the air—a shibboleth in the mouths of expansionists, a mockery with the anti-imperialists. "The White Man's burden" weighs heavily on many; is a jest with the rest of the world. A new light has come over the spirit of our dreams; the question of duty toward those without the pale of our civilization is ruffling our minds. Whether it is better to leave the tribes of the uncivilized and semi-civilized to grope their devious way to the higher life, or to take arms against our untutored brothers and by dint of powder and shell "assimilate" them?—that is the question.

And it is troubling us vastly. The press is full of it, the pulpit rings with it, political parties are at clash over it. But the strange thing of it all is, that we do not seem to realize that it was not Kipling who laid "the White Man's burden" upon our shoulders, not President McKinley who first enunciated the doctrine of "benevolent assimilation," but that Other, the latchet of whose shoe neither they nor any man who has ever lived are worthy to loose. We seem to have forgotten, in the jangle of words and the heat of discussion, that the method and means of "benevolent assimilation" were finally settled and "the White Man's burden" was laid for all time when, in those days, Christ, the Holy One of Israel, spoke to his Apostles, saying, "Going, teach all nations."

In these few words the eternal Son of God solved the difficulty which is now disturbing the English-speaking world. Unlike the pronouncements of our worthy President and the great English *littérateur*, they contain not only the sum-total of duty to those without the fold, but the method by which duty is to be accomplished. In this, too, do the words of the Saviour differ from the dictum of our latter-day guides, that whereas a clash of arms and a blare of trumpets, and fields sodden with blood, are implied in "benevolent assimilation" and in "the White Man's burden," nothing but peace and sunshine, elevation of soul and tranquillity of pursuit are hinted

at in the divine words, "Teach all nations." The two sets of teaching present the contrast between force mastering mind and love stronger than death. And the time has come when Americans—American Catholics, too—must make a choice. Which shall it be, force or love?

There can be no doubt but that a fresh field is opening before us as a nation. From henceforth our energies will have to do not alone with upbuilding within our present confines, but with leading others—strangers—either to higher and better lives or to destruction. New responsibilities have come to us with the extension of our civil power to the Philippines, to Hawaii, to Porto Rico, and to Cuba, and only the God of nations knows over what other lands, over what other simple people our flag may wave in years to come. By the dawn's early light of a day not far distant may it not be seen floating over the walls of China—perchance over the domes of Mexico? Who, in the light of recent events, can say? *Quien sabe?*

Indeed, new responsibilities have crowded upon us in the past two years, and what the future may bring forth we cannot know. But this we do know, that it is the part of wisdom to do our present duty and to prepare for the new. And American Catholics, of all Americans, have a surpassing work laid upon their shoulders by the recent developments in our civil life; surpassing by reason of its immensity, surpassing by reason of its Christliness: none other, indeed, than that they shall see to it that our new possessions shall be fortified in the body of Christ, which for long has been their habitation, and that they shall benevolently assimilate to themselves, after the manner of the Lord, so many of those that lie in the valley of the shadow of death as means and grace and work will permit. Indeed, white men—Catholics especially—have a burden, but it has been laid by Christ, and his burdens are light, his yoke is easy, and of this substance is it made—"Teach all nations."

It must surely be evident that American Catholics have a work to do. And how is it to be done? Assuredly not by talking over it, or groaning at the prospect of it. Like all work—particularly American work—it must be done, after a thorough understanding of its nature, by an efficient doing of it.

We can have no doubt about the nature of the work, for Christ has defined it clearly. It is teaching—teaching the

Gospel, the law of right living, the relations of creature to Creator, the doctrines of the Catholic Church—not alone to the rich and the intelligent and the civilized, but to all nations—the white, the black, the poor, the ignorant, the depraved. If the Filipinos are not yet taught this lesson, which some assert and others deny, then we must teach them; if the Chinese, then must they be our pupils; if the Hindoos, we must be at their side; if the worldly-wise in our own communities, then must our voices be raised toward them. All—all have been made our protégés by the commission of our divine Master, save those alone who have attained the pinnacles of God, for at the feet of such must we sit and listen.

But teaching implies teachers, as it implies those who are taught. To whom, then, shall we look to assume this office? To whom but to those and their successors who received from Christ the blessing and the command, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost," "Going therefore teach ye all nations." The Lord's arm has not been shortened and these consecrated teachers we have with us yet in the persons of his ministers, the priesthood. To them has been delegated the function of teaching, and their competency is assured by the gift of the Holy Spirit that for ever rests upon them.

And the Lord provides these teachers in sufficient number, if only we would open our eyes to see it. In France and Italy and Belgium and Germany and Ireland and Spain they swarm, and are an offence by reason of their swarming to oversensitive American and English eyes. And they are all too willing to exercise their God-given office of teaching, if only we would be generous enough to remember those other words of the Saviour, "The laborer is worthy of his hire." It is not because they are unwilling, but rather because we to whom much has been given are not meeting rightful expectations, that the teaching of all nations has not been advancing as it should.

It is well to remind Catholics that the sneer, "It takes four dollars to get five to the heathen," has never been applied to Catholic missionary effort. It is well, also, to remind them that the funds supplied have never approximated to the necessities. On the other hand, the supply of teachers has always been greatly in excess of the possibilities of employment afforded by the available funds. The whole state of the question, therefore, is this: that while the demand for teachers of all nations is great and the available supply is equal to the

demand, nevertheless, because of lack of funds, neither the demand can be filled nor the supply utilized.

OBVIOUSLY THE CONNECTING LINK IS THE LAYMAN.

Without his aid Christ's positive command, "Teach all nations," cannot be fulfilled. On the layman, therefore, rests a great responsibility; one which he may no more shirk than he may shirk the responsibility of caring for his own family, for the Creator has put upon him the one duty as the other, each in its due measure. Here is the American Catholic white man's burden. It has been upon him long, now pressing heavier than ever before, and in the future it will increase in weight. How has he borne it? how will he bear it?

In the past he has borne it at best but haltingly. He had too many other loads—more important ones—to give his shoulder to, and the needs of those who had never heard the Gospel were lost in the closer, more pressing demands of those about him who were in danger of losing the heritage of faith which they had received unless safeguards were thrown around them. Schools, churches, hospitals were needed. Here was the first and urgent duty, and magnanimously was it met; so well, indeed, that it seems nothing short of miraculous; so well that the annual saving to the State in New York City alone, through Catholic charity and education, is reported to be more than \$4,000,000. No wonder that during these years of building the spirit of mission work among the heathen has not been developed among us; no marvel at all that, instead of giving, we have been constantly receiving. Nearly \$6,000,000 of foreign contributions have been thus far put into Catholic mission work in this country through the medium of the "Association of the Propagation of the Faith" alone, and at home there has been inaugurated another missionary effort, under the name of the Catholic Missionary Union, which, though in its infancy, is sending \$4,000 a year to apostolic men in the South in order to help to gather in "the other sheep that are not of this fold." Nor are all our churches or schools or hospitals built yet. We will continue to build them and there will be need for their building till the end of time. But the fact remains that thus far our efforts have been purely domestic, provincial as it were, not universal, as the words of Christ, "Teach all nations," bade them to be. In our century of life we have sent few, very few, to teach the nations; have contributed little, very little, to send teachers from abroad

into the field. Whether under the conditions surrounding us we have met our obligations to the heathen, who shall say? Perhaps we have, but it is safe to assert that we shall be under the necessity of extending our efforts increasingly, year by year, if we are to fulfil our obligation for the future.

We are now a firmly established church, full of robust vitality, well developed, well organized, in the strength of our prime. We have much at home on which to expend our energies, but the time has come when we must expand if we would fulfil our whole mission. Charity begins at home, and ours, by force of circumstances, has, in large measure, been restricted to home, but it has been well said that charity which always remains at home ceases at a certain point to be charity and quickly degenerates into selfishness. Expansion has already come in our civil life; the time is at hand when it must appear in our spiritual life as well or decay may be expected.

Our ecclesiastical authorities are alive to the necessities, and have already organized with a view to meeting the requirements of the future. A branch of the world-wide "Association of the Propagation of the Faith" has been established, under the presidency of Cardinal Gibbons, and the management of Drs. Magnien and Granjon, of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore. This association has the endorsement of nearly every prelate and prominent churchman in the country, and the good will of all; and it is hoped that it may be made the medium of the development among us of the missionary idea and of the diffusion of spiritual enlightenment to the dark corners of the earth. Its object is to procure missionaries in countries where priests are numerous and have them take up the work of spreading the Gospel among the heathen. The association, of which this is a branch, maintains 5,600 priests and more than 10,000 religious women in all parts of the world; in China and Africa, and the islands of the Pacific; in India and Northern Europe and South America—in fact, wherever there is a soul to be saved and enlightened. No salaries are paid the officers of the association; no salaries are paid the missionaries, men or women; nothing but the necessities of life are furnished, and these but the most meagre, as all know who have ever met the Catholic missionary. Indeed, the bulk of the funds is expended in ransoming slaves, educating youth, building stations, and caring for the infirm. The chronicle of the work being done by these devoted missionaries is astounding—a hue of spiritual light thrown across the canvas of a material age.

- While the church has such heroes she is surely vital, for they vitalize her. It shall be a tremendous day for her when she shall have them not. It is the special function of the Society of the Propagation of the faith to provide funds for the maintenance of the work of this noble army of heroes, and it is just at this point that the action of the layman comes into play. Funds must come from the layman, should come from him, not in the way of charity so much as in virtue of the obligation that rests upon him through direct command of Christ. We are too fond of flattering ourselves with the thought of our charity, when we are but half fulfilling obligations; and in this case there is no room for complacency, for it is duty we have to perform, not charity to dole out.

The Association of the Propagation of the Faith has a double office, that of gatherer and distributor of missionary funds. It thus becomes the direct medium between the great lay body and the actual workers in the mission field. It is not given to all of us to be teachers; that calling, as we have seen, belongs to those whom God has specially appointed and consecrated. It is given to all of us, however, to be helpers, each within the limit of his means, and there is no better way by which we can make our offerings effective than by entrusting them to the care of the association mentioned. Thus far the contributions to this work from this country have been insignificant—only \$34,000 in 1897. A notable increase, due to the untiring efforts of Dr. Granjon, was made in the receipts for the fiscal year ending in January, 1899, the total collected amounting to \$53,600, an increase over the previous year of nearly \$20,000. But this increase is not what it should have been, not what the labor expended in making the objects of the association known should have produced, were the Catholics of the country fully imbued with the importance of the work. One hundred thousand dollars would be little to expect from the generosity of this country; two hundred thousand dollars would not be a remarkable manifestation of our interest.

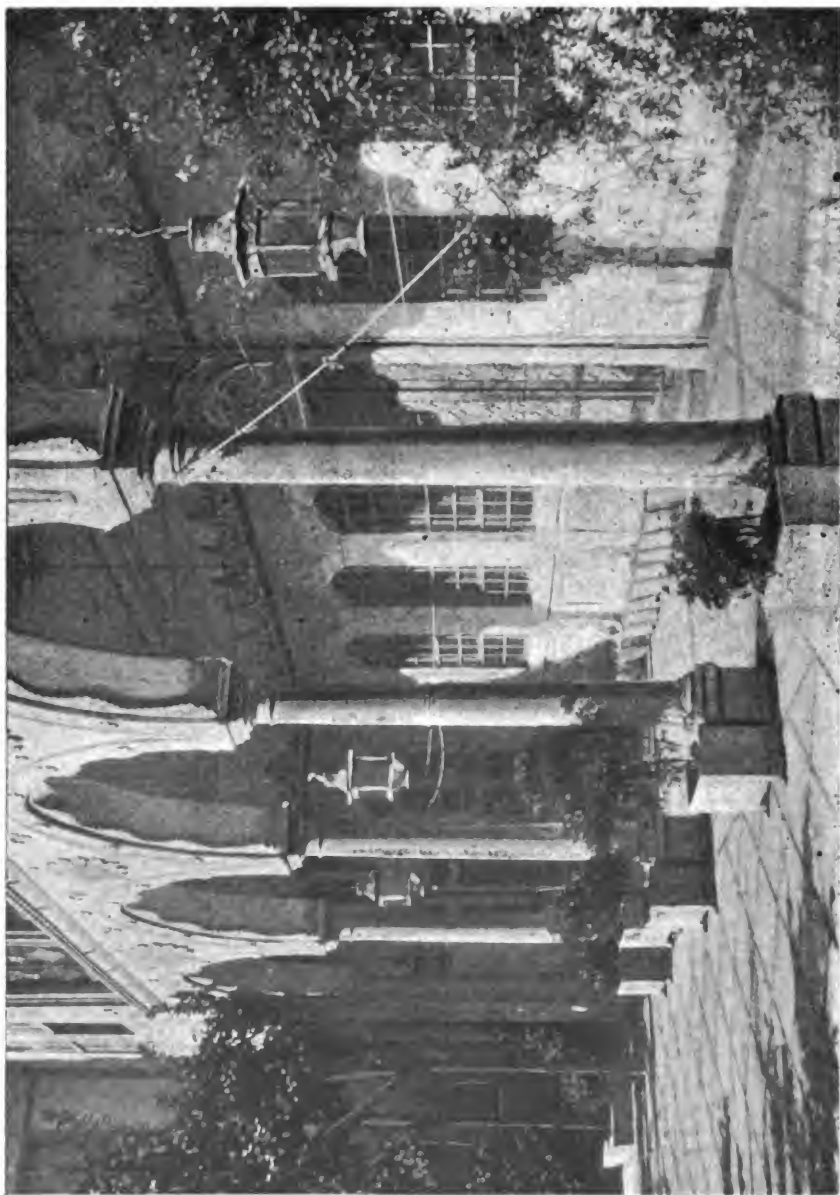
In addition to the sense of duty which the words of the Saviour should impress upon us in this matter, and in addition to the increased responsibility which our civil expansion has begotten, we are now about to enter upon the Year of Jubilee, which our Holy Father has decreed, and surely the Catholics of this country can in no better way show forth during this Holy Year the faith that is in them, and of which they are

proud, than by liberally contributing of their means, that their God-given heritage may in some measure be made the portion of the nations that sit in outer darkness. Fifty cents apiece from half a million of our twelve millions of people would be a gracious offering in this cause. And to accomplish this so little is needed. Only a little organization, only a little good will.

The plan of the association is to establish in parishes bands of tens, each member of which contributes five cents per month, or sixty cents a year. This is surely no hardship. The burden is not the difficulty, only the good will and organization. Let those who read these words act, and that immediately, not waiting for their neighbors, and much may be done toward the accomplishment of a great work. The moment you have finished the reading of these words, reader, whoever you may be, do not put it off another moment, but write immediately to Rev. Henry Granjon, D.D., St. Mary's Seminary, North Paca Street, Baltimore, Md., requesting that a promoter's card be sent you, and some literature on the subject, and when it is received get nine of your friends to subscribe five cents a month for the coming year, and you will have done a work the fruits of which may be plucked in eternity. Offer but half an hour of the Jubilee Year to this work, and you may accomplish more in the way of true benevolent assimilation than if you had carried a Krag-Jorgensen rifle through the swamps of Luzon for months.

We are scouting the notion which other denominations have put forth of sending missionaries to our new possessions. Let us do less of this, and more of positive, constructive work. Thus shall we be carrying the White Man's real burden; thus shall we be *benevolently assimilating*, in its true sense, those to whom we have a duty of assimilation, and thus too shall we be fulfilling the command of the Master, "Teach all nations."

Flagstaff, Arizona.



COURT-YARD OF A DAMASCUS HOUSE.

THE FOUNTAIN-SWIMMER OF DAMASCUS.

BY MRS. CLARA B. EWALD.



DAMASCUS! fourth paradise of earth, how hotly shone the sun over you that memorable day! In the gardens, stilled by the heat, the rose-vines that, climbing, clutched the tree-tops, dropped flower-petals slowly, unswervingly on the grass below. The water in the fountains gave back an unbearable glare, and the fishlets hid under leaf or pebble. The house-tops were deserted—all except one, where under a tent awning the mistress stood. With crossed hands on her forehead she shielded her eyes and scanned the road, winding, white, dazzling, blinding, far towards Jerusalem, unto the south-west. Her favorite slave waved a feather fan above her.

The slave was a coal-black Nubian. Around her neck hung strings of glass beads, blue and flat; on her arms and ankles were bracelets of silver and iron.

The mistress spoke: "Men and sheep and camels have I seen coming hitherward, but no one on the milk-white horse. Yet this is surely the day; the work in Jerusalem is done; messengers have brought the news that Saul himself has seen to the stoning of the man Stephen. Indeed it is high time Saul should arrive, for these people, huddled here about the east gate, make themselves more and more obnoxious with their sanctimoniousness. Ah! Gigris, slave, I cannot bear this heat!"

She turned and, followed by the slave, descended the roof stairs. They entered a large, lofty room. Nearly overcome by the heat on the house-top, Anata threw herself on a couch; other slaves entered, gathered around her, and waved feather fans.

"However, I am sure he will come," the mistress said; "therefore, Gigris, see that, among the preparations for the welcome, the swimmers be placed in the fountains."

The slave knelt in acquiescence, and rose to obey.

"Wait!" the mistress said, raising her hand, which was fair and white; her robe of striped, silken gauze, fastened on the left shoulder with a jewelled brooch, passed under the right

arm, which thus, with the shoulder, was left bare and free. "Where are the white slaves?" she asked.

"The heat is such that the chief eunuch has sent them into the serdad," Gigris answered.

"Go bring the girl Eunice here to me."

The Nubian withdrew, and after a moment returned with the slave Eunice, who advanced and knelt on the rug before Anata. Gigris spoke for her.

"Mistress," she said, "the sun scratches with sharp claws to-day. Eunice's back is all blisters."

"Rub on it oil of olives and pounded almonds; it will do well enough, and no one will notice."

Eunice bent low her head.

"And she says," Gigris resumed, making a genuflexion, "that the people living about the east gate, as they pass the fountains, hide their faces and curse the swimmers."

"Their cursing will soon be over, for their days are numbered; they will be bound hand and foot—ay, to-morrow—and carried to Jerusalem, or else be stoned even here. It is the mission Saul has chosen. Come now, the hour nears the noon; get the slaves into the fountains."

Eunice's brow touched the rug.

"Mistress," she said imploringly, "spare me the swimming to-day. I am sore blistered and ashamed."

"Well, well, girl, this is something new. I've known the time—and it is a very short time ago—when you were most proud to display your limbs to the populace, and gratified at being called the shapeliest fountain-swimmer in Damascus."

"But to-day I am blistered with yesterday's heat."

"No one will notice."

"But it hurts—"

"Not my back, thanks be to Bel! But you have other reasons, Eunice, and I have sent for you to speak of them. I have seen you passing words with Saul of Tarsus. Now, what can a Liberati have to say to a slave? Tell me at once!"

"Words of comfort. He pities my fate, that I, a daughter of Israel, should be in slavery, and doomed to live, naked, in the waters of your fountains, to swim, instead of the fish, for the amusement of the motley crowd. And now these people calling themselves Christians, with faces horrified at my wickedness, ask me how I shall like drying myself by the fires of Hell."

"What does that mean?"

"After I am dead, they say."

"Another foolishness! Girl, when you are dead—why you are dead, that is all. But your reason is this, Eunice; your back is blistered—I see very much so—and I admit it is no increase of beauty. You do not want Saul to see this disfigurement, this reminder of servitude, for I suspect—and I know rightly—that you crave this same student's admiration. O slave and fountain-swimmer! O ridiculous, and fool besides! to fancy that he whose mission is to bring on the Christians of Damascus the fate of Stephen will stoop to notice a slave. Now this is ten thousand more words than I have ever wasted on such as you. The times have changed indeed, when I must discuss my commands—and, O Nazarene, Nazarene! this also is your doing. Go into the fountain, slave, and quickly too, or the lash will add its blisters to those made by the sun."

There was nothing more to say. The girl Eunice rose, and the Nubian Gigris led her out.

Then the chosen slaves were made to enter the **several** fountains which cooled the gardens surrounding the great house of Anata the pagan.

All around the place preparations were being made for a fitting reception to Saul; but every green thing was wilted. Even on the shores of the Abana, near which Anata's house was built, the water plants drooped, the little birds had left the branches of the date-palm and gone among the tall reeds, where, close to the water, they gasped for breath. The cartloads of flowers gathered on the shores of the Pharpar were dead before reaching the festal house. In the fountains the swimmers (supposed to be soulless and wicked beings) exhibited their usual merriment; the water was cooler than the air, and they remained as far as possible in the scant shadow of the ornamental shrubs.

It was two hours past the noontide. A few persons were already crossing the garden; among them came a little boy, who carried a string of birds which he swung in his little brown hands. He stopped in front of the fountain in which swam Eunice the slave, and waited until the girl came near him, when, greeting her, he said: "Here are the birds, Eunice dear. I trapped them on Libanus and smothered them, taking great care that they be nowhere bruised. They are those your

mistress loves to eat. Our mother says perhaps the gift of them will please her, and she may allow you out of the water, at least until your back is healed."

"Thank you, little dear; I do need a change—see." She slipped her hand under her loosened hair, which floated a crow-black stain on the dazzling water, and passing her fingers over her shoulders showed him her blood on them. "Put the birds on those twigs under this near bush. I will take them when I am allowed out of this—if I am not dead—for I think this heat and the strangeness in my heart will kill me."

"Mother says the people at the east gate tell her there is One in Jerusalem whose touch is healing. They say perhaps he will come here."

"I know who they mean, little dear; but, alas! he has been crucified. I heard Saul of Tarsus say so to my mistress."

"They say he might come anyhow."

"Do they? Then perhaps he will."

The boy placed the birds on the twigs, as he was told, and departing said again: "He might come anyhow."

In the house of Anata all was in readiness for the reception of Saul; but he was late, it being the third hour after the noon. Again the mistress mounted the house-top and scanned the white, blinding road, beyond the greenness of palm and fig, and tamarisk and roses, and the lightness of pomegranate and olive, which made Damascus the fourth paradise of earth—the road on which one travels, coming from Jerusalem.

In the great fountain-basin the slave Eunice was losing her strength. She neared a wilted shrub which hung over the water, and rested in its shade; then raised her eyes and suddenly beheld a wonderful face just above the bush. The beautiful brown hair, parted in the centre, lay smooth on the brow. From the tender eyes a mellow light fell on her, which eased her pain exceedingly, and brought a taste of honey and ineffable joy to her lips. His hand—it had been pierced—rested on the bush, which greened and freshened and put forth a bloom of snow-white flowers. Eunice floated close to the fountain edge and beheld the stranger's feet—they also were pierced; the trampled and withered grass around them revived, anemones blossomed among it; the sacred feet touched the twigs on which the friendly little boy had placed the birds, and the twigs put forth leaves and buds and flowers; the wings of the birds fluttered, Eunice heard a joyous twitter,

as they raised themselves on their feet and suddenly flew away far into the blue, brilliant ether.

"Ah!" murmured the slave, looking after them, "my gift of mercy-asking gone; but it is *He*. If I can touch that pierced foot, if I can lay my lips on it, my pain will be over—the pain in my heart, the pain in my body from the heat which blisters and the lash which stings—and the shame of myself."

She laid the palm of her hand on the marble edge, and drew herself half out of the basin—her head bent over the divine feet.

"Oh!" she prayed, "I am but a slave—I have nothing; but let thy mercy give me thy best gift." Her head bent lower still and her lips touched the wounded foot.

Suddenly, as if by the simoom's lurid breath, the day darkened. Anata from the house-top saw a fiery beam cleave the obscurity and strike a cavalier astride a milk-white horse, approaching on the road one travels when coming from Jerusalem. He fell.

"Saul! Saul of Tarsus!" she cried, and in terror closed her eyes.

And Eunice in the fountain touched her lips to the wounded foot. "O give me thy best gift!" she murmured, and slipping back into the fountain, sank down to the pebbled bottom. In the sudden darkness the flowers on the shrub shone like stars. They dropped, marking a cross above the slave's body.

Within the house Anata wrung her hands and wept, for the companions of her student friend were leading him in, struck blind when felled to the earth, as he neared the southern gate, on the road from Jerusalem.

Of her comforting he would have none, but moaned incessantly: "Jesus of Nazareth, Jesus of Nazareth!"



A MASTER OF SACRED ELOQUENCE.*

BY REV. WALTER ELLIOTT.



NE learns an art from the study of master-pieces; but if the rules of the art are expounded by the artist himself amid his own master-pieces, the pupil is doubly taught.

Francis de Sales was at once the most popular preacher in France and the most simple. In this he was in vivid contrast with the pompous style of many even devout priests and prelates, who in his day sacrificed simplicity to classical elegance, thus bestowing more care on the casket than on the jewel.

There are three victories of the preacher: one is the sanctification of good souls, another the reformation of sinners, the third and highest the conversion of unbelievers to the faith of Christ. In all these achievements Francis de Sales was the foremost preacher of his time. He began with the most difficult undertaking, converting the Protestants of the Chablais, before he was thirty years of age. All through his life, it is not too much to say, no sinner could resist him, and he frequently conquered the most obstinate kind of sinners, namely, dissolute members of a proud and warlike nobility. As to the doctrine and method of Christian perfection, he is head master in the modern church for the laity, the clergy, and the sisterhoods. And now Canon Mackey has undertaken to narrate the making of the orator in the person of our saint.

"In the period immediately preceding his own," says our author, "the divine commission, 'Go and preach the Gospel to every creature,' was less closely heeded than it perhaps ever has been in the history of Western Christianity. The general causes are not far to seek; too great a sense of security on the part of the teachers, slowness to discern the signs of the times, the distractions of profane learning, dissolution of morals, and consequent religious apathy."

As befits a preacher of truth, and therefore the most practical of men, St. Francis was careful to study the men and

* *St. Francis de Sales as a Preacher.* By the Very Rev. Canon Mackey, O.S.B. London: Burns & Oates; New York: Benziger Brothers.

affairs, the social and political no less than the religious conditions of his time. "I have taken into consideration as I should do," he says in his Preface to the Love of God, "the state of the minds of this age: it much imports to remember in what age we are writing." And in what age we are preaching, let us add—because if one is a writer of books he may pick his audience, but with a public speaker, as a rule, it is just the reverse. Let but a religious teacher feel wrenched out of joint with his age, and as a consequence his auditors will feel out of joint with him—and soon, if he is to get any audience at all, he must put up with grumblers and malcontents.

It is noticeable here as elsewhere in the history of religion that from the last and darkest hour, a period of the decadence of preaching, sprang forth the brightest examples of successful achievement. For between St. Bernard's marvellous career as God's trumpet and our own day, France has not known so powerful a public teacher of religion as Francis de Sales. This is saying much, for since his time we have had Bossuet and Fénelon, Massillon and Bourdaloue and Lacordaire. Yet these mighty names but show off to advantage the more universal fame of our saint. "It is greatly to the honor of Monsignor Freppel," says Canon Mackey, "that in his brilliant discourses on Bossuet he vindicates this distinction for St. Francis. M. Hamon, the saint's chief modern biographer, asserts it with force. The decree of the doctorate explicitly styles the new doctor of the church 'Restorer and Master of Sacred Eloquence.'"

It is doubtless true that as a pulpit rhetorician St. Francis must yield the palm to others, especially to Bossuet. But not as a pulpit persuader, not as the real teacher. He gained his point better than did Bossuet, and he had a higher aim to achieve; Bossuet obtaining by his preaching greater fame as an orator, and St. Francis obtaining the honors of the universal doctorate, first from the unbidden suffrages of the Christian world and then from the sovereign placet of the Holy See.

A fair test is shown by the ordeal of translation. Bossuet is so perfectly French that only a few of his works, and those not the finest, are read in other tongues. And St. Francis is so universal that all he said and wrote has the gift of tongues and is both read and lived in every nation under heaven. His works are among the novice-master's manuals in every religious novitiate, and all devout families in Christendom must have his *Introduction*. Let it be noted, furthermore, that all that

he writes is sermon-writing in its style and method and choice of matter.

The making of a sermon is the forging of a link of union in the fire of personal contact between one soul and another, and may be in form of a letter, a magazine article, or a pulpit address. Many of St. Francis' letters are sermons ready made. Every chapter in *The Devout Life* has that directness and concentrated emphasis of living speech peculiar to public speaking. As to the *Treatise on the Love of God*, it is but the collation and orderly division, as the saint himself tells us, of his addresses to the original Visitandines. "For you must know," he says in his preface, "that we have in this town [Annecy] a congregation of maidens and widows who, having retired from the world, live with one mind in God's service, under the protection of his most holy Mother, and as their purity and piety of spirit have oftentimes given me great consolation, so have I striven to return them the like by a frequent distribution of the holy word, which I have announced to them as well in public sermons as in spiritual conferences, and this almost always in the presence of some religious men and people of great piety. . . . She who is the mother of them and rules them," continually urged him to write out these discourses in systematic order and publish them. So St. Francis de Sales' *liber aureus* is his book of sermons on spiritual doctrine of the higher kind.

St. Francis, therefore, knew the uses of preaching as they are educational to the preacher himself. Scholastic training can do no more than give the mind its weapons and its armor; preaching to the people gradually teaches the mind what armor to put on, and how to wield, and, betimes, how to sharpen the weapons, as well as what choice and change to make of them as the exigencies of the holy war of love and truth arise. It was thus by the private preaching of directing souls that he learned how to write his incomparable work, *The Introduction to a Devout Life*. And by preaching, as already stated and as he says in the preface to the *Treatise on the Love of God*, he learned how to write that golden book. We quote from Canon Mackey's excellent translation: "I have touched on a number of theological questions, proposing simply, not so much what I anciently learned in disputations, as what attention to the service of souls and my twenty-four years spent in holy preaching have made me think most conducive to the glory of the gospel and the church."

Thus it is by preaching that the theologian becomes the apostle. The growth from a learner in the schools to a teacher in the church is experienced in evangelical practice among the people. The best result of a theological training is not in any victorious concursus in the aula maxima of a university crowded with professors and students, but in saving the souls of men by the spoken word, uttered amid throngs of Christians or unbelievers, planting in them the living root of holy faith and cultivating it unto the fruitfulness of holy love. The difference between a learner's mind and a teacher's mind is marked by an interval of the public and private exercise of the evangelical ministry. The professor who stocks minds with the stuff for sermons is the ideal professor, though his doctors of divinity may happen to be graduated only later on in the people's university.

Hence, too, the need of having priests highly educated just for the sake of being popular preachers. Fairly good preachers are not rare, but a man who knows all divinity and can sermonize it all, able and willing to teach synods or sodalities, is exceedingly rare. Men who are highly trained in lecture-rooms are no longer scarce; but when our brilliant minds shall add additional years to their seminary and university course for the sake of their Catholic and non-Catholic brethren, that they may "teach them all things whatsoever" our Saviour has commanded, we shall have what is perhaps now our only lack—preachers of the first class engaged in the ordinary ministry of the word.

To one in the least degree interested in the divine art of converting and elevating souls nothing can be more interesting than Canon Mackey's narrative of the formation of the Christian preacher in the person of St. Francis. He traces it from the time the charming little boy at the Castle of Sales preached his mother's instructions to his playfellows, through all his long course of study, during which he preached like a seraph to his associates in the college societies, until his graduation honors in the university of the non-Catholic Apostolate among the Calvinists of the Chablais.

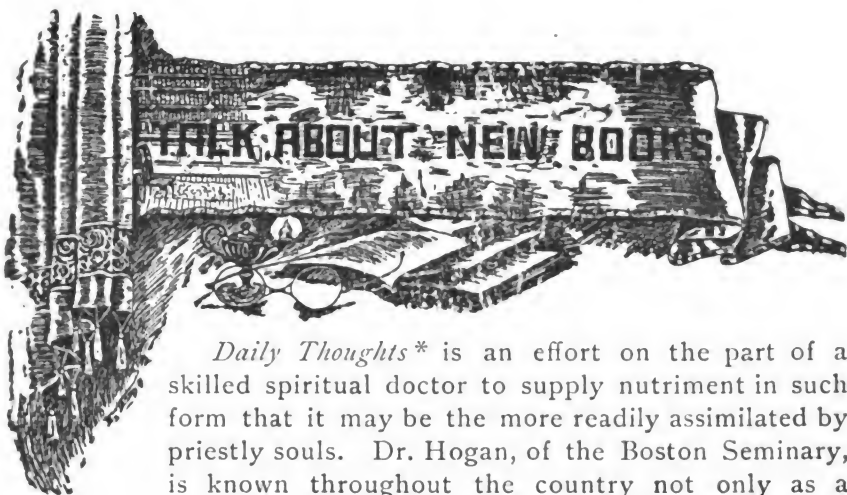
His zeal for preaching was such that he never refused—he himself affirms he never was able to refuse—a request for a sermon. He was the great preacher at solemn obsequies of princes and princesses, at assemblages of political notables and in the presence of monarchs; he was the little preacher for a handful of nuns or a little circle of devout ladies at court.

During one of his visits to Paris Bourdaloue says of him that he was the "Apostle of the Court." "Why not add that he was the Apostle of the City? that 'theatre of the world,' whose population," says Canon Mackey, "abandoned itself with a sacred passion to the magic of his eloquence. He preached ordinarily twice and often thrice a day. The largest churches could not contain the crowds that flocked to his discourses. Men got up by ladders to the windows and made holes in the roof to catch at least the tones of that celestial voice. All this in spite of the fact, or perhaps in consequence of the fact, that in this seat of worldliness and vanity the saint adopted his very simplest style, divesting his own word of all extraneous ornament to leave God's word in its intrinsic beauty. . . . St. Vincent de Paul said that he listened to our saint as to the Gospel speaking (*Evangelium loquens*)."

The perusal of these pages will aid any earnest priest in acquiring qualities and in correcting faults with a view to becoming an effective persuader of men. Though treated in the form of a narrative, and abounding in much valuable historical reading, the book is mainly a plain summary of the Salesian spirit and practice of preaching.

We cannot conclude without noticing the author's account of the co-working of our saint with St. Vincent de Paul in the reform of pulpit eloquence, throwing light as it does on the co-ordinate action of minds, very different in some things, yet of full accord in all good works, especially in that of elevating the intellectual and spiritual condition of the standard and ordinary clergy of the church.





*Daily Thoughts** is an effort on the part of a skilled spiritual doctor to supply nutriment in such form that it may be the more readily assimilated by priestly souls. Dr. Hogan, of the Boston Seminary, is known throughout the country not only as a deep and original thinker on the questions of the day but as one of the great adepts in soul-training. His skill is the result of many years of experience in training the young levite as well as in directing sacerdotal retreats.

The judgments of such a man are worth listening to, and anything from his pen is to be treasured as veriest wisdom. His late work, *Clerical Studies*, is still widening the sphere of its influence, while this latest work, *Daily Thoughts*, is calculated to supplement the suggestions of the former work by supplying the soul pabulum. It consists of a series of chapters on moral and spiritual topics almost too long to be accounted meditations, and yet not long enough to be characterized by the name of treatises, and every one is as full of spirituality as "an egg is full of meat." In the preface the author hints that if these *Daily Thoughts* are well received, more will follow. We bespeak for the book a hearty reception, for Dr. Hogan's pen is too valuable to be permitted to rust.

No book on Matthew Arnold can fail to be interesting, and no book by Professor Saintsbury can be anything but clever. And still a disappointment attends the perusal of his last volume,† even though it be the biography of the "Apostle of Culture." It is indeed true that things literary played so large a part in Arnold's life as to make other facts insignificant by comparison, and that, perhaps, explains why we must swallow our disappointment. Still there is an honest desire in most of us—not all "curiosity" either—to make closer personal acquaintance with the actual historical details of a character we

* *Daily Thoughts for Priests*. By Very Rev. J. B. Hogan, S.S., D.D., President of St. John's Seminary, Brighton, Mass. Boston: Marlier, Callanan & Co.

† *Matthew Arnold*. By George Saintsbury, M.A. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

have come to know, to revere, and to dream over. And this we have come to claim as a right when our hero has passed away from life. Hence chagrin, if our cherished expectation of a biography meets with nothing more than a splendid critical analytic *résumé*. This time, however, we must admit to having analysis and criticism in such sort as almost to compensate for our disappointment. Honest, deep, comprehensive, comparative, sympathetic the critic is—what else, indeed, could Mr. Saintsbury be? We read and mark admiringly, and mentally note the page that we may return to it again, after we have again perused the passages commented upon.

Most interesting of all is the chapter "In the Wilderness," devoted to a period in Arnold's life which, in his critic's judgment, was well-nigh wasted. The decade of years ending with 1877 was given over to writing of sufficiently religious or political cast as largely to destroy its literary worth, and Mr. Saintsbury both laments this temporary infidelity to the Muse, and makes rather a savage polemic against the actual productions of Arnold's pen during this period.

One limitation we would make, namely, that it was quite natural and consistent for the author of *Culture and Anarchy*, the knight-errant of anti-Philistinism, to run his tilt in the religious field. Church and formal religion have their large influence on the individual's general culture—an influence deeper and more controlling than many of us suppose. Not strange, therefore, was Arnold's evident desire to sway the religious opinions of his contemporaries, whose philosophy of life he aimed at altering. Not stranger is his onslaught on Puritan morality and Church-of-England dogma, for these things were pleading for thorough-going hostile criticism. But it was in the crusade against dogmatic Christianity—known to Mr. Arnold, indeed, only by caricature—that he ran foul of reason, reverence, and common sense; and the critic's verdict on this ill-omened work is a delicious composition of keenness and grace.

Mr. Saintsbury has done his devoir honestly and charmingly. He has avoided small sneering, as he has refrained from extravagant laudation. We lay down his volume grateful to its writer, won back to our old affection for its subject, ready again to look for the dawning of light over dreary Philistia:

Still nursing the unconquerable hope,
Still clutching the inviolable shade.

The Sisters of St. Joseph will undoubtedly find not a little spiritual profit in the meditations which have been prepared by one of their own number, and therefore, as one may well suppose, embodying in them the spirit of the community, and gathering in one bunch some of the sweetest flowers that grow in their garden. Nor is the usefulness of this volume* to be confined to the community to which it owes its origin. Meditations are the staple food of the religious life, and food prepared by skilled hands, and pronounced genuine by collaborators who can be depended on, is acceptable to all souls.

The author of the *Romance of Ludwig II.*† brings to her task one excellent disposition in a biographer, a love of her hero; but there are limits within which the feeling should be kept. While helping the exercise of advocacy where right, while aiding the judgment in deciding in the instances where a nice calculation of probabilities is demanded, this affection is fatal when it can only see one side where delicate adjustments ought to be made, and when in matters of defence advocacy becomes passion or prejudice instead of explanatory palliation. The unfortunate Ludwig had a taint of madness in his blood which might never have been developed if his education were judicious.

It is not necessary to go so far back into his ancestry as to the Welfs, almost in the twilight of time, whose courts were filled by Minnesingers who gave life to the ideas of chivalry and love, to the music and the mystery with which the very air of Bavaria was in a manner laden—to go back, we say, for the shadow which darkened the soul of this ill-starred and gifted prince. There seemed a wild strain in his grandfather—he was one who performed acts most unlike a king; and yet the darkness had not fallen on him. Possibly the joyousness of an unconventional nature served as a safety-valve. How many of the Welfs, so strong, so daring, so romantic and passionate, such dreamers of dreams and captives of poesy and music, would have stood the test of nineteenth century social strait-waistcoating! They acted their dreams in the hills, on the wolds, in huntings dangerous as war—acted them in

* *Manual of Meditations, preparatory to the Feasts of Our Lady's Immaculate Conception, of St. Joseph and of the Visitation of the Most Blessed Virgin Mary, followed by Meditations for the Feasts of St. Francis de Sales and St. Teresa, and a Novena in preparation for the Feast of Pentecost.* For the use of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Carondelet. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder.

† *The Romance of Ludwig II. of Bavaria.* By Frances Gerard. London: Hutchinson & Co.; New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

battle and in bower, acted them in civil war, and in the mighty movements of hosts over Europe and Western Asia for the Cross.

Ludwig's devotion to Wagner was akin to idolatry. We think the opinions expressed that it was a selfish craze or a boyish caprice are by no means near the truth. It may be that in reality he had not the truly educated ear, as one or more say of him, but there may be an informing spirit which reveals the mystery of an art more absolutely than technical education. How much in all things rests upon association! He was in a world of fancy in his childhood. We are told that one day he was found by Professor Von Döllinger nearly lost to sight in the depths of a sofa in a dark room. It was necessary he should be kept from the light on account of the delicacy of his eyes. Döllinger, who pitied him, said: "Your highness should have something read to you; that would serve to pass these tedious hours." "Oh! they are not tedious to me. I think of lots of things, and I am quite happy." To him, living in such reveries, the maestro who gave new voice to so much of the old echoes of the Minnesingers would not be merely a composer. He would be the embodiment of whatever belonged to the magic of the *Niebelungenlied*, the enchanter at whose spell the airy nothings of his own brain took shape. In the friendship between the boy and Wagner there was an element which tickles the palate of those gourmets of the mind to whom the pettiness of genius is a delectable morsel. The great artist used his influence with the young king with a cold-blooded duplicity which would have done credit to a pupil of Macchiavelli. We do not agree with our author in condemning the people of Munich for their dislike of Wagner. It is seldom one finds so sad a history as we possess in these pages: a young man born to the highest fortune, and endowed with abilities and tastes which would have made his own life enviable and been the means of conferring on his fellow-creatures such a measure of happiness as it is seldom in the power of man to bestow, smitten by a blow which blots him out of the world as though he had not been.

The Jubilee will call out a literature that is peculiar to itself. There will come up many questions of a theological nature which will demand a thorough discussion, and as the questions of indulgences are always to be strictly interpreted, many interesting queries will arise about the conditions of

gaining the Jubilee. We anticipate not a few pamphlets and booklets that will eke out our meagre supply of literature. Father McGowan* is the first in the field with his sermons for priests. His volume, in a handy form, besides a discourse on the Jubilee, contains strong and persuasive sermons on such topics as Sin, Divine Grace, Prayer, Temptation.

The Children of Mary† is an ever-growing organization, and while its membership already reaches into the thousands, it is constantly widening the sphere of its influence. Its meetings are gatherings composed of many very intelligent young people, and for a director to supply the right kind of spiritual food and to have it seasoned in the proper way is no easy task. A book of addresses that will furnish his own mind stimulation and suggestion along the line of subjects fitting their needs will be found very helpful.

Religious in general and the Sisters of Mercy in particular will be interested in a volume‡ which provides meditations for candidates who are preparing to enter into the religious life. Together with the meditations on the very fundamental truths there are included "lectures" on topics akin to the meditations, the whole carrying one through a retreat of eight days. While the printing is very creditably done by the colored boys who are gathered at the Industrial School in Clayton, Del., still it indicates a lack of business instinct not to put a book like this in the hands of a publisher who has a known place of business, so that it may be obtained by those who want a copy.

Each one of the Gospels was written with some particular purpose in view. St. Matthew evidently addressed his words to the Jews, and was anxious to convince them that Jesus was the one who fulfilled all the Messianic prophecies; while St. John's Gospel is a most luminous defence of the divinity of Christ. It may be called the Gospel of Testimony. A cursory reading of it makes it very plain that St. John had for his special object the gathering of the various testimonies to

* *A Series of Ten Sermons for a Jubilee Retreat.* By Rev. F. X. McGowan, O.S.A. New York: Pustet & Co.

The Jubilee Manual. Prayers and Pious Exercises for Private and Public Devotion during Jubilee Year, 1900. New York and Cincinnati: Pustet & Co.

† *Home Truths for Mary's Children.* By E. C. B., Religious of St. André. London: Burns & Oates; New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

‡ *Retreat for Reception: A series of Meditations especially adapted for the private use of Candidates preparing for entering into the religious life.* Translated from the French by a Sister of Mercy.

Jesus. With this in view he dwells on the statements of John the Baptist, of Nicodemus, of the people, of Pilate, and of many others. He tells us how some rejected and others accepted the professions of the Son of God. For these reasons, if we may institute a comparison in values between the various Gospels, we would account the Fourth Gospel by all odds the most useful to our modern world. Rev. John McIntyre, the professor of Scripture at St. Mary's College, Oscott, has gathered into an exceedingly handy volume* a great deal of erudition and not a little useful commentary on the words of St. John.

"No man drinking old, hath presently a mind to new: for he saith, the old is better." The movement to return to the old is not confined to the Church and to the Episcopalian body. It is very strong, also, in what goes by the name of literature. It would be difficult to enumerate the editions of Sir Walter Scott which have appeared within a few years, while of the novels of the last century and of Elizabethan dramatists, and of the still earlier writers, various editions have been published. For the great middle-age writers the demand is so great as to justify the reprint of works of from forty to fifty quarto volumes. The *Flowers of St. Francis* cannot be called a great work, if judged by the number of pages; but it is more likely to last to the end of the world than some of its more voluminous compeers. Many editions and reprints of this book have recently been published. With the possible exception of the *Life of St. Francis* by St. Bonaventure, the *Flowers of St. Francis*† manifest more of the touching simplicity of the Gospels than any book written up to the present time. This edition is the most beautiful of all that have appeared, and the one most in harmony in every respect with the work. The most notable feature are the illustrations by Mr. Paul Woodroffe. These we make no attempt to criticise, but an artist friend assures us that they are singularly beautiful in so far as they represent reality, but are lacking in the presentation of the visions. The latter are too realistic.

Dean Farrar‡ is one of the most popular writers of the

* *The Holy Gospel according to Saint John*. By the Rev. John McIntyre, D.D., Professor of Scripture at St. Mary's College, Oscott. London: Catholic Truth Society.

† *The Little Flowers of St. Francis of Assisi*. With eight illustrations by Paul Woodroffe. London: Kegan Paul & Co.; New York: Benziger Brothers.

‡ *Texts Explained; or, Helps to understand the New Testament*. By F. W. Farrar, D.D., F.R.S. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

present time, and also one of the most prolific. He has claims to be looked upon as a scholar, having been a master of one of the great English public schools, and the author of a Greek grammar. But the great number of his writings has seriously damaged his reputation for accuracy—the soul of a scholar's life—and the most he can lay claim to is the faculty of rendering popular, more or less acceptably, the scholarship of the more profound students.

The present work of three hundred and fifty pages is written to call attention to a large number of verses which have been inaccurately rendered by the Protestant authorized version and which the Revised Version so recently made does not make perfectly plain. This is the case, too, in matters in which points of doctrine are involved.

The dean is an ardent Protestant and loses no opportunity to weaken the force of the texts which support Catholic doctrine; see, *e. g.*, John x. 16; vi. 55; xx. 23. He is dogmatic and assertive in the extreme, and would lead credulous readers to think that there is not the smallest basis in Scripture for the sacrificial character of the Lord's Supper, for Transubstantiation, for the power of absolving. So sweeping, however, are his assertions and his denials that they will deceive no one who does not wish to be deceived.

On the other hand, the corrections made by the dean of the Protestant versions, and his remarks upon them, vindicate at times the conformity of the church's doctrine with the Gospel, as, *e. g.*, John ii. 4. Even here, however, the dean cannot refrain from an unwarranted attack on Catholic doctrine.

To the student able to test and qualify Dr. Farrar's assertions the book will be interesting and useful; to others it will be in the highest degree misleading.

The author of *Nooks and Corners** has made out to give us a great deal of useful information concerning New York City in brief space. He has done it by plain statements, reinforced at times by interesting comments, and now and again by the quaint and beautiful illustrations drawn from authentic sources, so that text and picture blend together in making a volume which will be prized and often read. Of whatever antiquity we of the United States may be said to possess New York City has its full share, and of historical events and happenings

* *Nooks and Corners in Old New York*. By Charles Hemstreet. Illustrated by E. C. Peixotto. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

—the Dutch Settlement, the English Occupation, the stirring and fateful scenes of Colonial struggle and victory, its place is altogether unique. Unfortunately, the causes incident to rapid growth, which elsewhere have in a measure worked to obliterate and destroy historic places and buildings, have nowhere done their work so radically as in New York City. Its position as the great port of entry, its limited area previous to the late extension, and the consequent fabulous value of land, may explain in part this demolition. As a city we have few and scanty memorials to tell of what has been; here fewer buildings survive, fewer spaces have been untouched, than anywhere else in America. With much of present interest, value, and beauty, we are singularly poor in what serves for reminiscence. Hence the service of such books as *Nooks and Corners*. If now we see but little, by the aid of reading we can again people spots with associations and invest scenes with the realities which have thereon transpired, and what yet remains will have an added interest. To the author, and also to the Sons of the Revolution, to the Colonial Dames, to the New York Historical Society thanks are due for recalling and perpetuating an interesting and a noble past. No one, however utilitarian or progressive, lives by bread alone, and *Nooks and Corners* will help to stir sentiments and memories amid the din and grinding and oppressive rush of every-day life.

CHRISTMAS JUVENILES.

The deep concern manifested by all the world to-day (for no one seems without it) that THE CHILD shall have the very best that life can give it in order to its most perfect development—physical, moral, and intellectual (we would like to say spiritual, but alas! all the world does not feel this concern), is the thing among all its virtues of which the age may be the proudest. There is much to be said against the present overweening ambition to outdo the parents and teachers of all previous generations in the training of the child. That so many good people have already been born and have lived and died in spite of the imperfect methods of the past, does not reflect very badly on their mothers and fathers and teachers after all. However, we will consider here only the above-named healthy motive—to give the child the very best of everything—and will not stop to discuss the errors of judgment in the attempt to realize this.

The publishers have been as busy as the rest of the world

lately in taking care of their part of the children's education or entertainment. An endless series of improved text-books for school use have been issued by the publishers during the past year, one vying with another to combine in the most perfect way what are evidently thought to be the *two* things necessary—amusement and instruction.

The very latest effort of this kind is the Baldwin Primer issued by the American Book Co. The most up-to-date methods in color-printing have been used in its manufacture, and the child who would not learn from such a pretty book would be hopeless indeed.

The best efforts of the publishers, though, have been put into the books designed for amusement pure and simple. A republication of many of the books which amused even the grandmothers of the present generation of children is no small argument in support of what is implied above about the ancient methods being not so bad after all.

A new edition of the Fairy Tales of Hans Christian Andersen, recently issued by Truslove, Hanson & Comba, is a striking instance of this. Edward Everett Hale, who writes a characteristic preface to the book, seems to think that the creating of child literature has periodical changes, and says that once in a generation a decline sets in, which would argue in the present instance that we have happened on a time of reaction from such an unhappy state—the state of having fallen into “the ruts of the sentimentalist or of the mechanic” in the making of child literature; or what is a more pointed way of putting it—of holding the false theory that “anybody can write a child's book.” He touches the very spot here, and proves it by stating as actual fact that ninety-nine hundredths of the contributions to child literature are from those who have never had charge of either boy or girl. Here is certainly a very illuminating fact in explaining why from a financial stand-point the success of juvenile publications is so precarious. No wonder that the publishers prefer to bring out over and over again books written for children which have been tried and have *not* been found wanting. Such puddings have indeed stood the proof of the eating, and the children are still crying for more. There are many and rich plums within the handsome covers of this new edition of Andersen's Tales, and likewise in the new edition of Charles and Mary Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare*, with an introduction by Andrew Lang, published by this same company. Longmans, Green & Co. have brought

out another story-book about animals, prepared by Andrew Lang, and given one of those suggestive and captious titles he is so happy in selecting—*The Red Book of Animal Stories*. Every funny and fascinating animal under the sun, and some which it is doubtful if the sun ever shone on, seem to have a chapter or so to perpetuate their queer doings. There are many who are used to point a moral, but many more seem destined for no other purpose than the adornment of their respective tails. The pretty story of St. Jerome and the Lion has not been overlooked in this charming collection. The pictures alone do not do justice to the book at a time when the art of illustrating has been so perfected. G. P. Putnam's Sons have touched the perfect mark here, it would seem, in a recent publication of theirs for the children, *Sleepy-Time Stories*, exquisitely illustrated by reproductions of drawings by Maud Humphrey, an inimitable child illustrator if this book is a fair sample of her work. Pictures mean so much to children that it is doubtful whether effort expended in this direction could ever be overdone. The author, Mrs. Booth, certainly comes within Mr. Hale's requirement of knowing children personally in order to write for them. Every word of her text proves it. Chauncey M. Depew dignifies this charming book with an introduction. *Every* one in the world, as we said before, seems to contribute his or her mite to the great cause of child literature. Little, Brown & Co., Boston, have made one of the brute creation the important hero of a very pleasing story for children. Bruno is his name and Byrd Spilman Dewey is his historian. It would, perhaps, be difficult to say which are the dearer favorites of the children, the animals or the fairies, but it is easy to know which have the best effect in the deepening and the development of the human instinct in their little hearts.

Our Catholic writers have not been idle in this cause, and it is by no means because they have been outdone by the others that their publications are here named second. It is rather because they come within such an altogether different estimate that they have been reserved for later and more careful consideration. They have been so prolific in their productions of entirely new literature for children that it would be difficult to find time or space for a review of each book. Father Finn and Marion Ames Taggart could captivate both the heart and soul of any little human with a healthy mind

and sound body, and such captivation would be sure to have the best results for both. Father Finn's latest book for the boys, *The Best Foot Forward*, is not more stimulating and enticing, even in its very title, than Miss Taggart's *Loyal Blue and Royal Scarlet* (Benzigers). The latter has already been published as a serial and has paved the way for itself for a very wide reading in the child world. Anna T. Sadlier in her *True Story of Master Gerard* has used the same well tried theme, knowing that the children's interest can be reckoned on as surely as their elders' when it is a subject of war or rumors of war.

There is serious question of the wisdom of publishing such a book for children (if designed for children) as the translation from the French just issued by this same house of *A Round Table of the Representative French Catholic Novelists*. One could hardly reckon on the deleterious effect of putting into the minds of our healthy Catholic American children, surrounded as they are as a class with unassailably good and right conditions of life for their best development in every way, the ideas which are depicted in this book for the children of the French, brought up (if we are to judge by the statements made herein) under such totally different methods. The book may have a mission with parents as teaching some lessons in parental discipline in a very strong way, but it would be better kept on their top shelf for personal reference only.

H. L. Kilner, of Philadelphia, has given us for the children four new books of unquestioned value. Two are translations from the French of Henri Ardel: *'Twas to Be*, which is a romance designed more for the big brothers and sisters, as is also *Little Arlette, or My Cousin Guy*. *Lot Leslie's Folks*, by Eleanor C. Donnelly, and *Jack Chumleigh at Boarding School*, by Maurice Francis Egan, are a charming pair of juvenile stories, the writers of which need no introduction to our children.

The Art and Book Co., of London, send us two new books of the older style of Catholic juvenile stories: *The Sifting of the Wheat*, a tale of the sixteenth century, by C. M. Home, and *In the Brave Days of Old*, historical sketches of the Elizabethan persecution, by Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B. Burns & Oates, London, have just published a book of this class also, *Clement of Rome and other Tales of the Early Church*, by the Rev. John Freeland. It is good to bring before the children,

as this book does, some of the strong flesh-and-blood heroes of the early faith. They will love and imitate them none the less for the remoteness of their day from our own.

Among the translations B. Herder, of St. Louis, contributes an attractive little book of stories from the German of Konrad Kuemmel, *In the Turkish Camp and Other Stories*. The Germans can scarcely be outdone in their child lore.

The John Murphy Co., of Baltimore, have published two dramas, each in four acts, which will undoubtedly have a good field among the aspirants for theatricals in the academies: *Pontia, the Daughter of Pilate*, by Very Rev. Father Felix, O.S.B., and *The Shepherdess of Lourdes, or the Blind Princess*, by the same author. William H. Young, of New York, has also brought out a drama of this kind: *The Witch of Bramble Hollow*, by Marie Côté, and besides this, this house has recently published a book concerning the dearest of all interests with the children, *The Child's Name*, a collection of nearly five hundred uncommon and beautiful names for children, with an introduction on the tasteful use of Christian names by Julian McCormick.

A rare book for the child is Father Tabb's *Child Verse*, just issued by Small, Maynard & Co., of Boston. Within the narrow bounds of a handful of quatrains he has told the sweetest stories, "grave and gay," of every dear object that enters into the child life, sun, moon, and stars, birds and flowers, and all the living things that charm or amuse or interest this little sovereign in nature—the child. *An Idolater* he calls him in one of his sweetest bits of verse:

"The Baby has no skies
But Mother's eyes,
Nor any God above
But Mother's Love.
His angel sees the Father's face
But *he* the Mother's full of grace;
And yet the heavenly kingdom is
Of such as this."

Father Tabb has so divined the child as to remember its fine sense of humor (a thing child writers too often forget or ignore), and in many a clever little verse he has tickled its fancy by some subtle play on a word or two, as in *Bicycles! Tricycles!*

"Bicycles! Tricycles! Nay, to shun laughter,
Try cycles first, and *buy* cycles after;
For surely the buyer deserves but the worst
Who would buy cycles, failing to try cycles first";

or in *Washington's Ruse*:

"When Georgie would not go to bed,
If some one asked him why,
"What is the use?" he gravely said;
"You know I cannot lie."

And this one:

"O Lady Cloud, why are you weeping?" I said.
"Because," she made answer, "my rain-beau is dead."

He brings the CHILD of Bethlehem very close and makes him very real to the little ones in some of these verses, as in the *Child's Prayer*:

"Lord, I have lost a toy
With which I love to play;
And as you were yourself a boy
Of just my age to-day,
O Son of Mary, would you mind
To help me now my toy to find?"

It is a pity that so choice a collection of children's verse was not embellished somewhat by illustration. While the usual blanks left on the pages under Father Tabb's verse may be an artistic arrangement for their elders, the children can hardly be blamed for wishing that some pretty pictures occupied this extra space. And such verse as this is picture-making enough to the imagination to make an artist of any one.

AN EDITORIAL SUGGESTION FOR THE YEAR 1900.

IN the summer of 1897 the subjoined letter was sent to all the bishops of the Christian world and was published very largely in the press, so that the project of celebrating the end of the century by religious exercises recalling the wonderful triumph of the Cross was cordially acceded to by the spiritual leaders in the church, and bishops, speaking for their own dioceses, signified their intention of doing what may be, within their own jurisdictions. But (and this is my object in bringing the matter to the American public just now) is it not fitting that we in the United States, who have been blessed perchance more than any other people, should in a more united and a more emphatic way celebrate the closing days of this century?

Probably in all history there has not been a more remarkable growth than the last one hundred years has brought to the Church in these United States. This unique fact should have a unique celebration. As the merest suggestion, to be taken up and discussed by the Catholic press, to be approved or to be disapproved, to be excised or expanded, I submit the proposition of bringing about a gathering of priests, bishops, and laymen, under the auspices of the Hierarchy, in some important centre—a gathering which will have as its clearly defined purpose the manifestation of the glories of the Church in these United States during the century, in the various departments of human knowledge and human activity; a gathering in which may be presented by the ablest writers carefully prepared papers on the achievements in the various religious movements of the times. Such a gathering will be epoch-making in its results.

It will undoubtedly have a far-reaching effect not only on the many who, though not of the faith, still look to the Catholic Church as the mainstay of religion, and who say if organized Christianity is to be found anywhere it must be enshrined in Catholicism; but such a celebration will have the other effect of further uniting us against a common opposition, of eradicating whatever differences may have crept in among us on questions of policy, and of presenting to the world of irreligion the spectacle of a united, progressive, and aggressive church which speaks with authority, which settles the perplexing difficulties of belief, and which, finally, claims to be and is the ark of salvation to all the world.

CARDINAL JACOBINI'S PLANS FOR CELEBRATING THE END OF THE CENTURY.

MOST ILLUSTRIOUS AND MOST REVEREND SIR: You have doubtless become aware of the project, advanced by a number of men of great piety, to get the faithful throughout the universe at the close of the present century to affirm in a solemn manifestation, by a series of religious exercises, their love and gratitude to the all-powerful Redeemer of the human race.

The design of these men in this initiative was to respond to the desire of our Holy Father Pope Leo XIII., who wished to consecrate this epoch of transition from one century to another by an extraordinary invocation of the divine assistance of Jesus Christ as a happy presage of peace and concord.

Now, the project of these personages having received the full approbation of His Holiness, and Catholic delegates from all nations having assembled in congress at Rome to promote its realization, it has pleased the Sovereign Pontiff to select me, without any merit on my part, as honorary president of the committee.

Here, assuredly, is a noble task, and I own that I am proud and happy to undertake it. For what could be more agreeable to my feelings than the occasion so favorably presented to me at the end of my days to employ all the strength that is still left me in promoting the glory of our Saviour—all the more, too, in these last days of a departing century? And what a century has been this of ours in which proud men, relying on a science unworthy of the name and displaying an activity which might be called feverish, have carried their audacious temerity to the extent of calling in question the origin of Christianity, or even presenting as a fiction, as a lying legend, faith in the divine person of the Saviour!

Wherefore we shall fervently strive to make reparation for the great injuries done to our Master, to appease God's anger by our prayers, to exalt in pæans of praise the holy name of Jesus Christ, who is the splendor of the glory and the perfect image of the substance of God. Such will be the task in which we shall put forth all our zeal at the dawn of the new century.

Uniting, therefore, as closely as possible under one head the efforts of all, by striking acts of piety and reparation, by the publication of desirable works, by the great voice of the best daily papers, and, finally, by public demonstrations of affection for the Roman Pontiff, we shall easily succeed in celebrating these grand solemnities in the joy of our hearts, and in an imposing concert, as it were, of the voices of all nations. In this way we shall clearly show forth our close alliance of will, the wonderful unity of the church, and the perfect union of the faithful with its head. Moreover, the triumph of the cross, the only source of salvation, being thus verified throughout the universe, human society will escape unharmed from the perils of imminent ruin, and will happily enter upon a path of peace and prosperity at the beginning of the next century.

I entertain the happy expectation that your lordship, as well as all other bishops, will consent to give your powerful support to myself and the committee established at Rome, and, above all, that you will devote your best efforts to the creation of a national committee for the same object.

Awaiting your answer, in order that we may all agree on the measures to be adopted, I earnestly implore the Lord Jesus Christ to vouchsafe in his infinite bounty to hear your lordship's prayers.

Yours most fraternally and devotedly,

CARDINAL JACOBINI.

THE SHAKESPEARE NAME.

ASSUME for the nonce that Bacon wrote the Shakespeare Plays. It may be interesting, then, to consider why he selected Shakspeare, of other men, to be his mask. There are some points that would go to show that it was partly on account of Shakspeare's name, which Bacon adopted because of a resemblance to his own and because he could adapt it to a good pen-name.

It was a great age for playing with words; witness the Plays themselves. Now Francis Bacon, in discussing his name, doubtless discussed it in the radical sense of the word and shook it to pieces. Let us notice some of the findings.

According to the popular derivation, Francis means free. Philologists, however, tell us that Francis means French, which comes from France, which comes from Frank, which further, in the language of the Franks, meant *spear*. Bacon also had closer at hand an Anglo-Saxon word, *franca*, spear.

We can easily shake from Bacon the Greek *akon*, spear, c and k being transliterals for the two languages. To have a closer correspondence, we may take an old variant of the word, *bakon*; and we even find that the philosopher on one occasion signed his name with this spelling. The Shakespearean, Mr. Waite, cites this as showing a careless man, and puts the name in large capitals, BAKON. Francis Bacon is thus a reduplicated name; the central B bristles in both directions; a spear is shaken to the right and left.

This may seem to the reader like the proof of the identity of eel-pie and pigeon: an eel-pie is a jack-pie; a jack-pie is a john-pie; a john-pie is a pie-john; and a pie-john is a pigeon. But this celebrated sortites is for the purpose of rebuses strictly logical; though it is nonsense, there is method in it. If Francis Bacon rang the changes on his name, after the fashion of the day, these things did not escape him. This is enough that he should recognize *spear* as a fanciful meaning of his name. He need not even apologize, "Priscian a little scratched; 'twill serve."

We are not in such haste but we can stop to notice that our next most celebrated case of secret authorship, that of the Letters of Junius, is connected with another Francis, Sir Philip. Francis Bacon and Philip Francis—there seems to be a contradiction of nominal frankness, as if Francis *a non*. "Francis!—Anon, anon, sir."

The approved spelling of the actor's name is Shakspeare. The name is thus written in the register of his birth and in the register of his burial. The marriage-bond gives Shagspere. A shag is a woolly dog.

William means golden helmet. The form of the helmet is well preserved in Wilhelm, and we can see the shimmer of the gold in Guillaume. Transferring to the German helmet the French gilding, we have Guil-helm, which is plain enough.

This, then, may have helped to lead Bacon to take up with Shakspeare—Shakspeare's name; it being easily understood that the young aristocrat would not publish stage-plays under his own ambitious signature. Let us suppose that, while looking about for an esquire, he has heard at the theatre of one Will Shakspeare; he might ponder thus: "What an agreement that name has with mine. I am Shoat-spear and he is Shak-spear; I am Hog-spear and he

is Dog-spear. Will? William is golden helmet; a helmet hides the head and gives protection; a helmet is a mask; and gold? yes that's my object too. William Shakspeare—make it William Shake-speare; it is a fair name."

Mr. Edwin Reed says: "It is significant that in many of the quartos the hyphen is inserted between the syllables (Shake-speare), perhaps (as has been suggested) to give the name a fanciful turn and distinguish it in another slight respect from that of the actor. The true explanation, however, may lie deeper than this. In Grecian mythology Pallas-Athene, the Roman Minerva, was the goddess of wisdom, philosophy, poetry, and the fine arts. Her name originally was simply Pallas, a word derived from *pallein*, signifying to brandish or shake; she was generally represented with a spear; Athens, the home of the drama, was under the protection of this Spear-shaker. In our age, such a name would be understood at once as a pseudonym."

Besides this, in Middle English and in the earliest modern English, we find sphere pronounced spear. Thus spear-shaker is world-shaker—high-sounding, yet, as the event shows, not altogether inaptly chosen. We know that Bacon was an unassuming man, but one of his early productions was styled *The Greatest Birth of Time*; and it was he who quietly wrote: "I have taken all Knowledge for my Province."

Further, Mr. Reed's acute remarks on the hyphenated name do not touch the significance of the hyphen in itself. Hyphen means *under one*, its parts being *hy-po*, under, and *hen*, one (the number 1). This easily takes on the meaning of that which is under the number 1, namely, zero, the cipher. Shake *hyphen* spear thus becomes Shake cipher spear, as though written ShakeOspeare. Naught is the non-significant digit; though it means nothing, yet it counts for so much. Here we have it the digit of digits, the finger of fingers, a veritable right-hand index to point out the syllables one at a time, so that a child or he who runs may read.

Lord Verulam himself tells us that we shall sometimes discover that objects, which of all others appeared to us the most useless, remote, and inapplicable to our purpose, possess the very properties we are in search of.

In the ancient story, when the people were looking towards the east, each man anxious to be the first to catch the light of the sun, there was a slave who turned his face to the west. Great must have been the laughter. But before the sun glanced above the horizon, it gilded some high projections in the occident, and it was the slave that cried "I see the sun-light." Sometimes an efficacious method is overlooked, perhaps despised.

I have assumed that Bacon wrote the Shakespeare Plays. I would ask leave to state here as an announcement, to be substantiated later, that I have discovered this to be a fact. When the Plays were written they were larded with various peculiar kinds of lard. In particular, I have found what I now wrap in an anagram:

: NESO ALTO NESO : FFF CHIRB GGG TU TU.

When this is unveiled, there will shine forth easy proof like day-light that
FRANCIS BACON WROTE THE SHAKESPEARE PLAYS.

NEAL H. EWING.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

AT the Catholic Club of New York City a reception was given last month to representatives of the Auxiliary Board of Trinity College for the higher education of women, now building in Washington. There was a large attendance of prominent women deeply interested in the success of the new project. Archbishop Corrigan presided. Miss Olive Risley Seward, secretary of the Auxiliary Board, explained the national scope of the movement, stating that there has not been any place where Catholic young women wishing to take a post-graduate course could go except to some college not conducted under the auspices of their church. That is the reason for Trinity, which is to be wholly Catholic. The land already is bought and paid for and the corner-stone laid, and it is expected that the college will be opened early in October, 1900. Boston has promised a library and California will establish an art section. Speaking of the enormous amount of work done, Miss Seward said: They say an American man sees what he wants and goes for it. The American woman says what she wants and gets it, for it is given to her by her countrymen.

Rev. M. J. Lavelle, president of the Champlain Summer-School, asserted that the educated woman makes a better wife and mother than a simpering idiot who knows nothing but fashion and novels. If women were lacking in intelligence, as some argue, it would be no wonder. The history of the world is the emancipation of women. Many cares that surround them now are chains of slavery. When the time comes that man stands before the same bar of public opinion for conduct as woman a change will take place in the world.

Senator Carter, of Montana, stated that by order of Miss Seward he was drafted into the service. These nice ladies brought me along from Washington to look after the luggage, and now they assign me to speak. The time has passed when ignorance is regarded as a necessary virtue. He looked forward to the time when women, with their keen minds and strong characters, will be in the astronomical observatories and chemical laboratories; when they will go more into the sciences. If any man thinks a woman wouldn't discover a new star, he got away from his mother before she got the run of him, and he never was married. Whereupon his wife, who also was on the platform, tried to frown upon him, but decided to laugh instead.

The last speaker, former Justice Daly, remarked that he too was there by order of Miss Seward. Senator Carter had come all the way over from Washington, and he had come all the way from down-town, which in these days of interlacing trolleys was far more dangerous. Then he praised Trinity College and the women who had projected it. He advocated the highest education for women.

Mrs. T. W. Ward, president of the New York Associate Board, was on the platform. Some of the other New York members, all of whom were present, are Miss Leary, Mrs. John E. Grote Higgins, Mrs. Geraldyn Redmond, Mrs. Edward Henry Anderson, Mrs. Joseph F. Daly, Mrs. John A. Sullivan, Mrs. De Navarro, Mrs. Thomas Addis Emmet, Mrs. James Rich Steers, Miss Drexel,

and Mrs. V. O. Dahlgren. Some of the guests from Washington included Mrs. Carter, Mrs. M. F. Egan, Mrs. W. C. Robinson, Miss Marie Clotilde Redfern, Mrs. Zebulon B. Vance, Miss Sherman, Miss Catharine Roach, and the Countess de Lechtervelde.

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In the Grand Hall of Studies, Academy Mount St. Vincent on the Hudson, December 1, Miss Marion J. Brunowe gave the first reading in her series of papers on Distinguished Women. The paper was entitled: Mrs. Oliphant as Woman and Author.

The subject was one of great interest, owing to the fact that at the present time there is the most lively discussion going on among the critics as to whether or not Mrs. Oliphant was a great author. Miss Brunowe concluded that Mrs. Oliphant was a wonderful woman, a most industrious woman, a woman of beautiful and noble character, an interesting and sane writer, but not a great literary artist. She lacked restraint, sense of proportion, charm of style. Hers was not "the golden word that leaps forth immortal." She did good work, but she did not do great work.

Miss Brunowe's paper was written in her usual attractive style, and the many anecdotes which she recounted in connection with Mrs. Oliphant's life moved her audience at times to the most lively mirth and again to the deepest sympathy for this interesting writer, this heroic and lovable woman. The Alumnae Society of Mount St. Vincent held a grand reunion lately at the Waldorf-Astoria. An elaborate musical and literary programme was given exclusively by the members.

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To those who are anxious to know how permanent town or village libraries may be established in New York State the following information is given:

It requires only \$100 as capital to establish a library which will afford plenty of reading matter for the first year. All that is necessary beyond the \$100 will be a little free service from the people, and the State will do the rest. If twenty-five taxpayers petition for a library, the law requires a popular vote to be taken upon the question. This vote may be taken at any election of the village, town, or school district, or it may be done by the village trustees or school authorities. At the same time five trustees should be elected, one of whom shall go out of office each year, and a tax of \$100 should be levied for the maintenance of the library.

Should the raising of the \$100 by tax prove impracticable, an association could be formed, trustees elected, the money raised by private subscription, and a like sum pledged to continue the work for the second year. In that case it is said there is little doubt that the Regents would grant a charter.

When the formalities of establishing the library are complete and the money in hand, the State will pay as much (up to \$200) as the local authorities will pay for approved books, serials and bindings, or for approved library supplies in the case of libraries just starting.

The aid extended by the State to libraries under its charter or control is a yearly gift, and in the second year of its existence the library could again call upon the State for as large a sum (up to \$200) as it could raise from local sources. The incidental expenses of such a library in the second year would be less than in the first, and if \$100 was raised locally considerably more than one hundred new books could be added.

In any community of a few hundred inhabitants such a library as is indicated could be founded if two or three enthusiastic men or women would take up the project. If any one wants to make the attempt and will write to Public Libraries Division, State Library, Albany, N. Y., circulars and blanks covering the subject will be promptly furnished. We are much pleased to get the information given in the following letter from one of the best workers for the diffusion of sound literature :

Several days ago I made application to Albany to have the *History of the Catholic Church in the United States*, by John Gilmary Shea, put on the approved list of books for public libraries in the State of New York. I am happy to inform you that Mr. Eastman replied promptly, saying that he was willing to authorize the payment of public money for that work. Doubtless you are aware of the new edition which D. H. McBride & Co. are now bringing out. The binding and print are much better than the first edition, published for \$20 per set. Prices are now reduced : cloth binding, \$12 ; half morocco, \$15. I am very glad that we have this work in the Regents' list of approved books.

* * *

Herbert Putnam, the Librarian of Congress, has submitted his first annual report. It contains as an appendix a personal sketch of John Russell Young, late librarian, and Mr. Putnam's predecessor. The report is made up mainly of a statement of what the library contains up to date in the line of books, pamphlets, maps, charts, music, manuscripts, and prints.

This mass of material has never been catalogued on a modern basis, and Mr. Putnam states in great detail just what should be done in this line. He recommends a considerable increase in the working force of the library to accomplish this and other necessary work. In the estimates the total force is raised from 134 to 229. He is now getting together a working reference library for the use of members at the Capitol. Special collections will be sent over on deposit from time to time bearing on questions at the moment under consideration. Mr. Putnam says the reading and music-room for the blind has been decidedly successful.

It would be very interesting to know in what way the books by Catholic authors are arranged in the Congressional Library. As the publishers send copies of each book to secure copyright, there should be a very complete collection. Who will look into this matter, and make a report for the Columbian Reading Union? This is a fine opportunity for volunteer service.

M. C. M.



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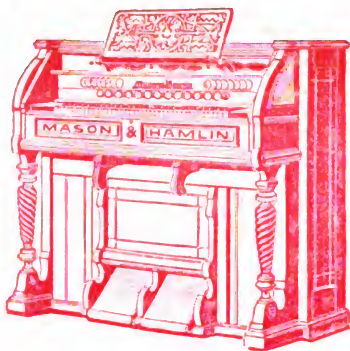
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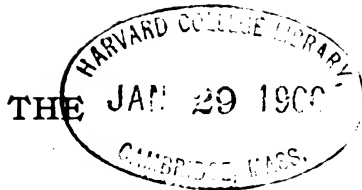
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"ROTTEN ROW, THE FASHIONABLE DRIVEWAY OF LONDON, IS A CORRUPTION OF ROUTE DU ROI" (*See page 505*).



CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. LXX.

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No. 419.

THE EVANGELIZATION OF CITIES.



THE problem of the salvation of the city life in America is causing no end of trouble to the thinking men of the times. The fact that the present generation of children is largely growing up without the ingrained spirit of religion, together with the existing "worldliness" of the men and women who are on the scenes of present-day activities, makes far-seeing men at times fear that there is little hope of the future moral regeneration of our civic life.

The word "worldliness" is used to signify that peculiar American spirit which is the resultant of the numerous agencies of our civilization which may be catalogued under the following heads: the striving for wealth, the disruption of domestic life, the decaying spirit of reverence for things sacred, the eager pursuit after pleasure, the vanishing belief in the sanctions of the moral law. All these agencies combine to create a typical urban American who follows no religious form, who tries to get all he can out of life, and who is legally moral because he dreads the consequences of any infraction of the civil law.

This spirit of worldliness which constitutes the atmosphere of our modern city is like a contagion that infects the souls of many and poisons their religious life. It is a damp, sunless atmosphere, very favorable to the culture of vice germs, and very unfavorable to a healthy religious life. It is little wonder, then, where this spirit is most rampant, as it is in our great cities, there is a gradual decay of church-going, and there are loud complaints by earnest church-workers of the growing paganism and irreligion of the day.

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VOL. LXX.—37

But it is altogether peculiar that the loudest and most aggravated complaints come from non-Catholic church-workers. The story of empty pews has become a twice-told tale. The constant reaching after "sensations" is no indication of a steady, healthy life. The violent efforts in census-taking, house-to-house visitations, the Baxter Street Jew methods of "pulling in," savor very largely of the futile and fatal struggle for life. Mr. Moody was undoubtedly a sincere man as well as an earnest missionary, and in his day did not a little to awaken the slumbering religious sense of his people; but when he attempted, as he did during the last few years of his life, to penetrate the dense "worldliness" of our largest cities, he failed completely. He made scarcely a ripple on the surface. His voice was as an arrow that was shot through the air and when it was gone there was none to mark its path or notice its fall.

There is even now as we write a shrewdly advertised effort to evangelize Brooklyn. The great papers have been enlisted in the effort, the theatres have been borrowed for the purpose, the street-corners have been utilized in the endeavor, the Y. M. C. A. halls have been given over to the movement. And what will be the result of the agitation? Not many days will have passed after the revival has subsided before there will be a cooling of individual fervor, a relapsing from personal effort, and a backsliding from church-membership. The reason is simply because there is no organization to hold, there is no dogmatic life to steady, there is no authoritative moral teacher to guide, and finally, there is no satisfying devotional life to constantly attract. Still we cannot but commend the zeal of the church-workers. If they had an organization behind them that was so complete in its detail that it could take the child from the mother's arm, and surround him all through life with such safeguards as would make it difficult for him to fall away, they might hope to see some lasting results from their labors.

In the first place, if they are anxious to preserve the streams of religious life pure, they will be obliged to begin nearer their source, in childhood. If they desire to have these same streams flowing full and strong, they must feed them from a thousand springs by the wayside as they rush along through life. What are the facts? Non-Catholic churches are open as a general rule but for an hour during the week, and the impressions that are received during this short time are easily superlaid or dissipated by the ever-active agencies of

the world during the rest of the week. When they do open, at the very best the religious impressions are very much diluted. There is little deep-searching prayer, there is less of the cultivation of that humble and contrite spirit which makes the best soil for the operation of divine grace. There are many other things that contribute to make up the powerlessness of the non-Catholic churches to cope with the problems of city life. What is the result? The people have turned away from the broken cisterns that will not hold the soul-satisfying draught. Helen Clark, of the Evangel Band, published figures showing that while there are Protestant churches for every fifty-five hundred of the population in Greater New York, yet only seven per cent. of people are church members, and this is one per cent. less than ten years ago. In the West, where there is less respect for time-honored customs, the evil reveals itself in more glaring characteristics. In Chicago the number of non-Catholic churches that are untenanted all the year round is absolutely deplorable.

But what will become of our city life? Is the spirit of religion to die out? Is there no efficient means to regenerate the urban masses? The shrewdest social workers are looking to the church, which still holds the affections of the people. Wherever the agencies of evil are active, it has been the policy of the Catholic Church to multiply the helps of religion. She instills into the child's heart during its best years a deep spirit of faith, a love for the fundamental principles of morality, a reverential respect for authority. She cultivates his conscience by means of the confessional. She provides strengthening influences to invigorate weak human nature when the season of temptation comes. As he enters man's estate she still asserts her claim on him by demanding Sunday attendance at Mass, daily prayer, frequent confession. She provides abundant extra services at times of missions when the deep-searching truths of eternity penetrate the innermost folds of his heart. She follows him to the sick-bed, and when death comes again calls his mortal remains back to her altar for the last blessing and then lays it in the consecrated grave. Her organization is effective to keep the delinquent within safe barriers, her hand is strong to pick up the fallen, her lash is heavy for the recalcitrant, her heart is sympathetic to the weak and the erring.

The deepest students of our civic problems look to the Catholic Church for the regeneration of city life.

NATURE-WORSHIP A PAGAN SENTIMENT.

BY REV. JOSEPH MCSORLEY, C.S.P.



TO conceive of Catholic doctrine as the synthesis of all truth would be a notion neither false nor exaggerated. Whatever the Church fails to teach formally, she yet recognizes and rests upon, in so far as it is true. The laws of nature and the principles of art, the dogmas of science and of philosophy, the verities of history, ethics, and social studies, all are but divisions of a splendid whole—outward expressions of the eternal Uncreated Truth. And so it happens that every falsity and every exaggeration is bound to prejudice in some degree that perfect harmony, toward the realization of which the Church's action is ever tending.

PANTHEISM ROBS GOD OF PERSONALITY.

It is perhaps to be expected that misunderstanding and distortion of a particular truth will recur with a frequency corresponding to the loftiness and beauty and attractive power of that truth. Hence the reason why the artist, the philosopher, the theologian notice the wonderful persistency of a certain class of errors which, exaggerating the loveliness of this fair world, would make of it the Ultimate Reality, substituting it for the Being who has, indeed, but vested himself therewith as with a clinging garment of beauty.

All through the history of philosophy and religion, from Eleatics to modern Hegelians, we cross and recross the trail of this error. Now in a materialistic garb, again psychological, social, or mystical in form, it pervades the speculations of Germany, France, England, and America, as it did the older thought of India, Persia, and Greece,—naturally enough, too, since the creature, made for God, is ever seeking knowledge of him, and in untaught ignorance will frame to itself a divinity out of the noblest elements it knows: the round ocean, the mighty firmament, or the living mind of man. Thus it ever happens that the souls of those who love sweet Nature best are most readily deluded into an unreal worship, that because it is unreal leaves brain bewildered and heart unsatisfied.

It is precisely on account of apparent nobility that the pantheistic notion has become so fatally dominant. To worship Nature is an instinct strong within the loftiest of our race. Adoration of the universe seems to be but one remove from adoration of its Maker; to be, at worst, but a single step downward. In this creed Divine Truth, Divine Goodness, and Divine Beauty are still upheld, however vaguely and impersonally; and after Deism or Calvinism—the systems which represent the world as either ignored or hated by God—we turn to this worship of Nature as a refreshing, ennobling, elevating alternative. That men should thus react is perhaps, on the whole, an encouraging and a welcome sign; but still, though their error be only a step distant from truth, that step measures a fatal interval—for it robs God of personality. That this mistake practically identifies religion with atheism, that it stultifies philosophy, benumbs art, and deadens ethics, is a necessary and evident consequence; what is more, it preys upon the very flower of human possibilities, man's power of attaining to personal intimacy with Almighty God.

We have, then, touched upon a serious question of practical importance for high and noble natures. To such ideals are as the breath of their nostrils. Characteristically honest to whatever light is given them, they live and die true to their world-view, their philosophy of life; and born for the successful achievement of high resolve, their progress is limited only by the falsehood, or obscurity, which bars "the road upward." Hence the Church's concern for them, as being truly her sheep strayed from the fold of her Master.

THE NATURE CULT OF THIS CENTURY.

Our own century, just ending, perhaps has seen some of the fairest fruits of this cult of Nature. In so great an abundance have its votaries communicated the results of their musings, through the medium of fine literature, high thinking, and noble ethics, that many a splendid soul has been won to seek in it the solace of that divine unrest which is ever urging man toward God.

With the reaction from the mad individualism of the Revolution and the unrestrained Idealism of the Critical Philosophy came a renewal of the instinctive longing for Divinity, and an acknowledgment of the mystic sympathy between man and the visible world. Germany, that has played so mighty a rôle in shaping the history of our century, marked the transition by

a renaissance in poetry, painting, and history, and a rejection of morbid religiosity. Romantic realism, so to call it, was substituted for lifeless Classicism, and subjective Egoism gave way to objective Pantheism, to a passionate worship of the outer world. In philosophy, Schelling, the boy-Plato, with a fervid poetic imagination and a deeply mystic bent of mind, and in letters, Goethe, with his startling assault upon traditional models, were influences that colored a whole school of writers and made a marked impression on the English-speaking world. And near enough to home we have a brilliant representative in the Sage of Concord, Emerson's poetry exhibiting much of that dreamy mysticism which has proven attractive to so many of his countrymen.

None who are sensitive to the bewildering charms of visible nature can repress a stirring of sympathy at sound of Emerson's verse. The lyrical magic of the "Ode to Beauty," utterly sensuous, mad with cravings indefinable and the languishing of impotent desire, sounds the note of completest devotion to the loveliness of

"The frailest leaf, the mossy bark,
The acorn's cup, the rain-drop's arc,
The swinging spider's silver line,
The ruby in the drop of wine,
The shining pebble of the pond."

We pity the reader capable of ignoring the poetic fervor, the soft refinement, the glowing descriptive richness, the matchless music of the verses in "Wood-Notes" and "May-day." Our language is the richer for the production of these verses, and to many a soul, no doubt, they have given intimations of a lovelier world and purer thoughts than previous experience had ever revealed. We can see the poet threading autumn thickets and pacing the flower-besprinkled aisles of woodland, lifted up in ecstatic thrills of sympathy and love for his beautiful mistress the curtains of whose dwelling are raised at his approach. The smokeless incense of the Spring, the darkling lake, the pendent mountain's shade, melody of wind, and amorous note of bird, we now seek expectantly in scenes formerly cold and uninspiring. "Nature is loved by what is best in us," he says. "Concerning it no man can affect an indifference or incuriosity."* His garden was the forest ledge above banks sloping to the blue lake's depths. The voice of

* "Essay on Nature."

the sea was his music morn and eve. The rainbow, and the sunset, and the coursing orbs knit his whole world into a glowing harmony of perfect beauty.

ELEVATING THOUGH COMFORTLESS.

Undeniably such thinking is as wholesome as it is lovely. The meanest of men becomes less mean and more a man for having learned to stand out in the open and face the searching, summoning, menacing presence of universal Nature. And the refining influence of this worship is to be traced in the high sentiments and lofty aspiration of men and women who love Nature as Emerson loved it. An earnestness, a deep and noble solemnity, becomes visible in souls that have cultivated this best side of their character; and from a merely human standard of excellence their attainment is, perhaps, not to be surpassed. But the very nobility of these souls, and their capacity for splendid achievements, leaves us with a sense of bitter disappointment at their failure to attain to things divine; for, after all, earth is not Heaven, man is not the Deity, and the great world throbbing with omnipresent beauty is the shadow and not the reality of that Infinite One who leans forth out of the farthest recesses of being to fire human souls with a divine yearning, and win them to Himself. *There* is the sublime realm beyond the ken of the pantheist, who knows the Divinity immanent in the world, indeed, but fails to recognize the Divinity transcendent. First Cause he can apprehend; but he is without notion of a Personal God, dwelling beyond this visible world, surrounding and surpassing all real and possible creatures as a limitless ocean might surround the tiniest animalcule contained in one liquid atom of its mass.

Emerson's is a grand conception of Nature, we confess, but after all it is of Nature, and Nature can never utterly satisfy "the best in us." To be sure we are rapt in wondering admiration before the vast universal pattern of things which gives us count of "bird, beast, flower, song, picture, form, space, thought, and character," and identifies the weaver of the wood-bird's nest with "the hand that rounded Peter's dome, building better than it knew." None of us will stop short of humble reverence in contemplation of efficient Nature, *natura naturans*, publishing "itself in creatures, reaching from particles and spicula, through transformation on transformation to the highest symmetries, arriving at consummate results without a shock or leap." But if Efficient Nature be not

a personal, free, intelligent God, then it cannot satisfy the soul, and we must wander dissatisfied, passing allotted days in allotted spheres, and finally dying as dutiful children of Buddha, to be blown out in Nirvana, or slip like dewdrops into the shining sea. This, then, is the comfortless promise held out in the pantheistic philosophy; this the disquieting pang that must mercilessly haunt men, though a beautiful world lies at their feet supplicating love and worship.

“The fiend that man harries
Is love of the Best:
Yawns the pit of the Dragon,
Lit by rays from the Blest.
The Lethe of nature
Can't trance him again,
Whose soul sees the perfect
Which his eyes seek in vain.”*

No; there is something in man too divine to be contented with anything less than Infinite Perfection, and every negation of personality, consciousness, or freedom robs the Deity of its essential charm. 'Tis a blessed life, no doubt,

“When man in the bush with God may meet,”†
unless, indeed, it turn out after all that the God encountered is *only* a bush. That gives our adoration pause. Yet the pantheistic notion implies a divinity who is but a bush on a giant scale,—at least, in nowise *essentially* distinguishable from the totality of existent creatures.

“He is the axis of the star,
He is the sparkle of the spar;
He is the heart of every creature;
He is the meaning of each feature;
And his mind is the sky
Than all it holds more deep, more high.”‡

“Draw if thou can the mystic line,
Severing rightly his from thine,
Which is human, which divine.”§

“And his will is not thwarted;
The seeds of land and sea
Are the atoms of his body bright
And his behest obey.”||

* “The Sphinx,” Emerson.
§ “Worship,” *Ib.*

† “Good-by,” *Ibid.*

‡ “Wood-Notes,” *Ib.*

| “The World-Soul,” *Ib.*

A world that contains nothing beyond what Emerson tells us of is, after all, a world dismally incomplete. The very sunshine loses its glitter, and the forest songsters seem less melodious when not conceived as creatures of a Lord who made them and maintains them in being. If Nature's real glory is in the fact that she voices forth Divinity and leads men thereunto, her loveliness to any intelligent admirer must ever be dependent on the fidelity with which she manifests her Beginning and End. One might envy the poet able thus to sing:

"I inhaled the violet's breath :
Around me stood the oaks and firs ;
Pine-cones and acorns lay on the ground ;
Over me soared the eternal sky,
Full of light and of deity." *

But what sadness would replace our delight did we realize he could aspire no further than this most unsatisfying consummation :

"Beauty through my senses stole ;
I yielded myself to the perfect whole."

Tender and sweet is Nature, beyond the comprehension of any man ; still she has no capacity to quench the deepest yearning of his soul, the instinctive human desire for God. With all his poetry, his philosophy, his refined taste, and his ardent heart, Emerson's highest imaginable ideal is infinitely below that which commonplace Catholics are encouraged to cultivate, and to which not infrequently they attain. The personality of God the Father, imaged in its splendor by the glorified humanity of Jesus Christ, and knit close to the Catholic heart by the indwelling Spirit of Grace—the love and pursuit of this ideal transfigures laborer and servant into seraphic worshippers of the One Who Is, and carries them upward into the ineffable regions of celestial bliss. If purity, sublimity, instinct-proven reality be the gauge of poetry and mysticism, then the pantheist is but a voiceless infant when compared with those whose faith teaches that Jesus, the Incarnate God, comes bodily to dwell within them as they kneel at the altar-rail.

The evidences of Christianity are to be sought for elsewhere than in the present paragraph, yet we may for a moment insist on the sublime superiority of the Christian idea of

* "Each and All," Emerson.

God over any that differs from it by the subtraction of the personal note. Let us refer to a practical test, a test all too likely to come clamoring into the lives of each one of us—that of pain. What is deeper, holier, more effective in shaping human lives, reaching as it does into the very innermost recesses of man's spirit? The hour of pain is the acceptable time for the uplifting of our souls, the moment when we can make great leaps toward perfection, if properly urged and assisted. But what sort of consolation or betterment is to be gathered from the blind fatalism of nature-worship—Oriental, German, or American—when the knees are bowed with grief and the heart heavy?

We are told indeed:

“I am a willow of the wilderness,
Loving the wind that bent me. All my hurts
My garden spade can heal. A woodland walk,
A quest of river-grapes, a mocking thrush,
A wild-rose, or rock-loving columbine,
Salve my worst wounds.”*

But is this true? Antecedently, even we would have said that such words must be the offspring of a joyous imagination and begotten in the fervor of poetic rapture. As it happens we can appeal to an actual experience of the same writer, elsewhere recorded. The infinite pathos of his “Threnody” has brought tears to many an eye, and remembering pangs to many a soul, whose well-beloved are gone, and who can find but poor consolation in turning to Nature. When death had snatched away his heart's idol—the son so rich in promise, on whom his hopes had centred—then the sorrow-stricken father, in unanswered lament, showed all too clearly the quenchless frenzy of his grief:

“Was there no star that could be sent,
No watcher in the firmament,
No angel from the countless host
That loiters round the crystal coast,
Could stop to heal that only child,
Nature's sweet marvel undefiled,
And keep the blossom of the earth,
Which all her harvests were not worth?”

* “Musketaquid,” Emerson.

"What does he know who hath not been tried?" asks Holy Writ; and many a philosophy of "sunshine-and-flowers" has vanished into thin air at the correcting touch of pain or grief. Which one of us, foreseeing the likelihood of woe some day entering into our own lives, will be tempted to embrace a religion whose last word is the assurance that the blessed dead are on their rounds through the "cyclical marvel," at present a bird, a vegetable, or a beast, mayhap? Yet no more comforting prospect can be held up to those for whom love of Nature touches the outer margin of positive creed.

"I that to-day am a pine,
Yesterday was a bunch of grass."

Such may be the song our dead are chanting; such the refrain we ourselves shall voice. Pantheist, Buddhist, Materialist, Agnostic will have little to dispute over when in their persons shall be realized the doctrine of fatalistic evolution, laid down in the "Essay on Nature." "It is a long remove from the granite to the oyster, and farther yet to Plato, and the preaching of the immortality of the soul. Yet all must come as surely as the first atom has two sides."*

Must we not declare it to be a poor, distorted view of life which seeks such refuge when confronted by present pain? Must we not proclaim it to be a weak philosophy which confesses darkness as deep and ignorance as helpless as the old Persian cynic's singing:

"'Tis all a Chequer-board of Nights and Days
Where Destiny with Men for Pieces plays;
Hither and thither moves, and mates, and slays,
And one by one back in the Closet lays.

"And that inverted Bowl we call the Sky
Whereunder crawling coop't we live and die,
Lift not thy hands to It for help—for it
Rolls impotently on as Thou or I."†

Mr. Emerson varies the expression of this sentiment, but his faith is the same. Indeed, his translations seem to indicate that he claimed kinship with Hafiz, Ibn Yemin, and Omar Khayyám, and the following is inspired by their Muse:

* Emerson.

† Rubaiyât.

“Alas! the Sprite that haunts us
 Deceives our rash desire;
 It whispers of the glorious gods,
 And leaves us in the mire.
 We cannot learn the cipher
 That's writ upon our cell:
 Stars help us by a mystery
 Which we could never spell.” .

“But our brothers have not read it,
 Not one has found the key;
 And henceforth we are comforted—
 We are but such as they.”*

The error that we complain of, then, is one of fatal deficiency. That all this world thrills with divine beauty is a welcome truth. That bonds of kinship and sympathy run through all the kingdom of life from singing-bird to saint and poet, is a corollary of Creation. That he is dull and less than human who fails to hear the Voice of God in the music of the waters and the majesty of the thunder, to see His might in the towering mountain-peak and His beauty in the shy floweret and the scarlet songster of the wood—all this is easy of admission. But are these things *God*? Or is there a Mighty One who in His wisdom maketh the sun to shine and the planets to speed their ordered march,—One who, as truly as the best among our race, is a thinking, conscious, loving Person, distinct from us, as we, by His decree, are distinct from Him? Have we a Father in Heaven, a Father who is in the truest sense all that a perfect earthly parent would wish to be? Or must we content ourselves with reverence paid to a blind force, to a necessary Law, to a God with whom we may become identified by annihilation?

“Before beginning and without an end,
 As space eternal and as surety sure
 Is fixed a Power divine which moves to good:
 Only its laws endure.

“It slayeth and it saveth, nowise moved
 Except unto the working out of doom;
 Its threads are love and life; and Death and Pain
 The shuttles of its loom.

*“The World-Soul.”

"It knows not wrath nor pardon ; utter true
Its measures mete, its faultless balance weighs ;
Times are as naught, to-morrow it will judge,
Or after many days."

"The Dew is on the lotus ! Rise, Great Sun !
And lift my leaf and mix me with the wave.
Om maṇi padmé hūm, the Sunrise comes !
The Dewdrop slips into the shining sea !" *

There is no chance to deny the poetry of this pantheistic dream, for it holds fast to the beauty of many a God-born truth. Nor are we loath to admit that its ethical system, however illogical, is ennobling and inspiring. The last book of the *Light of Asia*, for instance, is replete with sublimest moral teaching, and the loftiest of merely human concepts. But the Four Noble Truths and the Noble Eightfold Path do not say the last word on spiritual doctrine. Neither can any Emersonian juxtaposition of terms, such as World-Soul, God, Nature, Most-High, Pentecost, Beauty, Over-Soul, Holy Ghost, confuse the keen-sighted human instinct that searches for the Divine Person who gave it being. Sure as the well-aimed arrow seeks the mark, the spirit flies to God who made it. Having poetry and ethics, it would have real religion too ; and growing in knowledge of and affection for the great loving Parent of Man, the humblest of us will attain to truths and joys that human minds could neither originate nor fathom. Recognizing Nature's beauty we go beyond it—a fact that perhaps can be illustrated in no better way than by copying a few words which will show the kind of poetry to be found in the soul of a Catholic mystic :

HENRY SUSO, THE CHRISTIAN MYSTIC.

"Now let us remain here awhile, and contemplate the high and excellent Master in his works. Look above you and around you, look to the four quarters of the world, how wide and high the beautiful sky is in its rapid course, and how richly the Master has adorned it with the seven planets, each of which, with the exception of the moon, is much larger than the earth, and how it is beautified by the innumerable multitude of the bright stars. Oh ! how clearly and cheerfully the beautiful sun rises in the summer season, and how diligently he gives growth and blessings to the soil ; how the leaves and the grass come

* *Light of Asia*, Book viii.

forth, how the beautiful flowers smile, how the forest, and the heath, and the field resound with the sweet airs of the nightingale and other small birds, how all the animals which were shut up during the severe winter come forth and enjoy themselves and propagate their species, how young and old manifest their joy in merry and gladsome utterances! *O tender God, if thou art so loving in thy creatures, how beautiful and delightful must thou be in thyself!* Look further I pray you, and behold the four elements, earth, water, air, and fire, and all the wonderful things in them, the variety and diversity of men, quadrupeds, birds, fishes, and sea-monsters, all of which cry aloud and proclaim the praise and honor of the boundless and infinite nature of God! Lord, who doth preserve all this? who doth feed it? Thou takest care of all, of everything in its own way, of great and small, rich and poor; thou, O God! doest it; thou art indeed God."*

Between the Divinity worshipped by this man and the God adored of Emerson lies an infinite interval. We sum up the difference when we say, Personality. A personal God is nobler than a mere Law of Nature, even as the purest human love is indescribably above the court paid by the wind to a swaying rose. True affection and real worship cannot exist apart from personality; for such is not the constitution of the human heart, ever craving to love some one, and to be loved by some one. A personal response, and that alone, can satisfy the void which comes to a man when he has consecrated his life, given all his substance, utterly extinguished joy and desire and the passion of selfishness in his soul. Some one who knows and appreciates, some one who sympathizes, some one who sings an answering harmony to his cry—this is what the lover seeks with a craving quenchless as the thirst of fever. The loneliness and the self-sacrifice of his love can submerge but never annihilate his sense of personality. A person he is, and lower than a person cannot be his equal. If not for self, then for some other *person* must he toil and suffer. Nor can he live, nor will he die nobly and intelligently, unless his life and death are dedicate to *some one*.

This some one the Christian finds in the Reality underlying all effects and manifestations of the visible world, still distinct from and superior to them, even as our soul is with regard to our garments or our bodily members. The loving study of that Reality beneath appearances gives clear convic-

* Henry Suso.

tion of Its Personality. Absolute He is in the sense of Unlimited Perfection and Infinite Being, but not in the sense of vague and indefinite impersonal Force, or Law. For this reason we are justified in representing Him as entitled to the highest devotion and affection which human souls are capable of bestowing—a tribute surely beyond the claim of an impersonal Thing. Hence the simplicity and the jealously guarded purity of that divine communion between God and man; hence the peculiar fulness attaching to the Christian conception of Christ, the Incarnate Divinity—though to the faithful disciple the Incarnate Christ is no more real than the Invisible God. It is a double knowledge and a two-fold love, making completest harmony. "This is life eternal, to know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent."*

Here we come upon the explanation of those boundless extravagances—intelligible only in a lover—which holy men and women have manifested in the impassioned ardor of a mighty love; they were swept out of themselves into a Presence flashing forth His Divine Beauty into their souls, in a face-to-face embrace. Then there blazed up in them a great self-consuming, rapturous love, something that never could attach to a blind law, or a supreme force, nor indeed to any object other than a Divine Person, loving and beloved. This, and this alone, is a sufficient explanation of the countless series of mystics and saints in the Catholic Church, who have deified nature and transfigured the world as by the rush of a living flame. Their achievements stand as unique, not comparable with anything else in the records of human history, for they were true Transcendentalists, and not confined by nature. Still they did understand the real value of nature; since for the mystic the visible creation is ever clothed with an impalpable glory, a rich depth of meaning, unsuspected by the mere "artist." To the man of prayer, creatures glow forth as so many faint, imperfect images of the Absolute Beauty, every lovely sight and sound storing his mind with fresh elements of knowledge, and contributing new strength to his conception of the ineffable Loveliness of God. The Christian then, and not the Pagan, the saint rather than the poet, John the Divine, Catherine, Francis, Teresa, in place of Plotinus, Schelling, Emerson, Thoreau—such is the exchange suggested by a study of Nature in its true relation to Divinity.

* John xvii. 3.

RONKONKOMA.

A beautiful lake in Long Island around which are woven many Indian legends.

BY JOHN JEROME ROONEY.



ONKONKOMA!

In what far Spring or Indian Summer fair
Fell first thy name upon the evening air?
Was it some dusky hunter of the wood
Who named thee thus, as on thy beach he stood,
Or yet, perchance, some tribesman, bold and free,
Who knew the tempest-thunders of the sea,
And, wandering inland, marvelled much to find
Thy gentle breast untouched by any wind,
Ronkonkoma?

Ronkonkoma!

When the young moon is up and midnight's hour
Has woven round thee her weird, ghostly power,
Say dost thou see, within thy secret cave,
The anguished spirit of the love-lorn brave
Who sought the depths where the dark currents flow—
Flying to thee for solace of his woe?
Are the strange risings of thy moonless tide
His lover's tears for a long vanished bride,
Ronkonkoma?

Ronkonkoma!

Where, like a diamond, gleams Geneva's lake
On prouder shores the silvery waters break:
'Mid the sweet music of the Irish rills
Killarney smiles between her emerald hills—
Yet, tho' thy charms be not so bravely blown,
They are no less for being all thine own,—
They are no less, but sweeter, better far
That they are calm, as gentle maidens are,
Ronkonkoma!

Ronkonkoma!

Not from the lowland sources hast thou sprung:
No gossip thou with every brooklet's tongue!
The hills—the hills thy eager springs supply—
The granite hills and the o'er-reaching sky.
So, may thy hidden fountains, coming down
All undefiled by touch of field or town,
Tell us our springs of life and joy are stored
Untainted in the Mountains of the Lord,
Ronkonkoma!



STREET NAMES
AND
SHOP SIGNS
OF
OLD LONDON.

BY EMMA ENDRES.



PROBABLY nothing more accentuates the progress of the age than the marked improvement made in modern times in the laying out of cities. In Europe—and particularly in London—the ancient system is to be seen in all its confusion, while in the United States we have the system in its perfection. It is not a difficult task in an American city to find one's way about, the very plan and classification of the streets being in itself a guide. But in London the reverse is true, there being no system in the ground-plan and no index in the names of the streets. To the transatlantic visitor the highways and byways of the world's metropolis are a bewildering puzzle, but when he is confronted with their grotesque and apparently meaningless names he registers a profound conviction that the people who laid out such a city were stark crazy.

What in the wide world, he wonders, could have possessed the people to give the streets such names as Hangman's Gains, Bull and Mouth, Houndsditch, Spitalfields, Threadneedle-street, Budge Row, Rotten Row, Mincing Lane, Gutter Lane, Hanging Sword Alley, Tripe Yard, and Amen Corner. And when on top of this he recalls that the Great Fire of London, in 1656, started in Pudding Lane and ended at Pie Corner, he begins to reckon it a hopeless task trying to give London intelligibility. Really it is outwilding the Wild West, where no

frontier community is complete without its Dead Man's Gulch.

It might at first thought be conjectured that these odd street names are the result of a wild levity or a love of the grotesque, but such traits do not enter into the character of the English. These names were bestowed in all seriousness and with the same gravity are respected to this day. True, in many instances they are corruptions of the original title,



WEST GATE TAVERN, CANTERBURY.

perpetuated by an illiterate populace when printer's ink was not the finger-post to knowledge. And whatever for generations has been so is fore-eminently correct with the Londoner, and he is totally indifferent as to the why or wherefore. The rest of the world, however, is not as incurious, and when it is realized that these whimsical street names provide a key to much of the history of the world's greatest city, the study of their origin becomes at once both entertaining and instructive.

Hangman's Gains, a street near St. Katherine's Dock, is a corruption of Hammes et Guynes, a place near Calais. In the East London byway the refugees from Hammes et Guynes

sought an asylum when that town was taken from the English. Bull and Mouth-street, near the General Post-office, derived its name from the historic old coaching inn of that designation. Boulogne Mouth was the original name, in commemoration of the capture of that harbor by the English in 1544. Houndsditch, now in the Jewish quarter, originally stood outside the city wall, and was so called because all dead dogs were here cast into a ditch. Spitalfields got its name from the fact that that district formerly belonged to the priory of St. Mary Spital. Threadneedle-street was originally Three Needle-street, and doubtless derived its name from the three needles in the arms of the Merchant Tailors' Company, incorporated in 1466, and whose hall still stands in the rear of this busy thoroughfare.

Budge Row was the place of business of the dealers in budge, or sheepskins, while Rotten Row, the fashionable driveway of London, is a corruption of *Route du Roi*. Mincing Lane was once the site of houses belonging to the Minchuns of St. Helen. The word is Saxon, and means nuns, but in the course of ages it has evolved into Mincing. Mark Lane, famed for its corn exchanges, originally enjoyed the more appropriate name of Mart Lane. Of Lane, lately destroyed, used to be an enigma to many people who tried to solve the origin of its name. The story is this: When the half-witted George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham, sold York House and its grounds for building purposes, he stipulated that his name and title should be perpetuated in the names of the streets constructed on his property. Thus we have leading off the Strand a group of thoroughfares named



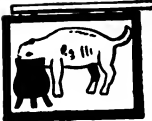


CHAUCER'S "TABARD," OR PLAY-HOUSE.

respectively George-street, Villiers-street, Duke-street, Of Lane (formerly) and Buckingham-street—making George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.

Gutter Lane is an inelegant perversion of Guthrum's Lane, and Tripe Yard was originally named after John Strype.

Fetter Lane got its name from the faitors, or beggars, with whom this byway was a favorite place of congregation. Two interesting historical characters once lived here: Praisegod Barebones, the leather-seller, and his brother, Damned Barebones.* Press Yard has nothing



to do with newspapers, as the name might suggest, but commemorates the punishment of pressing to death that, in former days, was practised on this spot. Paternoster Row, the fountain head of English literature, got its name from its rosary-makers and sellers of religious books. Ave Maria Lane, Creed Lane, and Sermon Lane are all in the vicinity of St. Paul's Cathedral, and indicate the same religious source of title. Amen Corner was where the street psalm-singers usually terminated their perambulations, the "Amen" coming in with

* The unabbreviated name of this gentleman, as the record of his baptism shows, was Mr. If-Christ-had-not-died-I-should-have-been-damned Barebones.

mathematical exactness as this corner was reached. Panyer Alley is a short cut into Newgate-street, and in the fourteenth century was the home of the panniers, or basket-makers. A stone built into the wall of one of the houses has the carved figure of a boy sitting on a wicker basket, and beneath it is the inscription :

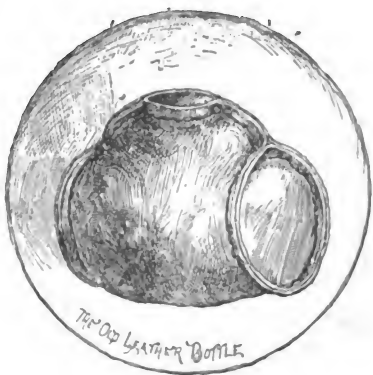
“ When ye have sought the citty round
Yet still this is ye highest ground.
August ye 27, 1688.”

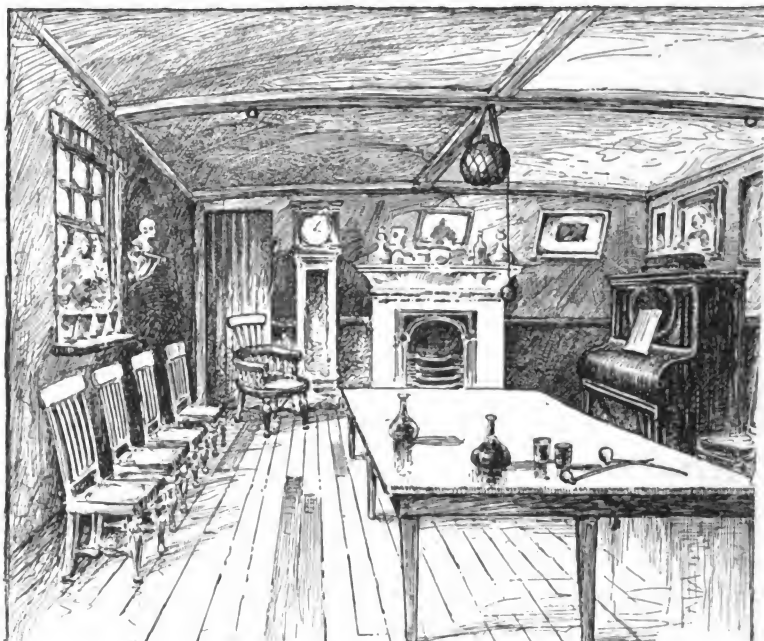
Hanway-street was named after Jonas Hanway, who was distinguished for being the first *man* in London to carry an um-



brella; at that time, 1750, it was considered an article only for women. Pall Mall derives its name from Paille-Maille, a French game introduced into England by Charles II., and often played on this site by the king and his courtiers. And so we might go on through hundreds of curious street titles with which London abounds.

Still more curious and interesting, however, are the old inn and tavern signs. Before numbers were given to houses every tradesman had his symbolic sign swinging over his door, by which he was known more than by his name. A person did not inquire for Mr. Smith the





INTERIOR OF THE LEATHER BOTTLE INN.

mercier, for there might be a dozen such, but for the sign of the Golden Fleece. On the same principle heraldry came into use among the nobility, as a means of distinguishing one family from another of the same name. Richard II. adopted the White Hart as his emblem, Richard III. the Blue Boar, Edward IV. the Three Swans, the House of Lancaster selected the Red Rose as its symbol, and the House of York the White Rose. The various companies and guilds also had their signs and insignia, and from these as much as from the armorial bearings of the nobility the early innkeepers chose subjects for their sign-boards, always with an eye to what was popular and likely to draw trade. Thus we have the "Elephant and Castle," symbol of the Cutlers' Company; the "Bull and Crossed Axes," the arms of the Butchers' Company; the "Wheatsheaf," the Bakers' Company; the "White Horse," symbol of the present reigning House of Hanover, and the "White Lion," of Edward III. The sign of the "Adam and Eve" tavern shows the parents of the race with an apple passing between them, the device being the arms of the Fruiterers' Company. The "Green Man," mentioned in the Roxburghe Ballads, is of doubtful origin, but said to be an adaptation of the "Green Man and Still," the



escutcheon of the Distillers. Biblical and mythological characters have contributed generously to the London tavern signs. There are innumerable Angels in every variation, from "white" to "dark" and from "sleeping" to "flying." Fleet Street once boasted of a "Devil's Tavern," a favorite resort with Ben Jonson, and largely patronized by the lawyers of the neighborhood, whose office doors in consequence often bore the very appropriate legend, "Gone to the Devil." The "Flying Horse" is but the popular conception of Pegasus, while the sign of the "Two Spies," the men bearing between them a huge bunch of grapes, interprets its own origin.



Amusing cases are to be met with where the characters of sign boards have been misconceived, the error being perpetuated to this day. The famous tavern on Ludgate Hill, where Sir Christopher Wren often presided with friends, was originally designated the "Swan and Harp," symbol of the Company of Musicians. The skill of the artist, however, was inadequate to the conception, and the unlettered public interpreted the sign, "Goose and Gridiron," which name the tavern still bears. The "Angel and Steelyards" was a misconception of the well-known figure of Justice, and the "Bull and Bedpost" had for its justification a bull fastened to a stake to be baited. The "Bag o' Nails" was originally the Bacchanals, while "Peg and Wassail" was translated into "Pig and Whistle." The odd sign "Queer Door" had its origin in "*Cœur Doré*," meaning Golden Heart, and "Cat and Fiddle" owes its existence to the English conception of *Caton Fidèle*, the faithful cat. Probably the worst case of vulgar perversion is that where "Goat and Compasses" evolved out of the saying, "God Encompasseth Us," a once popular sign of monastic origin.

There are a number of signs that defy all attempts at explanation. The origin of such names as the "Bombay Grab," the "Moonrakers," the "Q in the Corner," the "Whistling Oyster," and the





HOCKLEY-IN-THE-HOLE, CLERKENWELL.

"Essex Serpent" must ever remain a mystery. On the other hand we have legends that are perfectly intelligible and unpolluted, such as the "Catherine Wheel," commemorating the martyrdom of St. Catherine on the wheel; the "Crown and Anchor," suggesting the navy; the "Crossed Keys," indicating the keys of St. Peter

and the Pope; and the "Daniel Lambert," perpetuating the memory of the—at one time—fattest man in London, who weighed 53 stone, or 742 pounds. The "Quiet Woman" is self-explanatory with the accompanying picture of a decapitated female, while the meaning of "Man Laden with Mischief" becomes clear when we observe him chained to a woman with the word "wedlock" on the padlock. The "Turk's Head" tavern, where the Literary Club, founded by Dr. Johnson and Sir Joshua Reynolds, held its meetings, was so named from the number of Turks residing in the neighborhood.

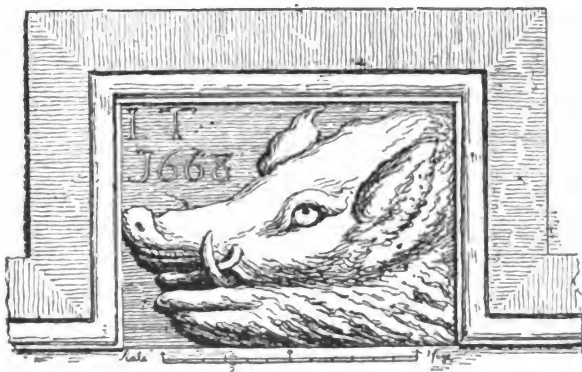
An old and famous inn is the "Mother Red Cap Inn." The sign board formerly bore the old woman's portrait with a scarlet hood over the head and shoulders, and beneath it the following lines:

"Old Mother Red Cap, according to her tale,
Lived twenty and a hundred years by drinking this good ale;
It was her meat, it was her drink, and medicine beside;
And if she still had drunk good ale, she never would have died."

Such incongruities as the "Fox and Seven Stars," the "Three Nuns and Hare," the "Sun and Thirteen Cantons," the "Angel and Cucumber," the "Salutation and Cat," and

the "Crow and Horseshoe" appear at first sight to be beyond the possibility of rational explanation. But when it is pointed out that it was a custom with the innkeeper moving from one house to another to combine the signs of both, in the hope of retaining his old as well as new customers, the duplication of sign legends is easily comprehended, and becomes no more ridiculous than in the case where two American newspapers consolidate.

While many of the famous old taverns still stand as of yore, a great number have disappeared before the ruthless march of improvements, but happily the old sign-boards have largely been preserved. In the Guildhall Museum of London Antiquities the greater number of these are on exhibition, including the famous "Boar's Head," the Eastcheap tavern kept by Dame Quickly, once so dear to the heart of Falstaff.



WALTER PATER : A STUDY.

BY REV. A. D. MALLEY.



ALTHOUGH judicious critics are slow to admit that any one author can be taken as a mirror of his times, yet the late Walter Pater may be selected as the best representative of that growing school of English *littérateurs* who have devoted themselves to subtle appreciations of sensations arising from contact with the beautiful and to the expression of them in exquisite language. For Pater, as well as for his model in style, Flaubert (model at least in regard to conscientiousness), out of the many possible words for one idea there is but one word that fits exactly, which word must be sought with most painstaking care, and when found this serves as a mysterious connective between the minds of the author and reader, starting in the latter what Pater calls "brain waves," cognate ideas and sensations which in loose and slipshod selection of words would otherwise lie dormant. The French writers have always devoted this care to their exquisite prose. "A word is a human being, a soul," said Hugo ; or rather, when the right word comes glowing from one soul into another it is charged with life and partakes of the personality of the writer or speaker, truly clothed with that mind-stuff Clifford dreamed of in his atomistic philosophy.

THE ART OF SELECTING WORDS.

A delicate selection of words is, then, the whole art of Pater. He looked out on this world rather lazily ; it was to him a multicolored spectacle of pleasure with varied interests and passions. Within himself he beheld another world, sensations evoked, which were fleeting, tangled, complex. A word seizes, clarifies, describes these transient feelings, and therefore a word was sought with all the care a jeweller bestows in the selection of rarest gems. As a consequence his style has sweetness, harmony, color ; not the concentrated robustness of Flaubert, for the temperament of the master was widely divergent from that of the pupil, but the calm, reflected sensations of an aristocrat of art, subtly æsthetic, clothing his thought in phrases of chastened pontifical dignity.

Such exquisiteness renders Pater fastidious, academic, impatient of the wish; he would have a cult, not general admiration. There was something higher than popularity which he strove for—his own approval. As a necessary consequence of such a self-centred standard of judgment, he is often relative and elusive. But his sensations are of the keenest importance to himself; the “jewel flame of life” must be kept burning at the greatest intensity. The whole world, physical, spiritual, affords material; it is to seek the most delicate, to know the more complex, to become perfect by gazing on beautiful forms. Beauty can be seen in all things, from the natural sensuous enjoyment of ancient Greek life to the Christian ascetic in his cell, striving to subdue the flesh, yearning to lead on earth the life of the angels. As a psychologist he would analyze simply for the sake of analysis; not to pass judgment, for that, according to him, is the province of the moralist.

This devotion to beauty wherever found won for Pater the title of “hedonist,” a term he hated to find in descriptions of himself, as it led the people, he said, to believe him something bad or uncanny. But he truly had won the title. His philosophy of life would do away with all hard-and-fast rules of morality, making pleasure or beauty the sole criterion of action. He was indeed, as he prided himself, a modern Greek. Not an ancient one, for between himself and Aristippus there is a whole world. How can one be a follower of the school of Cyrene, even if he would? It is impossible for such men to eliminate from their personality nearly nineteen centuries of Christian training. Our religion has so revolutionized man’s thoughts in regard to life and death, and relations with another world have so convinced him in regard to sin and judgment, and the life to come is so intimately interwoven in the very warp and woof of modern society, and its customs, laws, and language itself penetrate the mind through so many hidden and unobserved avenues, that it is utterly impossible for the modern hedonist to enter with unremorseful buoyancy into the unreflecting sensuousness of the Greek. The whole modern world lies under the shadow of the Cross; men cannot escape it, nor close their eyes to it. Hence, when this is attempted, the inevitable note of sorrow is heard. As Catholics we must often have wondered at the prevailing sadness that tinges, or rather permeates, all literature not our own. We do not very well understand it; our own lives have sorrows enough, but we are so buoyed up by the great old faith that the expres-

sions of sadness, gloom, mystery, unrest, which we come across in the newspaper, read in the novel or poem, awaken in us only a vague sympathy, but more wonderment. We can never fully realize the state of the souls of those who are in darkness but hesitate to come towards the light, or the terrible and grim misery of the others who deliberately turn their back on the light and walk towards the valley and the shadow.

So also with the other questions which were once uncertain: Whence came we? Where are we going? How do we enter into relationship with God? Revelation has answered, though reason itself can answer somewhat, so that it is impossible to doubt now in the same frame of mind as they did in the days of Pyrrho or Lucian. A modern Epicurean and sceptic differs from the ancient in kind, not degree; he has had Moses and the prophets.

HEDONISM TRACEABLE TO KANT.

This modern hedonism of Pater, however, seems to owe its origin, not so much to a deliberate wish to throw aside Christianity and its restraints, but rather to the influence of German subjectivism propagated by the doctrines of Kant. According to him, the judgment has been deceived by the information conveyed through the medium of the senses. They reported to him that substances existed outside himself, that he could rely on their permanency and trust implicitly to the truths deduced from them; but when he examined closely, when he strove to verify these observations, he was convinced that outside realities resolved themselves into mere sensations, and these were found at last to be only modifications of the sentient personality. How, then, could he ever be sure that anything did exist outside himself, since he knew it only by a modification of himself, and never as it was in itself? Thus what was hitherto permanent begins to crumble into instability, truth becomes relative and subjective, things lose their individuality, or are resolved into manifestations of some one force which is supreme. The only things, then, that we can be certain of are sensations; let sensations, then, be as exquisite as possible, concludes the hedonist.

Kant's doctrine of Beauty found in the *Critique of Judgment*, namely, that "the judgment of taste is not a judgment coming from scientific rules, and therefore does not pertain to logic, but it is æsthetic, that is, the determining principle is purely subjective," has been adopted by many or by most of the

literary men in Paris and London, and therefore spreads the influence of scepticism and hedonism in polite circles. Flaubert, who is perused day and night by those who would attain force and grace of style, makes one of his characters exclaim dramatically, yet summing up succinctly the whole system: "The necessity of thy reason, does it not create the law of things? Do not things become known to thee only through the intermediary of thy mind? Like a concave mirror, she defaces objects, and all means are lacking to thee for obtaining truth. Form is perhaps naught else but an error of thy senses, substance but a vain dream of thy thought, and beyond thyself there is—Nothing!" It is to Germany, and not to Greece, we owe modern scepticism; Pater, like so many others, adopted these views, concerning himself simply with sensations arising from contact with the beautiful, and hence only a superficial agreement can be found in him with the old philosophers of the Garden.

HIS GREAT STUDY OF LIFE.

This mixture of Christian training, modern psychology, ancient love of beauty, are welded together in his great study of life, *Marius the Epicurean*. The work is really a masterpiece, the only example of its kind in English. It has the same effect upon one as a piece of pure Greek art; yet with an after-feeling of sombreness which comes from a lost Christian hope. Yet Greece too had something of this gloom; there are her epitaphs that cry to us across the ages, with their great burden of woe: "O thou who readest this rejoice, rejoice in life! After this there are no more smiles, nor joys, nor bright laughter!" "Friend, hearken unto my counsel; prepare the cup for wine, crown thy head with the rose; behold, all else comes to naught. Thou must sink into horrible night, eternal exile, a subterranean sleep!" Greece had not yet been instructed; modern hedonism has the greater sin.

In *Marius* Pater expressed his ideal of the human being: a youth, high-born, chaste, priestly, cultured; a flush of the world about him through his subdued Epicureanism. An unfinished life, with the subtle charm of leaving the reader's intellect unsatisfied, provoked towards more serious speculation. And the style of the work suits accurately this conception: it is chaste, polished, austere; yet again, in places, delicately flushed. The advice which *Marius'* monitor gives him when he asks for a rule of life is Pater's advice to the world: "If thou

wouldst have all about thee like the colors of some fresh picture, be temperate in thy religious motions, in love, in wine, in all things, and be of a peaceful heart with thy fellows. Keep the eye clear by a sort of exquisite personal alacrity and cleanliness, extending even to the dwelling place; discriminate ever more and more fastidiously, select form and color in things from what is less select; meditate much on beautiful visible objects—on objects, more especially those connected with the period of youth—on children at play in the morning, the trees in early spring, on young animals, on the fashions and amusements of young men; to keep ever near if it were but a single choice flower, a graceful animal, a sea-shell, as a token and representative of the whole kingdom of such things; to avoid jealousy in thy way through the world, everything repugnant to sight; and, should any circumstance tempt thee to a general converse in the range of such objects, to disentangle thyself from that circumstance at any cost of place, money, or opportunity!" This advice is, of course, beautiful; but it is the advice of decadence—too refined to be vigorous or healthy. It enervates; it is the soft Companion with his baths and his perfumes. Nevertheless it must be confessed Pater's mind is strong and masculine; he never trips daintily over a problem, but strives to sound the bottom. His tastes, though, are thoroughly feminine, delicate, keenly sensitive to the rarest opalescent shade in either thought or object. He would catch even the filmiest, most evanescent feeling and give it its proper expression; a labor, of which the engraver blowing off invisible grains of dust from the finished gem is the ideal.

ONCE A CATHOLIC.

A mind of this kind cannot be judged by the same standards we would apply to a Macaulay; it sets its own standards, and must be appreciated in its own settings. Pater's family was once Catholic; he himself was baptized in the church, but fell away through dilettanteism. It is interesting to note the Catholic purity which permeates all his pictures and which he reads into the old paganism: "Early on that day the girls of the farm had been busy in the great portico, filling large baskets with flowers plucked short from branches of apple and cherry, then in spacious bloom, to strew before the quaint images of the gods, Ceres and Bacchus and the yet more mysterious Dea Dia, as they passed through the fields, carried in their little houses on the shoulders of white-

clad youths, who were understood to proceed to their office in perfect temperance, as pure in soul and body as the air they breathed in the firm weather of that early summer-time. But for the monotonous intonation of the liturgy by the priests, clad in their strange, stiff, antique vestments, and bearing ears of green corn upon their heads, secured by flowing bands of white, the procession moved in absolute stillness, all persons, even the children, abstaining from speech after the utterance of the pontifical formula, *Favete linguis!*"

This yearning in his blood, as it were, for the faith of his fathers finds full vent in his wonderful description of the Mass as it was celebrated in the second century: "For the silence—silence amid those lights of early morning to which Marius had always been constitutionally impressible, as having in them a certain reproachful austerity—was broken suddenly by resounding cries of *Kyrie eleison! Christe eleison!* repeated alternately, again and again, until the bishop, rising from his chair, made sign that this prayer should cease. But the voices burst out once more presently, in richer and more varied melody, the men, the women, and children, the deacons, the people, answering one another somewhat after the manner of a Greek chorus. Certain portions of bread and wine were taken into the bishop's hands; and thereafter with an increasing mysticity and effusion the rite proceeded. It might have been thought the business, the duty or service of young men more particularly, as they stood there in long ranks, and in serene and simple vesture of the purest white—a service in which they would seem to be flying for refuge, as with their precious, their treacherous and critical youth in their hands, to One, yes! one like themselves, who yet claimed their worship—a worship, above all, in the way of imitation. *Adoramus te Christe, quia per crucem tuam redemisti mundum!*"

HIS RELIGIOUS INSTINCTS NEVER EDUCATED.

Yet notwithstanding this devotional tendency in many of Pater's works, a tendency which we cannot help feeling is somewhat akin to the Catholic, a legacy from his forefathers, yet it is only superficial, for he holds himself aloof from the really great religious problems. "The fire so bright, the love so sweet, the unction spiritual," are no longer his. Modern culture has taken from him the true beauty of childhood faith, nor has it left upon him the scars of much questioning and searching after God, whom to seek is to find—scars which are manly

and honorable; but rather, it has left him the vacancy of worldliness, moral triviality, and the sad, wistful lassitude of the baffled seeker after pleasure. Compare the death-scenes of the wayward, brilliant pagan, Flavius, and the half-converted Christian, Marius: "But at length delirium, symptom that the work of the plague was done and the last resort of life yielding to the enemy, broke the coherent order of words and thoughts; and Marius, intent on the coming agony, found his best hope in the increasing dimness of the patient's mind. No longer battling with the disease, he seemed as it were to place himself at the disposal of the victorious foe, dying passively, like some dumb creature in hopeless acquiescence at last. At length, about daybreak, he perceived that the last effort had come with a revival of mental clearness, as Marius understood by the contact, light as it was, in recognition of him there. 'Is it a comfort,' he whispered then, 'that I shall often come and weep over you?' 'Not unless I be aware, and hear you weeping!'"

Flavius had enjoyed life as the pagans did; Marius, his friend, had restrained himself, living a life half in accordance with the maxims of the Stoics, and then again following the Epicureans,—yet good, to all seeming, "*anima naturaliter Christiana*," declared Pater. His death, nevertheless, was neither better nor worse; "It was after a space of deep sleep that he awoke amid the murmuring voices of the people who had kept and tended him so carefully through his sickness, now kneeling around his bed; and what he heard confirmed in the then perfect clearness of his soul the inevitable suggestion of his own bodily feelings. He had often dreamt he was condemned to die, that the hour, with wild thoughts of escape, was arrived; and waking, with the sun all around him, in complete liberty of life, had been full of gratitude for his place there, alive still, in the land of the living. He read surely, now, in the manner, the doings of these people, some of whom were passing out through the doorway, where the heavy sunlight in very deed lay, that his last morning was come, and turned to think once more of his beloved. Often had he fancied of old that not to die on a dark or rainy day might itself have a little alleviating grace or favor about it. The people about his bed were praying fervently *Abi! Abi! Anima Christiana!* In the moments of his extreme helplessness their mystic bread had been placed, had descended like a snow-flake from the sky, between his lips. Gentle fingers had

applied to hands and feet, to all those old passage-ways of the senses, through which the world had come and gone, a medicinal oil. It was the same people who, in the gray, austere evening of that day, took up his remains and buried them secretly, holding his death, according to their generous view in this matter, to have been of the nature of a martyrdom; and martyrdom, as the church had always said, was a kind of sacrament with plenary grace."

Modern hedonism is at the bottom hopeless also; the old Greek inscriptions could still be carved over its graves. Yet, if we mistake not the signs, this theory of life is being rapidly adopted by the cultured classes here in America. A prevailing conviction of God's presence to us, of his gracious intents and purposes working in and through our best thoughts and endeavors, is by no means characteristic of the times. Rather there is the growing acquiescence that he is unknowable, and that man's desire for communication with the spiritual world can never be hardly more than

"The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow."

To define God is to put limits to him, they say, and the moral order is not absolute for all times and all places. But the man who first wishes for a thesis proving the existence and nature of the Deity before he condescends to worship, and the man who desires to have the moral order proven absolute before he will restrain himself, have both committed spiritual suicide, and will never obtain the overwhelming answer. These facts are a Divine consciousness within us, they are "the light which illumineth all men coming into this world." Struggle to do away with them, and you commit the unpardonable sin against the light; the punishment thereof is darkness, intellectual and moral. Hedonism will ever have the aspect of the sad Ophelia crowned with her wild flowers, "fennel, rue, and columbine," wandering in pathetic solitudes—babbling.

BETROTHED.

BY MRS E. W. LATIMER.



APA, what was your most interesting and important case?" asked Judge Marlowe's youngest son, at the judge's Christmas table, spread for three generations, glittering with silver and cut glass, and weighted with good cheer.

"My practice, George, has not been among interesting cases. It has been chiefly connected with patents and property. No case ever interested me so much as a little incident to which I indirectly owe my present prosperity and this feast of good things, since the great case that first brought me into notice at the bar was put into my hands by the Italian embassy at Washington. Up to that time I had not been prosperous in my profession. I was making my way upward very slowly. Your mother and I had a large family to educate and to provide for. We could not afford to live in New York, so I took a house at Yonkers, and went backwards and forwards to my business every day.

"You older ones, my children, recollect Kathleen, our maid servant, who came to us about twenty-five years ago. She left us, George, when you were a little fellow. She was what is called amongst her people 'country born'; that is, her father and mother were Irish, and she herself was a Romanist—very devout. Indeed, I am not sure that I ever saw religion so permeate a whole life as hers. She had been brought up in some orphan school; she came to us without friends, and she adopted us as her family, though she never swerved 'one jot or one tittle' from fidelity to her religion. Though one with us in everything else, her religious life she led apart, never obtruding her opinions or the practice of her duties; but their influence was felt in every act of faithful service. Your mother never knew her to slight anything, nor to forget anything. Her whole life was one of obedience, faithfulness, and satisfaction.

"She attended a Roman Catholic chapel in Yonkers, where the priest, as we always heard, was a good man. He was an Italian by birth, but spoke excellent English. He was the

true *curé*, who concerned himself little about things outside of his flock, but adopted all the cares and interests of those within his care. However, as I said, Kathleen kept her religious life to herself, and we rarely heard the name of Father Fortano.

"At last your mother fancied she observed a change in Kathleen. There had come into our neighborhood a new shoemaker—Pietro, an Italian. We thought he must be under the patronage of Father Fortano, for Kathleen was his first customer. One day he kneeled before her on the kitchen floor and took her measure. The next Sunday she tripped to Mass in a dainty pair of patent leather shoes.

"Pietro's dark hair, regular features, brilliant eyes, soft voice, refined manners, and guitar made him a very different person from the sleek tradesmen, mechanics, and Irish laborers of our neighborhood, among whom had hitherto lain Kathleen's prospects of matrimony.

"The very fact of possessing such pretty shoes seemed to rouse in her an instinct of refinement. She learned to dress herself—not in vulgar finery, but with those simple arts by which we sometimes recognize the first gleams of a new happiness.

"The shoemaker had his dwelling near our house, and, after the fashion of his own land, he often brought his tools and work-bench into the open air. He used to watch Kathleen as she went about our yard busying herself with her various household duties; and sometimes they exchanged a few sentences over the privet hedge. On Sundays he generally contrived to join her on her way to Mass, and to see her home after it was over. But Kathleen's conscientiousness never allowed her to linger in his company, and when she came back happy to her household work, with a flavor of the pleasure she had tasted still lingering about her, she always seemed more earnest, humble, faithful, and thoughtful; more anxious to minister to all the family, and to make the children happy. Your mother used to say afterwards that Kathleen's happy moments had never been lost time.

"One day the colored boy who did our chores was absent, and Kathleen had to bring up from the spring the water for her washing. Pietro saw her coming with the water-pails, and, on her second journey to the little spring-house, he leaped over the privet hedge and came to help her.

"‘Bella Catarina,’ he said, ‘this task is too much for you.

If it depended upon me, you should never carry a heavy water-pail again.'

"Kathleen smiled as the young fellow spoke, and turned away her head. Her heart beat fast; but it was washing day. She could not stop even to hear her own praises from him.

"Taking the pail out of her hand, he continued: 'If you were my wife, Catarina, I would not let you tire yourself with anything any more.'

"'Your wife?' she said. 'Oh! no. You know too much; you are too much above me; too good, too different from the rest, to think of me. You know I don't know anything; I have no friends; I have laid by very little money.'

"They were almost up to the wash-house by this time. She held out her hand for the water-pail. Pietro retained it for a moment, as he whispered: 'Bella Catarina mia, I love you, and if you will only smile upon my hopes we will be married.'

"On hearing these words she hurried rapidly into her wash-room.

"Kathleen was one of those meek who inherit the earth without ever having thought that they deserve good fortune. Her great joy struck her with astonishment as a thing too good for her.

"She had no time until her work was done to brood over her happiness. She went on with her washing. The clothes were whiter than ever that day as a thank-offering to the God who had sent such joy into her experience. Kathleen was truly, earnestly, rapturously in love.

"During that busy day nothing but the tender wistfulness in her brown eyes betrayed her secret, but when night came and she sat sewing in her nursery, surrounded by the cribs of sleeping children, she became greatly moved. She wept, she prayed. She thought, How would her mistress bear to part with her? She knew her to be very delicate; she foresaw how the little children would trouble her. They all dearly loved their Kathleen. Suppose some rough, unfaithful woman should replace her in the family? . . . But then came the idea of being wife to Pietro, and that thought subdued everything.

"She was anxious to speak with your mother the next day before things went further. She could not be easy without her sanction to her happiness, and Heaven's too. She got up before daylight and knocked at our chamber door, to say that if your mother pleased she would like to go to church

that morning. In the little chapel at Yonkers—as she told your mother afterwards when trouble came—she knelt before the high altar and asked God's blessing on her happiness and his direction in the new life that seemed before her. Then, crossing herself, she rose, and got home before the rest of us were stirring.

"All that morning she went about thinking over the little speech it was so difficult to manage in words. Unfortunately, your mother had company that day, and Kathleen could not get a chance to have any conversation with her.

"Pietro stood watching about dusk beside the privet hedge. All Kathleen would do was to shake her head and say: 'I have not been able to speak to her.'

"The next day, however, with many blushes and great embarrassment, she told her story.

"And so you want to leave me?' said her mistress.

"Oh! dear madam, it makes me cry every time I think of it'; and the tears began to flow until your mother said: 'It is all as it should be, Kathleen. He seems an honest, steady man. *You* must judge if he will make you happy. You will live next door to us, you know, and will hardly be parted from me and from the children. I shall give you all your house linen, and, when your marriage comes, your wedding supper.'

"When I came home that night your mother told me, and I went to see Pietro. I was very much pleased with him. He had a good trade, and had saved some money. It seemed to be a love match, supplemented by all other good and pleasant things.

"The engagement soon became known in the village, and Kathleen had to stand many rough jokes, though her modest reserve and the retired life that she had always lived spared her a good deal of pleasantry that would have displeased Pietro and have jarred upon her delicacy.

"One day on board the boat coming up from New York I met Father Fortano. I began to talk to him about Kathleen and Pietro. I asked him what he knew about the antecedents of the young Italian. 'Nothing,' he said. 'He is from a village near Florence. I come from a small town in Romagna; but I have great confidence in Pietro. He is an honest man.'

"He strikes me so,' I replied, 'but I thought you would know more about him.'

“‘So I do—so I do—in one sense,’ he replied; ‘but I rely most on what he has told me of himself and on my own impressions.’

“‘It might be as well to write and inquire about him in the place where he once lived in Italy,’ I suggested.

“‘True—true,’ said Father Fortano, ‘I will write to the *curate* of the parish he belonged to, or to the *podesta* of his village.’

“‘How soon will you get an answer?’ I said. ‘Will it come before the time fixed for the marriage?’

“‘Oh, certainly; I presume so. They need not be married till the week before Advent. But,’ he added, as we parted, ‘I have much experience in character, and I am quite sure Pietro is *un galantuomo*.’

“The more we saw of Pietro the more we were all of the opinion of Father Fortano. His pleasant voice, his broken English, and his guitar were now often in our kitchen. A new girl to replace Kathleen had come to live with us, and was learning her duties. The shoemaker’s little cottage had been fitted up. Each one of your brothers and sisters was busily engaged, in secret, preparing wedding presents for the bride and bridegroom, and in the bustle of the marriage preparations and in the confidence that she would still live within sight of our nursery windows, much of the pain of parting was removed.

“The wedding had been fixed for November 23. In the Roman Catholic Church there are no marriages in Advent. Father Fortano had received no answer to his letter. ‘I am quite sure Pietro is all right,’ he said to me. ‘In our profession we are almost sure to know.’ Nevertheless he asked him, in my presence, for the papers that every foreign workman carries about with him. Pietro produced from his breast pocket a thick leather pocket-book, which contained his passport, his certificate of baptism, another certificate of good conduct from the magistrate of his village, and a little picture of his patron saint, by whom he evidently felt himself more protected than by the red tape of the civil authorities. In my eyes, too, the simplicity and good faith of the poor fellow were vouched for by the store he set upon this little colored card as much as by his testimonials from the office of the *podesta*.

“The 20th of November came, and no letter for Father Fortano. There had been a great shipwreck, news of which

used to fall upon the ears of the whole country with horror. We all concluded, as we compared dates, that the letter we expected must have been on board of her.

"‘Why need they wait for it?’ said my wife. ‘Everything is ready. We are all satisfied. Advent is very near, and it will be so much better for us all to have it over. If the marriage is put off till after Christmas it will unsettle me entirely, and make Kathleen very uncomfortable.’

"She pleaded this with Father Fortano, who we now saw frequently. He never had had any misgiving about Pietro, and his letter of inquiry, I think, had been written solely to convince us that he was very careful about the lambs of his congregation.

"So your mother prevailed, and Pietro and Kathleen were married in the little chapel at Yonkers, about dusk, on November 23, after which they returned to our house with a few friends for the wedding supper. Pietro appeared, as almost every bridegroom does appear, shyly proud of his new rank as husband, and the bride blushed when we addressed her by his name.

"The wedding guests were just sitting down to supper in our dining-room when one of our neighbors rode up to our gate. ‘I’ve just come from the post-office,’ he said, ‘and they asked me if I wouldn’t bring up this big letter for Father Fortano. It must have been on board the A—. The ink is all washed yellow by salt water. I saw they had picked up two or three of the mail-bags on the coast of Nova Scotia.’

"I carried the letter into the house, and beckoned Father Fortano into the parlor. He opened it at once. I saw that it contained some dreadful news by the change in his expression.

"It was from the *podesta* of Poppi, Pietro’s native village, and was covered with red seals and attestations from some official source. It ran as follows:

"‘The person inquired for—Pietro Vagnioli—was born in Poppi, July 17, 1829. He married, at the age of twenty, a girl from Lucca. This woman—Tessa Baldi—eloped from him a few months after with a brigand from Naples. The felucca on which the guilty couple went away was wrecked on the Sicilian coast, on its passage to Squillace, in Calabria. Their deaths were reported, but falsely. The brigand spread the rumor to facilitate his return to his own troop, in the mountains of Assulia, and nothing was heard of the woman for

seven years. She has recently come back, and is now residing with her family. Remorse, ill-treatment, or extreme poverty, probably, induced her to return. She is living under a false name and in all possible obscurity. Her husband was a very honest and industrious workman. He has been away for several years, and is possibly quite ignorant of the reappearance of his wife or even of her existence.'

"After standing stupefied for some moments, gazing at each other, Father Fortano said to me, 'Let us call in Pietro.'

"He entered, evidently surprised at the summons, but not uneasy, though he saw the great official letter in the father's hand. Father Fortano asked him, 'Had he ever before been married?'

"He answered promptly: 'Yes; but that his wife had disgraced herself and him, and had been drowned as a swift punishment for her sins from Heaven.'

"'Are you sure?' said Father Fortano, gravely. 'Do you know it for a certainty?'

"'Everybody knew it, father, in our village.'

"'But you ought to have made strict inquiry yourself. Did you never do so?'

"'I wanted to forget all about her, father,' said Pietro. 'I seemed always to have a dread that that woman would some day do me harm. I wanted to be rid of her.'

"'Did you never think, my son, about the risk you run of marrying two women—a crime that would bring on you the penalties of bigamy? Did it never occur to you, besides, that you might bring upon some other woman—some good woman, whom you loved—a sorrow and disgrace that she could hardly bear?'

"'No, father. I only wanted never to hear her name again; and now that I am going to be happy, it seems hard to have it brought up to me at my very wedding. However, she is dead, and there's an end of her.'

"'Have you ever received positive proof of her death?' persisted the father, still hoping against hope to find some error.

"'If you will write home, father, every one can tell you all she did. I do not like to talk about her.'

"'Unhappily, I have written, and I have just received this letter. My poor son, your wife, Tessa Baldi, is still living.'

"'Alive! No, father, no; impossible!' cried the poor fellow, with sharp anguish in his voice, which pierced our very

souls. 'Who wrote the letter, father? Where does it come from?'

"Father Fortano trembled like a leaf. He said: 'I had better read it to you.'

"Let Catarina hear it! Let me call Kathleen!' At his call the poor young bride came running in. The look upon our troubled faces changed her bridal smiles and blushes into terror.

"Poor Kathleen!' I exclaimed, and took her hand; but I think she hardly noticed me. She stood up by the man she had just married. She slipped her hand out of mine, seized his and pressed it between both hers fervently.

"When she heard the words, 'He was married at the age of twenty,' she looked hurt, surprised, and troubled. Doubtless she felt he ought not to have concealed such a passage in his life from her.

"As the letter went on 'the traces of unutterable thoughts' passed over her face. When Father Fortano read, 'She has recently returned and is now residing with her family,' Pietro stood shaking with emotion. Kathleen gave a little shriek and drew her hands away. Then she burst into tears, and reproached him with disgracing and deceiving her.

"My child,' said I, 'I shall see that your marriage is properly dissolved. No stain and no reproach will ever fall on you. Father Fortano, is there no probability of Pietro's obtaining a divorce from that other woman?'

"He could obtain no divorce that a devout daughter of the church could profit by,' was the answer.

"What have I done? What have I done?' cried Pietro. 'I am innocent—yet God has punished me. Perhaps I too much wished her dead. But Kathleen—! Oh, Catarina never hated anybody!'

"Pietro, why did you deceive me?'—she spoke reproachfully.

"I was deceived myself, my dearest. Catarina mia!' he cried, trying to clasp her in his arms.

"She drew herself away from him. 'Why did you never tell me about her?' she said.

"Oh, she was wicked, Catarina mia, and you were good—so pure, so good,' he cried in anguish.

"Is it quite true you married her?'

"Quite true, Catarina.'

"Oh, Pietro, you have two wives!'

“‘I meant to have but one—you only—none but you. Oh, listen to me, Catarina!’

“‘You must go away, my poor Pietro,’ said Father Fortano; ‘you must go at once. That is all you can do now to repair the mischief you have done.’

“‘Can I go back to Poppi, to inquire? Perhaps it is not true! There might be some mistake,’ he cried, looking eagerly at Father Fortano.

“‘Yes,’ I said; ‘probably that is the best thing that you can do. Go home and make inquiries. If all is right, come back again; you will find Kathleen waiting for you. If the facts are as they say, let us hear no more of you. I will go down with you to New York to-night, and take your passage on to-morrow’s steamer.’ Then Kathleen, who at first had been utterly beside herself—who had showed for the first time in her life, probably, an Irish sense of her own wrongs—raised her head again, and recovered some of her courage. She set about getting his things together for his abrupt departure. Pietro, under her influence, became calm. He obeyed her like a child. They understood—and they accepted—the terrible situation. The moment of parting came, and they fell into each other’s arms. One long last kiss they took, the poor bride’s head resting with its shining braids, for the first time, on his bosom.

“He tore himself away from her at last. She called him back. She threw around his neck a little chain by which hung a little cross she always wore; then she dropped down upon her knees, and hid her face. Her honeymoon and married life were over. I drew the poor fellow away.

“No word ever reached us from Pietro. Kathleen resumed her duties in our household. She was as devout, as self-contained, as invaluable as ever. After a year or two the war broke out. In its third year your Aunt Wilmet, who had been one of the ladies attached to the Sanitary Commission on board hospital transports in the York River and the Pamunkey, was appointed by the government lady superintendent of a soldiers’ convalescent hospital in Rhode Island. One day, after she had been with us, and had been talking of her new post, and of its duties, Kathleen came to your mother, and asked if she could spare her to go with Miss Wilmet to the hospital. We had seen her for some time pining away day by day, and your mother was rejoiced to think that she was willing to make any change in the monotony of her existence.

"We sent her to your aunt, who was most thankful to receive such an assistant, and wrote that she was invaluable in the hospital.

"One day, in my office in New York, I got a telegram—abrupt and very pressing :

"LOVELL HOSPITAL, ETC.

"‘Come to us immediately. Something about Kathleen.’

"There was just time to catch the Newport boat. I telegraphed to Yonkers that I should not be at home that night, and, picking up my travelling shawl, started to obey the summons. The boat landed me about daylight at the wharf of the hospital.

"‘What is it?’ I asked your aunt, as she met me in her graceful dress of blue flannel, decorated with United States buttons.

"The hospital, I may premise, consisted of ten long, detached wards—very much like monstrous bowling alleys. These wards were beautifully clean but very rough, not being even painted. Within the enclosed grounds were several separate buildings; viz., quarters for the officers, the superintendent and her assistants, the surgeons, guard, and hospital stewards. Coming out of one of these wards in the gray of early morning, Aunt Wilmet had greeted me.

"‘Yesterday,’ she said, ‘we had an arrival—a boat-load of sick men, under charge of a surgeon and two hospital stewards. Among them were three prisoners; we have them sent to us sometimes. They are smuggled in by some surgeon in whom they have excited sympathy. One has typhoid; the other two are amputation cases. The surgeon in charge whispered to me that the typhoid case was an Italian. Perhaps I did foolishly, knowing Kathleen’s story; but in a hospital one always thinks first of the patient, and I sent for Kathleen to see after him, knowing that she could speak a few words of Italian. That steady, calm, strong girl, the moment that she saw the patient, fainted away. We brought her to with some difficulty, and she showed genuine Irish wilfulness and excitement, claiming a right to go back to him. At last I said she should go if she would promise to be perfectly calm, and to behave only as if she were no more than an attendant in the hospital. But I doubt my power to manage her, should she break out again. She says he is her husband.’

"‘Does he know her?’

"‘No; and I don’t suppose he ever will. It’s a bad case o

typhoid, aggravated by being sent on here. She is still sitting by his bed, thanking God for his mercy in letting her be with him; but I think it is a dreadful pity that this has come to unsettle her.'

"'What do you want me to do?'

"'I don't suppose he will live through the day. I want you, when it is over, to take her away.'

"I went into the ward and saw them. I recognized poor Pietro, with the flush of typhoid in his face and in his glassy, restless, gleaming eyes. Kathleen, as calm as if her eyes had never shed a tear, sat fanning him. 'He talks about me in his delirium,' she said. 'I pray God he may hear me say how deeply I have grieved for the cruel words I said to him that—that—that day when Father Fortano—' Here she stooped down and kissed his restless fingers.

"When the boat for New York touched at the wharf that night there had been no change in him. The doctor in charge told me he was stronger than he had thought. He was wiry and had probably been a man of temperate habits; he had considerable vitality. I might be detained several days if I waited until all was over. I had professional business that was pressing in New York, so I left word with Aunt Wilmet to telegraph for me again when the end came, and I would return in time for the funeral.

"I took leave of Kathleen. 'I think him a little better,' she said; 'I see signs of improvement that the doctor does not, in him.'

"I said something about her coming back to us if—if— I could not form the words.

"'Ah, yes!' she said, 'if he gets better, I know that I must leave him. If only, please God, we could have both died, we should have been together.'

"I went back to New York, but did not go home to Yonkers the next evening. It was a stormy night, and I thought I would spend my time by going to see a celebrated actor. There was an immense crowd; for he played Hamlet. I could get no place in the stalls, parquet, or dress circle, and was going away, when a man ran after me in the street and offered to sell me a place in one of the stage boxes. I was willing enough to buy his seat, for the rain was falling fast, and I had no clothes in New York but those I stood in. As I went in the usher in charge of the stage-boxes recommended me, as the box was very crowded, to leave my wet overcoat

and umbrella in the cloak-room. The girl who had charge of the room was very attentive and obliging. 'See, sir,' she said, 'I put your things into this compartment nearest to the door; there will be a great crowd when you come out of the theatre.'

"I was an unwelcome intruder into the box, and found myself very uncomfortable; but I dreaded the rain, and stayed out the performance. As we were all crowding into the lobbies after it was over the gas suddenly went out, and there was a cry of 'Fire!' Women fainted, and men struggled. There were some very severe accidents, and it was some time before the excited crowd could be made to understand that the theatre was perfectly safe, and that the disappearance of the lights was a blunder on the part of a new gas-man. Meantime, I did not want to lose my overcoat and umbrella. I was near the door of the cloak-room, and putting in my hand, drew out my property. I had not shared the general fright, feeling sure that there could be no fire in the building; and after awhile I reached the street with my coat over my arm and my umbrella in my hand. By that time it was bright moonlight, and I walked on without putting on the coat or examining the umbrella. In the morning, to my great annoyance and surprise, I found they were not mine. My first act was to examine the pockets of the overcoat for some clue to the owner. I found a large pocket-book, containing cards, money, and papers, which convinced me I had got hold of the *paletot* of an Italian gentleman belonging to the Italian embassy. He was staying at one of the great hotels, and I set out at once to restore his things to him. My eagerness to see him had been increased by the sight of a sealed letter in his pocket-book addressed to Pietro Vagnoli, Stati Uniti d'America.

"I was shown into the parlor of the hotel, where the Italian gentleman came to find me in a few moments. 'Very much indebted, etc.' 'Signor,' said I, when he had finished his acknowledgments, 'may I, without indiscretion, ask what you know of Pietro Vagnoli?'

"'Certainly,' said he. 'I have an important communication for him. He sailed from Leghorn a year or two ago for this country; but whether he landed in the Stati Uniti of the North, or the Stati Confederiti of the South, we cannot tell. A relation of mine, who was interested in his story, asked me to take all pains to deliver this letter.'

“‘I know where he is now,’ I said; and told his story.

“‘I believe the letter is to tell him that his wife is dead,’ said the *attaché*.

“I carried off the letter, and started by the earliest train that would take me overland to the Lovell Hospital. My first inquiry upon the wharf was for the typhoid case—the rebel prisoner.

“‘He has rallied considerably, and may get well now,’ was the answer.

“Aunt Wilmet met me before the door of her own quarters, and drew me into her pretty little band-box of a room.

“‘I am quite at a loss what to do about Kathleen,’ she said. ‘If you can get her to go with you, you had better take her home. Her man may possibly get well, and how can I have love-making in the wards of my hospital? It is such a peculiar story. He *will* hold her hand all the time; and now he knows her.’

“‘My dear girl,’ I said, ‘I have good news for them, and I am sure you will overlook any little irregularities. If they are not man and wife, they are *i promessi sposi*—betrothed lovers. Besides, the Italian embassy—if he continues to improve—will make an earnest appeal to our government for the release of Pietro Vagnoli. It is not often one announces with satisfaction to a man that he is a widower; but I am happy to carry such good news to poor Pietro. Help me to do my errand, Wilmet, and come along.’

“At the furthest end of a long ward, on the neatest of beds, with cheerfulness and peace around him, lay Pietro. Beside him sat Kathleen, her eyes swimming in tears. Pietro knew me in a moment. ‘Ah, Eccellenza!’ he cried, ‘I am so blessed to be allowed to die here with my Catarina!’

“‘Pietro,’ said I, solemnly, ‘men get well who *want* to get well. That is understood in hospitals. You must not talk of dying. You must live for Kathleen’s sake. She has suffered very much, and now you must make her very happy. Tessa Baldi, your wife—that bad woman—has been dead two years. Here is a letter to you from Poppi to say so; and the certificates of her death and burial are in Washington, at the Italian embassy.’

“The announcement, probably, was injudiciously abrupt; but no harm came of it. Pietro looked up at me with eyes of gratitude; while Kathleen, falling on her knees, raised the

little cross she had given him at parting—which now lay upon his breast—and held it to his lips, then pressed it to her own. I heard her murmur to herself, ‘Five years! This is our wedding-day, November 23.’

“‘Then, Kathleen,’ said Aunt Wilmet briskly, ‘if you wish him to be well by Christmas Day, and to eat his Christmas dinner at Yonkers, leave him to me. I shall sit by your husband while he lies here thinking over this good news. The doctor and the patients have been wanting you very much the last two days in your own ward.’”

AHNENA KHIEVE.

BY LAMONTI D'CRESONA.



CUSHLA MACHREE, oh! how can it be,
Such lovers as we for ever must sever our ways?
Ah! have you forgot? Love's Aidenn we sought—
Its guerdon came not; but memory stayed on and
stays.

Through all the white years, when faith banished fears,
Our troth knew no tears. Mavourneen, oh! why must we part?
While æon bells toll eternity's roll,
The spirit is soul; and you are the soul of my heart.
You're the faith and the spirit and soul of my life;
Must our love drown in dungeons of chaos and strife?
Dost hear, O mavourneen: dost hearken to me?
“Mavourneen, mavourneen, a cushla machree.”

'Mid life's mad turmoil of trouble and toil
Our vows proved a foil to cunning of treachery's schemes.
We must not let fall a curtain o'er all
Our mem'ries recall, of days of fond lovers' dreams;
No banshee of doubt can put love to rout.
Though earth lights go out, shall the bright sun e'er cease to
rule?
No matter what pain, o'er mountain and main
God's spirit shall reign when the blood of man's pulses is cool.

Oh! come to me, come to me, light of my eyes;
I yearn for you, pray for you, star of my skies.
Mavrone! O mavourneen! but smile upon me,
"Mavourneen, mavourneen, a cushla machree."

My arid eyes grieve, dear Ahnena Khieve,
For the gardens you leave, and the smiles, and the talks, and
the books.

In the lands where you go fair promise trees grow,
And balmy winds blow, and crystal the green valley's brooks;
But no spot is so fair, in the realms over there,
As the June ingle, where we loitered while plighting our troth;
No raiment so fine, though golden its shine,
As yours, sweetheart mine, in bodice of modest gray cloth.
Oh! strength of me, life of me, love of my soul,
May not the high angels yet lengthen life's dole?
Come back, O mavourneen! oh! come unto me:
"Mavourneen, mavourneen, a cushla machree."

Mavourneen, come back, o'er the age-trodden track.
But alas and alack! no traveller's steps e'er return
From those valleys of rest, whose splendor unguessed
Makes thy sleep sweetly blessed. But, darling, I gaze and I
yearn

For thy presence, vague lost; and on billows I'm tossed;
And in dreams comes the cost of a life from whence love has
flown.

O Ahnena! guide me over the tide,
That I may abide with love and you, ever my own.
Oh! list for me, pray for me, reach to me, love—
I come, dear, to greet you in Heaven above.
I'm coming, mavourneen, I'm coming to thee,
"Mavourneen, mavourneen, a cushla machree!"

DIVINE ACTION IN NATURAL SELECTION.

BY WILLIAM SETON, LL.D.

"In the beginning God created" (Gen. i. 1).

IN this article we do not propose to discuss the question of organic evolution as opposed to the old-time theory of the separate, special creation of numberless organisms, which was followed by numberless extinctions going on during millions of years. This would be superfluous; for, to quote the words of Bishop Hedley, of Newport,* ". . . It should be well borne in mind that the foremost Catholic men of science of the day not only hold a theory of evolution, but consider that there can be no doubt on the matter." Our object is to defend and support one of its main factors, namely, Natural Selection, from a purely scientific point of view, and to show that this factor is, when properly understood, not only not opposed to the idea of God's creative act, but that, on the contrary, His wisdom is manifested in it. As we know, Charles Darwin was guided to the discovery of his celebrated hypothesis (for this discovery, however, we are equally indebted to Alfred Russel Wallace) by the study of what Man has accomplished through artificial selection. He cites the common opinion of naturalists that the various breeds of the domestic pigeon—the carrier, pouter, tumbler, fantail, and others—are all descended from the wild rock-pigeon through slight differences accumulated by pigeon-fanciers during many successive generations.

Man has done this for his own pleasure, until finally he has changed the original rock-pigeon not only outwardly, but he has brought about modifications in the skulls of the different breeds. The same thing man has done with the dog, horse, sheep, and other animals. The different breeds have been produced by man's selecting and accumulating in one direction the variations which suited his purpose, which variations are so slight that an uneducated eye cannot appreciate them. The same principle of continual selection of slight variations has been followed in regard to plants. The gardener cultivates the

* *Dublin Review*, October, 1898, p. 246.

best variety ; then when a still somewhat better variety springs from its seeds, he selects it, and thus little by little the vegetable and the flower are modified and improved.

With these remarks on what man has done in a comparatively brief time through artificial selection, let us speak of natural selection. As every naturalist knows, animals and plants present individual differences under changing conditions of life. And here we declare our belief that when the Almighty created the first plants and animals, *he did implant in them the power to respond to extrinsic factors acting on them.*

These extrinsic factors arouse, call forth, so to speak, dormant variations which are thrown out promiscuously in all directions, and there being far more births than there is room or food for, severe competition ensues * and certain ones among these variations are (of course metaphorically speaking) selected by Nature as the fittest to survive in a changing environment ; and the environment is, as a rule, always more or less changing. This is what we mean by natural selection.

Only for this God-given tendency in animals and plants to respond in a favorable way to outward changes—and only for such response there could be no selection—the Creator must have been continually working fresh miracles through new creations in order to adapt organic life to new conditions ; for vast indeed have been the changes in sea and land and climates, in food and in enemies, since organic life first appeared. And we know by fossil remains, by the testimony of the rocks, that vast also have been the changes in animals and plants.

To give only one example of what a changed environment may produce in a bird in a comparatively few years, we may instance the wingless Dodo (now extinct) and the Apteryx. The dodo—which inhabited the islands of Mauritius, Bourbon,† and Rodriguez—bore undoubted evidence of being an abortion from a more perfect type, which under changed conditions of life had become little by little practically a bird without wings.

* “Nothing is easier than to admit in words the truth of the universal struggle for life, or more difficult—at least I find it so—than constantly to bear this conclusion in mind. Yet unless it be thoroughly ingrained in the mind, the whole economy of nature, with every fact on distribution, rarity, abundance, extinction, and variation, will be dimly seen or quite misunderstood. We behold the face of nature bright with gladness, we often see superabundance of food ; we do not see, or we forget, that the birds which are idly singing round us mostly live on insects or seeds, and are thus constantly destroying life ; or we forget that these songsters, or their eggs, or their nestlings, are destroyed by birds and beasts of prey ; we do not always bear in mind that, though food may be now superabundant, it is not so at all seasons of each recurring year.”—*Origin of Species*, page 40.

† The wingless birds on the islands of Bourbon and Rodriguez were closely allied forms.

Here we quote from Wallace's *Island Life*, pages 400-401: "If we suppose some ancestral ground-feeding pigeon of large size to have reached the group (of islands) by means of intervening islands afterwards submerged, and to have thenceforth remained to increase and multiply, unchecked by the attacks of any more powerful animals, we can well understand that the wings, being useless, would in time become almost aborted. It is not improbable that this process would be aided by natural selection, because the use of wings would be absolutely prejudicial to the birds in their new home. Those that flew up into trees to roost, or tried to cross over the mouths of rivers, might be blown out to sea and destroyed, especially during the hurricanes which have probably always more or less devastated the islands; while, on the other hand, the more bulky and short-winged individuals, who took to sleeping on the ground in the forest, would be preserved from such dangers, and perhaps also from the attacks of birds of prey which may have visited the islands. . . . It is perfectly certain that their existence depended on complete isolation and freedom from the attacks of enemies. We have no single example of such defenceless birds having ever existed on a continent at any geological period, whereas analogous though totally distinct forms do exist in New Zealand, where enemies are equally wanting." The wingless New Zealand bird here alluded to by Wallace is the Apteryx, which consists of four species. And we know that not very long ago other birds equally wingless, but much larger, inhabited the islands of New Zealand. It is an interesting fact, too, that on certain storm-swept islands there exist moths, beetles, and flies without wings; and it is held by naturalists that this condition has come about mainly through natural selection combined with disuse.

Through the blessed power of responsive variations—variability being a response to changed conditions of life—these insects have become adapted to their dangerous environment; for the ones which used their wings the most ran the greatest danger—they were more often blown out to sea and drowned; and nature (which cannot select until individual differences occur) picked out and accumulated the variations which tended more and more towards shortness of wing, until in the course of time the wings disappeared and an insect remained which could not fly. And certainly this was the insect most fitted to survive on these windy islands.

But, as we know, very much greater changes than mere

loss of wings have taken place in animal life during the long geologic ages. All naturalists accept the evidence* that the mammalia have developed from aquatic ancestors. As more and more land appeared above the primeval sea, and the more amphibious certain of these aquatic ancestors became, the more did some favorable variation in the original swim-bladder of a fish—in response to a changing environment—become through transitional gradations more and more fitted by natural selection to discharge the functions of a lung, and it thus took a new departure in its evolutionary history.

And now, while the land surface is increasing, let us imagine ourselves living in the early part of the Eocene epoch, which is the first division of the Tertiary age. We do not find any more gigantic reptiles, but the earth is not yet quite hard and dry and the conditions are still rather fitted for slow-moving, somewhat sluggish animals; and among the primitive mammals—for this is the dawn of the mammal age—we discover the *Phenacodus primævus*, whose fossil remains were unearthed by Professor Cope. This little animal, which is to be seen in the American Museum of Natural History, is believed by naturalists to be the highly generalized type from which have developed the hooved mammalia; and one of its branches is the horse family. Nor must we rise very much higher in the strata before we come to *Eohippus*, the far-off ancestor of the modern horse. And for the evidence, accepted by naturalists, that *Equus* has developed from the little *eohippus*—sixteen inches high—we refer the reader to the progressive modifications of the feet and teeth in the fossil pedigree of the horse family, of which more than thirty transition forms have been found, all standing in linear series in time and in structure.

As the land surface slowly dried (and this drying up was, doubtless, an important extrinsic factor acting on *eohippus*) the little creature gradually became adapted, through favorable responsive variations selected by nature, to changed conditions of life. And we cannot too often repeat that variations are the groundwork for natural selection to act on; and we say again that we believe Almighty God willed in the beginning that slight differences should appear in the offspring of the same parents in response to outward changes. And there must have been great changes in the conditions of animal life during the two million years which we may allow for

* The most striking evidence is afforded by embryology.

the Tertiary period. As thus explained there is surely nothing in the hypothesis of natural selection that a Catholic may not accept, and, as Bishop Hedley tells us in the *Dublin Review* for October, 1898, theologians are already beginning to look upon Darwinism with a more favorable eye.

There are critics, however, who maintain that since the appearance of organic life there has not been time for the primeval forms of animals and plants to develop mainly through natural selection into what they are at the present day, and Darwin himself acknowledged that the time-limit was a weak point in his theory. Eminent physicists, we know, have reckoned that the consolidation of our earth took place less than forty million years ago—a time too brief for evolution mainly through natural selection. In answer to this it has been said that development may have been more rapid at one period of the world's history than at another. Moreover, Sir William Thomson (now Lord Kelvin), who was the first to speak with authority on the time-limit, frankly admits* that all his reckonings of underground heat are founded on the "very sure assumption that the material of our present solid earth all round its surface was at one time a white-hot liquid." Here, as we perceive, the essential factor in his calculations rests on an assumption, and we beg the reader to read the able address of J. C. Chamberlin in response to Lord Kelvin.† In this address the professor of geology at the University of Chicago challenges the certitude of Lord Kelvin's assumption of a white-hot liquid earth, and he does so on the basis of physical laws and physical antecedents. He tells us that geologists are not yet agreed that all the oldest rocks are even igneous. He assumes with Lord Kelvin that our globe was formed by the falling together of meteorites, but he does not join hands with him in inferring a white-hot liquid state as a result of this falling together. He maintains that everything would depend on the rate at which the meteorites met simultaneously, heat resulting from gravitation and checked motion. A highly rapid simultaneous infall must be shown before we assume a white-hot liquid earth as a result; and he offers the alternative hypothesis of a slow-grown earth, formed by meteorites gathering together at great intervals, from which a low surface temperature may be predicated. Professor Chamberlin likewise discusses the question of the sun's age as

* Lord Kelvin's address on the age of the earth as an abode fitted for life. *Science*, May 12-19, 1899.

† *Science*, June 30-July 7, 1899.

affecting the habitable age of the earth, and he concludes that the age of the earth, as an abode fitted for life, may be greater than has been supposed. And here we may add that at the last meeting of the British Association the distinguished geologist, Sir Archibald Geikie, delivered an address in which, with marked moderation, he also discussed the same problem of the habitable age of our earth, and he contended that he saw no arguments, on the geological side, "why they (the geologists) should not be at liberty to enlarge it (the time-limit) as far as they may find needful for the evolution of organized existence on the globe."

But while we have endeavored to show in this article that the hypothesis of natural selection, when correctly understood, has in it nothing which a Catholic may not accept, we admit that one must be something of a naturalist in order to grasp its full meaning.

For example, a recent number of an excellent Catholic magazine* contains an article entitled "Erreur de la lutte pour la vie" (Error of the struggle for life), in which the writer—after saying that the fundamental principle of the progressive development of animals and plants is in nowise opposed to Catholic dogma—gravely informs us that in the vegetable kingdom there can be no struggle for life properly speaking, for struggle implies energy of will, a certain knowledge of the enemy to be conquered, etc. And we gather from the whole gist of the article that the writer imagines that the word struggle, as used by naturalists, signifies a regular pitched battle, a tearing of flesh and a shedding of blood.† Now, here is what Darwin says, on page 50 of the *Origin of Species*: "I use this term (struggle for existence) in a large and metaphorical sense including dependence of one being on another, including (which is more important) not only the life of the individual, but success in leaving progeny. Two canine animals, in a time of dearth, may be truly said to struggle with each other which shall get food and live. But a plant on the edge of a desert is said to struggle for life against the drought, though more properly it should be said to be dependent on the moisture. A plant which annually produces a thousand seeds, of which only one on an average comes to maturity, may

* *Revue du Monde Catholique*, October 1, 1899.

† . . . il n'existe pas, à proprement parler, de lutte pour la vie dans le monde végétal. Qui dit lutte, suppose une certaine énergie de volonté, une certaine connaissance de l'adversaire à vaincre ou auquel il faut au moins résister . . . "

be more truly said to struggle with the plants of the same and other kinds which already clothe the ground. The mistletoe is dependent on the apple and a few other trees, but can only in a far-fetched sense be said to struggle with these trees, for, if too many of these parasites grow on the same tree, it languishes and dies. But several seedling mistletoes growing together on the same branch may be truly said to struggle with each other. As the mistletoe is disseminated by birds, its existence depends on them; and it may metaphorically be said to struggle with other fruit-bearing plants, in tempting the birds to devour and thus to disseminate its seeds. In these several senses, which pass into each other, I use for convenience' sake the general term of struggle for existence."

To conclude our remarks on natural selection, we assert that it is still held by very many naturalists not only as one of the factors, but as the main factor in organic evolution. At the meeting of the British Association held at Toronto, in 1897, Professor Foster, in his review of the progress of physiological science, told how Darwin's pregnant ideas had swayed physiology as well as biology, and Professor Marshall Ward—president of the botanical section—declared that the latest studies, both of living and fossil plants, were "yielding at every turn new building stones and explanatory charts of the edifice of evolution" by the process of natural selection. And Brother Azarias, one of the most distinguished members of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, says in his *Philosophy of Literature*, pp. 180-181: "Darwin is the Newton of natural history. He has revolutionized the whole study of nature. He has united in intimate bonds the present with the remotest past. Read in the light of the doctrine of Natural Selection, this world's story, with the story of all things upon it, reads like a fairy tale. Darwin has explained the laws governing the Variation of the Species; he has shown how potent a factor environment is in modifying transmitted organs and transmitted traits; he has brought out clearly the great law of the animal and the vegetable kingdoms of the power of the rapid multiplication in a geometrical progression, the consequent struggle for existence, and the survival of the fittest. These are elementary truths underlying all our studies in nature. We cannot ignore them if we would."



"CATCH THE FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE FORBIDDING CASTLE."

"TIME-HONORED LANCASTER."

BY REV. H. POPE.



WHAT memories the name conjures up! "Time-honored Lancaster" in Shakspeare's mouth, it is still more so nowadays. As we approach it from the south and catch the first glimpse of the stern, forbidding castle, with St. Mary's tower rising hard by, a host of conflicting emotions rise. "John of Gaunt!" perhaps is our first exclamation, and we seem to see the spectre of the mighty duke and earl, owner of fair counties, lord of many fiefs, even petty king for a time, brooding over the old gateway now decked with his statue. But, perhaps, as we gaze a gentler figure glides into our dream—sainted Edmund Arrowsmith, Lancaster's true glory as well as her shame.

A strange history is that of this ancient town. Given by the Conqueror to Roger of Poitou, it, together with the baronety of Hinckley and the earldom of Derby, fell to Edmund Crouchback, son of Henry III. His son was the famous Henry, Earl of Derby, who was said to have taken fifty-six cities in the French war, and whose daily expenditure amounted to £100, a good round £1,000 of our money. His

daughter married John of Gaunt, who was the fourth son of Edward III. To him the town owed much; he constructed the castle-moat, the drawbridge and the gateway tower, as well as provided for the better laying out of the town.

Three testaments of his are extant. They are quaint as well as original, as the following example will show:

"I, John of Gaunt,
Do give and do grant
To Roger Burgoyne
And the heir of his loyne,
All Sutton and Potten
Until the world's rotten."

The castle is, of course, the main attraction for visitors. Admission is by ticket and well repays a visit, though a great deal of it is modern. In recent years excavations have been carried on with the result that the round tower, the only survivor of fire, is proved conclusively to have been used as a mill by the Romans, and the very socket in which the big mill-stone turned has been found. This room now serves as a museum, and is hung with a gruesome collection of manacles, leg-irons, and other agreeable relics of our tender-hearted ancestors. The chains used to fasten a gang of prisoners together so that they might work in rows are particularly interesting, while the weight of some of the leg-irons is appalling. A dungeon in the thickness of the wall has been recently brought to light, and confirms all that one has ever heard of the horrors of such places. Neither light nor air could penetrate to the unhappy inmates, who, moreover, were chained to the floor. The door of this prison is still shown; it fell to pieces when touched, but must have been of prodigious strength. Here we are shown a collection of instruments made in secret by the prisoners in order to facilitate their escape; it has a pathetic interest, for these weak, puny tools compare but ill with those massive walls.

One of the last rooms shown has a gruesome history. It is known as the drop-room, and it was here that condemned prisoners were pinioned. They were taken to the chapel for a few minutes' prayer, and then passed across a plank—which is still preserved—onto the gallows. Sometimes several were hung together, and the clumsy arrangements in vogue led to the most brutal bungling. Under the cannon outside the castle

—they were taken from Sebastopol—lie the bodies of nine men, who were all hung together for minor offences which would nowadays merit little more than six months' hard labor!

The old castle has served sundry purposes. It has been by turns debtor's prison—some droll pictures on the walls of Hadrian's tower depict the occupations of its insolvent inmates—then penitentiary for females, then a military, and finally a civil prison. Royalty has lodged here. King John, Henry IV., Edward IV., James I., and Charles II. have all passed through its gates; while on the outside wall of Hadrian's tower we may read the initials of Queen Elizabeth, who ordered the old keep to be repaired in view of the Spanish invasion.

Many a harrowing scene has been witnessed between these walls, and many a cruel sentence executed. For us, however, the chief interest centres in the English martyrs, sixteen of whom met their death at Lancaster. We need only mention such well-known names as James Bell, Robert Nutter, Edward Barlow, John Woodcock, Edward Thwing—who wrote: "From Lancaster Castle, . . . my prison and my Paradise, this last of May, 1600"—and, most glorious of all, Edmund Arrowsmith. They came of a staunch stock, these Lancashire saints, as is shown by a story told of Nicholas Gerard, the maternal grandfather of Edmund Arrowsmith. He was dragged to the parish church and put opposite the minister, to be edified and "converted" by the latter's eloquence. But the sturdy recusant sang the Psalms in Latin so loud as to drown the minister's voice, and so had to be carried out again! The brutality of Edmund Arrowsmith's trial surpasses belief. He was not heard in his own defence, and when Judge Yelverton told him he was to die on the scaffold, he answered: "And you, my lord, must die too!" The infuriated judge knew not what to answer, but on his return home, while sitting at dinner, he received a severe blow on the head from an invisible hand; he thought his servant had done it, but just then he received another, and, retiring to his room, he died that night. Even the blood-loving race of those stern days revolted at the atrocities accompanying Arrowsmith's execution, but in the midst of his torments his prayer was ever: "O bone Jesu!" He died on August 28, 1628.

It is refreshing to hear the guide who shows visitors round refer to these heroic men with considerable feeling. He calls

them "the English martyrs," even to the crowd of holiday-makers who go round the tower in groups of fifty. Over the gateway stands the rusty remnant of a spike on which Blessed Edmund's head was fixed, according to tradition. It is said that as the judges were leaving their iniquitous tribunal they looked up at the bleeding head aloft, and complaining that it was not sufficiently conspicuous, caused it to be placed on a higher pole so that all around might gaze upon it.

As we look through the lists of the English martyrs we find sixteen

others who, though not executed at Lancaster, were yet natives of the town, among them Abbot Paslew of Whalley, and Fathers Cotnam, Haydock,



BROKEN-BACK BRIDGE.



THE RIVER LUNE.

Gerard, and Southworth.

As we look at the town from a distance an even more conspicuous object than the castle is the tower of St. Mary's parish church, which adjoins the grim old prison.

Like the tower and keep, this venerable church has passed through many vicissitudes. In 1094 it was a priory church belonging to sees in Normandy, and from that time onwards it has had a checkered history. In Puritan times fierce sermons were preached here to still fiercer men in mail, the rattling of whose swords on the paved floor was their means of expressing approval.

The church presents the somewhat curious feature of a nave and chancel of equal length. The stalls, or what remain of them, are very elaborately carved, and date from the fourteenth century. By a piece of "restoration" bungling some of the stalls have been made to face *down* the church!

This church used to be a recognized place of sanctuary, sharing this privilege with Manchester till the thirty-eighth year of Henry VIII., when the latter place ceased to be "a centre for sinners."

As we wander through the church-yard, with its flat tombstones, we come across one bearing the truly Christian epitaph: "Vixi ut moriturus," which we may render: "I lived as one mindful of death." If we lean on the wall to the north-west we get a delightful view of the River Lune, while from the top of the keep on a clear day the view is very extensive. The rounded summit of Ingleboro, in Yorkshire, presents a striking appearance to the east, while all around is a succession of gray, blue, and purple wooded heights; to the west and south-west we see the Bay of Morecambe, its waters sparkling and dancing in the sun. As our eyes follow the Lune we come first to Skerton Bridge and then to the aqueduct carrying the canal running to Preston. This is a noble piece of work, finished in 1797 at a cost of £78,000. In front of us, as we turn to the south-east, rises the steeple of St. Peter's Catholic church. This is one of the sights of Lancaster. It was erected in 1859 at a cost of £15,000. Its spire rises to a height of 240 feet, and the church is capable of holding 1,000. The altars are rich, as also are the traceried windows, one of which represents the martyrs of England.

In the town itself nearly all is modern, though the old meeting-house of the Quakers is still standing near the Storey Institute. The Friends formed a strong body in Lancaster, and George Fox was himself imprisoned in the castle in 1664. Little or no trace remains of the old religious houses which used to be here. The Franciscans and Benedictines had churches here, as also the Dominicans, whose church stood on the site now occupied by the Wesleyan chapel, in Sulyard Street.

The town also possessed a hospital founded by King John, and endowed for the maintenance of a master, chaplain, and nine poor people, three of whom were to be lepers; this last clause throws a strange light upon the sanitary conditions of those times, while the whole foundation bespeaks a religious

tone in King John which other events in his life would have made us suppose wanting.

When we have seen the castle and its keep and the old priory church, we cannot do better than try and get a distant view of the whole place. If we start from St. Peter's Church and take the towing-path along the canal, we shall get a series of most interesting views of the town. As we turn northward we make a half-circle with the canal. The massive castle rises on the hill before us, while the town nestles at its feet in the valley of the Lune. The river winds in its shallow though broad bed, and we realize the military sagacity of our ancestors when they chose this spot for a castle. Many a fight has this plain witnessed, yet strange to say the Wars of the



ST. PETER'S CHURCH AND INTERIOR.

Roses left the seat of the "Red Rose" untouched, and it was during the later civil wars that the great sieges of the castle took place. The huge boulder stones yet collected on the summit of the keep were placed there as missiles for defence during those stormy days.

The canal along which we are walking is picturesque. It used to be the recognized means of conveyance between Lancaster and Preston, and we read of the judges of assize coming this way. The old canal "packets" are yet to be seen drawn up in a shed. They began running in 1833. There are some delightful spots on the canal, and "Broken-back" Bridge

is even lovelier than in the accompanying illustration. The firs and larches stand in solemn, silent rows along the bank, while lower down near the water's edge willow-herb and agri-mony grow in rank profusion, imaging their pink and purple flowers in the still water. The next bridge, known as "Deep-cutting Bridge," is not so beautiful, but is striking. The stillness in the heat of a summer's day is remarkable, and the water looks like glass. Further to our left stretches what remains of Lancaster Moor. Here is a spot known as "Weeping Point," for from here the weary prisoners marching up from the south caught the first sight of their gloomy dungeon. Here, too, we can stand and admire the truly palatial County Lunatic Asylum, which, first started in 1816, has been added to and embellished till, in 1882, it reached its present magnificent proportions. It has room for a thousand inmates. On the other side lies the Ripley Hospital, founded by Julia Ripley for orphans from Lancaster and Liverpool.

But before we bid adieu to the historic old town we must

not omit what is now its greatest relic. We mean the "Townley Altar." Its history, as given by Father Abbott, in whose possession it is, is briefly as follows :



THE RIPLEY HOSPITAL.

John Townley was one of the best known of the glorious "Recusants" of Elizabeth's days. He was so harried by the sheriff's officers that he dared not



THE LUNATIC ASYLUM.

set up an altar in his own house, so had one erected in the house of one of his tenants, a certain Mr. Burgess. This



"THE TOWNLEY ALTAR." *

altar was made so as to look like an ordinary cupboard, and was thus able to escape the notice of the priest-hunters. Before giving an account of its vicissitudes a word or two concerning John Townley himself will not be amiss. He was one of those Catholic laymen of whom England can boast that they were Catholics to the backbone as well as Englishmen to the backbone. The mere record of the prisons whose walls he hallowed by his presence suffices to show how staunch he was in the service of God and his church. He was confined at Chester, in the Marshalsea; at York, in the Block House Westminster; at Manchester, at Broughton in Oxfordshire, and at Ely twice! Such was his record, and surely he could say with St. Paul: "In prisons . . . frequently, in stripes above measure, in deaths often." He was finally released when seventy-three years old, but was bound over to appear at stated times.

* The Old Altar, made in 1560, in the time of the cruel Penal Laws of Queen Elizabeth against Catholics, at which the Blessed Martyrs, Edmund Campion, S.J., in April, 1581, and Rev. Edmd. Arrowsmith, in 1621-2, and also Rev. John Woodcock, O.F.S., on August 15, 1644, said his last Mass at Woodend, near Leyland, in Lancashire, immediately before his apprehension and committal to Lancaster Castle, where he was put to a cruel death with the Rev. Edwd. Bamber and Rev. Thomas Whitaker, August 7, 1646.

The altar was later transferred to Denham Hall, where Father Campion offered up the Holy Sacrifice upon it. From there it went to Woodend Farm, and was used by Father Arrowsmith in 1622. After many changes and vicissitudes it at length rests in Dale Street, Lancaster, with the Rev. Father Abbott, to whom it has come through the Burgess family. It is enriched with many relics, but in the eyes of English Catholics it needs no relics to enhance its glory.

As we leave the "time-honored" town, in the evening, we turn to take one last lingering look. The sun is sinking into the sea to the west of the castle. His long, slanting rays glimmer through the stained glass of St. Mary's Church, even as they did when it was a Catholic church; but the sun lights not up the light of the Ancient Faith there; he meets there no red glow of the sanctuary lamp, bearing witness with its puny, flickering flame to its great Creator, even as the sun does with his quickening beams. But the rays slant on, up across the sleeping town, onto the hill where the spire points heavenward, where St. Peter's image stands, where the "Angelus" bell is tolling, where the red lamp is gleaming, telling of the Sacred Presence exiled still from the old fane by the castle but no longer exiled from the town, telling of heartfelt prayers ever rising in the words of one of England's martyrs:

"Jesus! convert England.

Jesus! have mercy on this country!"—

a prayer which we can all, be we Protestant or Catholic, welcome and repeat.



ST. MARY'S CHURCH.

PÈRE GENETTES:

A REGENERATOR OF THE FAITH IN FRANCE.

BY MIRIAM COLES HARRIS.



SOME one says, there are two *paratonnerres* in Paris to divert the wrath of Almighty God from blasphemous, sacrilegious France—lightning-rods put up by Good Paris to save Wicked Paris, so to speak. One is the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires, the other is that of the Sacré Cœur on Montmartre. The first, in point of time, came Notre Dame des Victoires.

In 1832 faith was perhaps at its lowest ebb in France. Nothing can be imagined much worse than the state of public feeling regarding religion in Paris, and nothing much more debased than the state of public morals. Good works of all kinds were brought to a stop, orphanages were broken up, and the helpless children scattered through the sinful city. Churches were closed and priests were in hiding or sent into exile. The time had not the august terror of the Revolution; it was "the day after," arid, flat.

In the spring of this year a horrible outbreak of cholera occurred; this call was too potent to be disregarded by a good priest, who, despite the danger, hurried from his exile to the neglected souls passing unshriven in the pest-smitten city.

This priest was Charles Eléonore Dufriche des Genettes. He was born in 1778 at Alençon and his youth had been passed in the turbulent scenes of the Revolution. He came of a distinguished family, but the philosophic illusions of the period had tainted them more or less. One was a Girondist, and the father of Charles himself had cherished secretly a deep interest in "*le réveil de la liberté*." This interest was sharply pruned when it landed him in prison, for, shocked by the enormities of the Revolution, he had tendered his resignation as president of the Tribunal of Dreux, and had been promptly shut up as an enemy of the *patrie*. His property was confiscated, his family reduced to starvation. Young Charles, the future priest, then a fiery, fearless boy of sixteen, scoured the environs for food for the imprisoned father and

the starving household, and they, as well as many other families of consequence, lived for months on the charity of the peasants.

It was after the fall of Robespierre; the prisons were still crammed; those in Dreux contained more than one hundred and fifty heads of families. The distress was extreme; everything had been done to effect the release of these gentlemen, but in vain. Charles, who had always had a strong aversion to the popular cause, as well perhaps as a strong conviction of his own youthful wisdom, determined to take upon himself the liberation of his father and his fellow-townsmen. One day, taking advantage of the absence of his mother, he repaired boldly to the Club, and made an appeal to the Sovereign People. He reproached them with their long subjection, counselled them to rise and to throw open the prisons. Secretly this was what they had long been wanting to do. There was something in the youth of the orator, his fearlessness, and even his crude college rhetoric, that touched the heart of the new Sovereign, strongly moved as it had been by the recent events of Thermidor. They applauded him and *sur le champ* appointed a commission of twenty citizens to go and release the prisoners. They met with some resistance from the authorities, but the menace of the mob was too much for them and the prisons were emptied.

The boy was emboldened by this success. He became an ardent politician. Having opened the prisons, he knew no reason why he should not open the churches. After several months of preparation for this mission, he gained so strong an influence over the good women of the neighborhood, whom he had harangued at their spinning-wheels, that one fine day he assembled more than three hundred of them in the market-place, and headed a deputation to the hall of the Commune to demand the keys of the churches. The officials were most awkwardly placed. They would have liked to throw the young orator and his acolytes out of the window; but the market-place was full of people, the lad's eloquence was inflaming, and they had no one at hand to help them. They were obliged to give up the keys. In an incredibly short time the churches were opened and cleaned, the priests reappeared as by magic, and the Mass was offered publicly. For three months the worship of the town went on as before the Revolution. At the end of that time some troops and commissioners were sent to put a stop to "the scandal," and the churches of Dreux were locked up again and left to the moles and the bats.

The fiery zeal of the sixteen-year-old boy caused anxiety to his parents, and partly from a desire to get him away, and partly from necessity, they removed to a small property in Lower Normandy, the only remnant of their former wealth. Here for three years they lived, and Charles found exercise for his energy in succoring the priests who were hiding in the woods. He knew all their retreats, and he brought to them those who needed their ministrations, and he smuggled them into the sick and dying at night. These Elijahs whom he fed repaid him by teaching him theology, and preparing him for the ministry to which he had always aspired. Till he was twenty he was obliged to do what he could for the support of the impoverished household, but as soon as times were better, he demanded of his father permission to prepare for the priesthood. This was grudgingly accorded.

From the time of his ordination we find him an honored and successful priest. He had charge of several parishes, where he wrought wonders by his ability and zeal. One, where his life was in daily danger from turbulent workmen, and where at first he had to be escorted to and from the church by gendarmes; another, where a fearful pestilence raged and where he nearly lost his life by his devotion; another, in calmer times when he was, still young, made *curé* of one of the most important parishes in Paris, and where even royalty itself applauded and aided the great works of charity which he set on foot. But he was very weary of the charge of a parish and longed above all things for the religious life, to which he had always felt himself called. The Jesuits had crept out of their hiding places by this time in Paris, and to them M. des Genettes repaired and asked admission. It must have been a temptation to them, crippled as they then were. Here was a priest of tried zeal and power ready to their hand. The superior was not ignorant of his value. He requested a few hours to deliberate and ask counsel of Heaven. They say, "*On devienne cuisinier, mais on nait rotisseur.*" Evidently M. des Genettes was not born a Jesuit, for the superior returned an unfavorable answer. The hard-worked *curé* turned on his heel feeling, perhaps, that Heaven had been harsh to him. And for many years he continued to be *curé malgré lui*.

At last came the troubles of 1830; his parish was broken up and he went into exile, from whence, as has been said, he was recalled by the cholera in Paris. After that had subsided, it remained for him to submit again to the yoke of the

inevitable parish, as he was now fifty-four and too old to be admitted into any religious community.

From what has been detailed of his life one can see that he was above all things a man of action, of practical aims, of robust determination, but full of glowing faith and of a large charity. Certainly no man was ever further from being a visionary, and yet the rest of his life was, in the providence of God, to be spent in one of the most extraordinary works of faith that the nineteenth century has seen.

The archbishop appointed him in 1832 *cure* of Notre Dame des Victoires, a parish containing forty thousand souls, lying in the worst part of the city, and practically a wreck. The church had been built in 1629, but the Revolution and the many savage assaults of anarchy succeeding had apparently triumphed, and it had been "left for dead." The parish seemed to have no existence as a parish; of the *bonnes œuvres*, whatever they had been, there was no longer any trace; the assistance at High Mass would sometimes consist of three or four old women, children were not brought to baptism, for the dying no succor was asked, and for the dead no rites of sepulture. The church was dingy and out of repair. It had served as Bourse for some time; often it had been shut for months together. "Disons tout, quoiqu'il nous en coûte," writes M. des Genettes, "il était devenu un lieu de prostitution, et nous avons été obligé de recourir à la force publique pour en chasser ceux qui le profanaient."

To this horrible corpse the zealous priest was chained for four and a half years. Absolutely no progress seemed made. The Normandy woods, where he had fed the starving priests as a boy; the parish of Monsort, where he had conquered the turbulent workmen; the Faubourg St. Germain, where he had reared marvellous works of charity which he had lived to see overthrown and scattered to the winds, had all been bitter experiences; but there had been sweet mingled with the bitter. They had not been fruitless, but this work, this was worse than fruitless; he felt it was drying up his own zeal, paralyzing his powers and rendering him useless.

One Saturday morning—it was the 3d of December, 1836—he began to say the 9 o'clock Mass at the altar of the Blessed Virgin; three or four old women were assisting. The air is cold and the light dim in Paris at that hour in the month of December. The thought of the failure of his work was always present with him, but that chill morning it weighed upon him

like ice. From the first verse of the psalm "Judica me" (Judge me, O Lord) he could think of nothing but the sterility of his work, the futility of remaining longer where he was. He repeated perfunctorily the holy words of the liturgy; his whole mind was taken up with the thought of how he should break away from the hateful yoke. "*Judica me!* I have done nothing in these four years; my ministry is void. I should give it up." He tried to fix his thoughts on the holy Sacrifice which he was about to offer; he was frightened at his state of distraction. He repeated the Sanctus; the bell tingled, the Canon of the Mass was reached. He stopped appalled. "My God," he said to himself, "how can I offer the divine Sacrifice? In what state am I? Is my mind composed enough to consecrate? My God, deliver me, deliver me from this distraction!" The sweat stood out on his forehead. Perhaps the old women did not notice that he paused; they could not know the fight that was going on. In that moment's pause he heard, not with his ears but within, as with his mind, distinctly and solemnly, these words: "Consecrate your parish to the Holy and Immaculate Heart of Mary." After that he suddenly became calm and regained command of himself. He proceeded with the Mass in peace and fervor, losing himself in the holy mystery, and even forgetting the struggle which had just given him so much distress.

After the Mass and his *action de grâces* the good priest, always exact and severe with himself in the smallest matter that concerned his holy calling, examined himself as usual in regard to the celebration just over. He recalled with shame the distraction with which it had begun, but with the justice which characterized his mind, even in dealing with himself, he decided that he had not sinned. He had not consented with his mind to the thoughts that tormented him. Then he began to think of the words which up to then he had forgotten, and as he recalled them, "I was," he said, "struck with a sort of terror." He refused to believe in the possibility of such a communication; he felt his memory had played him a trick. If there was a *rôle* for which he felt a contempt, it was that of a visionary. Impatiently—for he was not a very patient man—he said to himself: "It is an illusion; I had a long distraction at Mass. I have not sinned. I will not give it another thought." And with the sensation of putting away a disagreeable but importunate matter, he turned his mind to other things. He was in the sacristy on his knees before his

prie-dieu. Feeling the affair to be ended, he half arose. At this moment, his hands still on the *prie-dieu*, he heard distinctly, in the same manner, the words again repeated. He fell down again on his knees, confounded. What did this mean? Was he the sort of man to have illusions? Was it a thought that had come in the train of other thoughts which he had harbored? No, for it was a thought foreign to his bent; his predilection had never been to honor excessively the Blessed Virgin. A few years before he had heard a sermon on the holy heart of Mary, and while acknowledging the eloquence of the preacher, had not spared to condemn it as useless and inopportune. The condition of faith in France at that epoch was such that the Rev. Père de Ravignan has left it on record that he felt it an act of courage to pronounce the name of Jesus Christ in a discourse; what must it have seemed to such a man of common sense as M. des Genettes to believe that it was his duty, that it was wise, publicly to consecrate his parish to the Heart of Mary?

But the words rang in his ears; his memory and his intelligence joined forces with his conscience. He could not deny it to himself; it was not a delusion; though he should be called a visionary if it ever came to be known, he *had* heard the words, a command had been given to him. What did it mean? What was a man required to do under such circumstances? He walked about the sacristy. Time seems long when one is waging such a battle. He had decided, during that miserable distraction at Mass, to write to the archbishop that morning asking to be replaced; but this—this seemed to change the face of things. Well, no doubt, it was his duty to wait a little longer; he would try. This stagnant pool of sin that he called his parish, this blood-stained city, this blaspheming France, this world lying in wickedness—what could he do that he had not done? He sat down at his desk and drew some paper towards him, it is possible a little roughly, for he was not a suave man. The conversion of sinners; yes, praying seemed all that any one could do now. A confraternity to pray for the conversion of sinners, a confraternity named “of the holy and immaculate Heart of Mary.” The words slid from his pen, the aim, the scope, the rules of the work seemed to spring from his brain ready-made.

“If it ever comes to anything,” he said to himself, a little grimly, “I shall not be a founder but a tool.”

In a few days he mustered up courage to take the rapidly

written paper to the archbishop for his sanction. The archbishop did not refuse it. The poor parish could not be any deader than it was, maybe he thought; at least it might encourage the priest to make this last effort. It was well to try anything in such a desperate case.

On the following Sunday, the 11th December, at the *prône* of High Mass, he announced in a few words the plan he had in mind. As usual, only a handful of people were present; the grotesque absurdity of proposing on such a foundation to build a work of ardent faith brought a blush to his face. If there had been any way out of it for his dogged conscience, he would have crumpled the paper in his hand and gone on to the other stereotyped notices of *fêtes* to which nobody came and of collections to which nobody contributed. But he stoutly read out the object of the confraternity and the order of its meetings, and announced that that evening, at seven o'clock, the first would take place. His faith and courage were at zero.

It was impossible for him not to dwell on the evening's venture into which he had gone in such cold blood and with such reluctance; all the afternoon he found himself speculating about the result, and no doubt praying, though not permitting himself to hope.

That night between five and six hundred people assembled in the deserted church; five or six hundred, on their knees before the altar in an *abandon* of devotion—what a sight for the disheartened servant of God! How and why they came is Heaven's secret. There were no earthly means used to bring them but the little paper which the shamefaced priest forced himself to read that morning from the pulpit to a dozen lukewarm hearers.

That was sixty-three years ago. What has the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires been since that hour of mystery, and what is now the little confraternity which M. des Genettes felt himself bidden to found?

The church is now the centre of the spiritual life of Paris; in a sense the hope of pious France and dear to all the Catholic world. The shabby little Place des Petits Pères is always marked by a straggling crowd going in and out of the dingy doors of the church; carriages stand before it with liveried servants in attendance, and battered *fâcres* wait for their devout fares within. You enter through the usual crowd of mendicants. The church is dim at the entrance, and you can scarcely see whether you are passing gentle or simple, but

as you make your way towards the altar of the Blessed Virgin you see, in the soft splendor of countless candles, a silent, kneeling throng. There is not an hour from daylight up to nine or ten at night when a crowd is not kneeling in that spot where the poor priest had so often prayed *avec rage* that Heaven might

“The stubborn knees with holy trembling smite.”

He surely has smitten them there as never elsewhere, if one may believe the records on the little marble tablets a few inches in size with which the walls are encrusted up to the very arches. There is no more place, every crevice is covered. Thousands of tiny gold hearts hung high up among the rafters contain the thanksgivings of these later years. Swords, decorations, and jewels have covered every available inch lower down, long ago. Beautiful flowers are always lying beside the altar, daily renewed, and hundreds of candles are offered every day. The first time I went there I thought it was a great *fête* and wondered for what ceremony the people were waiting; but it was only an ordinary day, a “blue Monday” I think, and they were not waiting for anything but help from Heaven. After that I went many times and at all hours, “to surprise Notre Dame des Victoires with a deserted altar and an empty church,” as an ardent young Catholic said scornfully. But I never have been able so to surprise her. It is always the same; always in the soft light of the myriad votive candles kneels a silent crowd of men and women; always some are coming in and some are going out of the old, ungainly doors—children in their parents’ arms, workmen in their blouses, ladies in their furs and velvets, priests and students in their cassocks; here a gentleman on his knees, with his hat and stick deposited beside him on the pavement; there a thoughtful, bearded man with a roll of MS. under his arm, pressing up to kneel for a moment at the altar rail before he goes away. There is never any look of fanaticism on those faces. It is the most apparently sincere as well as the most silent devotion I have ever seen.

Every young priest aspires to say his first Mass at Notre Dame des Victoires. The old year ends and the new year begins there. Popes and kings have sent their offerings to the humble spot; great men have loved it and asked that after death they might be brought there—

“While all the congregation sang
A Christian psalm for them.

The little confraternity has spread over the whole Catholic world, "as the waters cover the sea." Before the death of M. des Genettes, in 1860, there were, scattered over the world, twenty million associates. In 1880 there were twenty-five million; in Paris alone there were 1,016,819 names inscribed on the register. In that year, on ordinary days, about 8,000 persons entered the church daily; on Sundays and *fête* days more than 20,000. The numbers have been constantly augmenting since, though no record has been kept, I think.

M. des Genettes lived nearly thirty years "to see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied." Torrents of grace and marvels of conversion followed the stout-hearted venture that was not so much one of faith as of obedience. His confessional was besieged day and night; he was over-paid for all the discouragements of his long, hard life by a mighty tide of favors that obliterated all the harshness of his nature. The ardent love of souls which he had felt from his boyhood was for all those thirty years, so to speak, returned. His spiritual children counted by thousands. The *curé malgré lui* had all the Catholic world for his parish. He did not sigh any longer for the religious life.

" 'Tis still
The way of God with His elect,
Their hopes exactly to fulfil
By ways and means they least expect."

His confessional, his dear confessional, was his cloister, the quest of souls his rule, and the beloved altar where the message had come to him was the open door of heaven. His preaching was of phenomenal simplicity. The woods of Normandy had been his seminary and the exiled priests had been his teachers; his rough and active service since had not left him much time for cultivating graceful rhetoric. But no eloquence has ever called forth more tears, no words of man have ever penetrated deeper into souls. "The conversion of sinners," that was his one longing. "Delectare in Domino et dabit tibi petitiones cordis tui" ("Delight thou in the Lord and He shall give thee thy heart's desire"). The Lord gave him at last his heart's desire.

The many schools of philosophy at that day rife in Paris caused him small concern; he opposed to them nothing save the simplicity and energy of his faith, but no one ever made more headway against infidelity. Hordes of young men, se-

duced by the sophistries of the day, sought him out and laid open their hearts, full of a mixture of noble aspirations and pernicious phantoms. M. des Genettes, seeing the noble aspirations and ignoring the mischievous philosophy, trusted to the sacraments whose power he knew. "Confess yourself," he would simply say; "confess yourself every week. Begin to-day."

Very few resisted, and hundreds of beguiled dreamers were brought back to Christian faith by this elementary counsel. These young converts of Notre Dame des Victoires ranged themselves around her altar in a solemn phalanx, and in the heart of the archiconfrérie formed themselves into fraternities having each a particular aim of labor and prayer, concurring though always with the general end, the conversion of sinners. Doctors, painters, men of letters, each had their separate guild. From them went out many recruits to the religious orders; men who had begun by utopian dreams of liberty and progress ended by binding themselves for life with the triple cord of obedience, chastity, and poverty.

When the earthly end of his apostolate of prayer approached and he could no longer celebrate his Mass, M. des Genettes was carried daily to the foot of his beloved altar, and there prayed as ever for the world that would not pray for itself. There he lies buried now, and the stone that records his name is trodden every day by hundreds of penitents who think they owe more mercies than they can count to that one act of unecstatic, straightforward, and stubborn faith on the 3d of December, 1836.



A ROMANCE IN THE LAND OF PIUS IX.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER.

I.

WHAT does it mean, "*The end of life?*"

So spake a beautiful fair woman leaning from the balcony of a luxurious villa facing the sea. But her husband gave no answer to this strange question.

They were spending their summer on the Adriatic coast at the antiquated little bathing place of Sinigaglia, where they still hold for some days, annually, the ancient fair, consisting of booths bordering both sides of the centre street and stretching down to the sea—a quaint mixture of past and present times!

In the far past this celebrated fair was made a channel for commercial dealings with many parts in Western Europe, and carried on a kind of regular trade. Both Greece and Venice yearly contributed their goods, and made the fair a market-place for selling wares of all kinds, exchanging their goods with the local tradesmen. But nowadays this has all changed. It is but a semblance or figure of that glorious time. There are the same booths, the same extent of area, the same enveloping expanse of white canvas awning running down the principal street of the town; but little or no trade is carried on, and the buyers consist merely of some chance passengers visiting Sinigaglia for the baths, or on holy pilgrimage to Loreto and Assisi. These booths, all daintily set up with miscellaneous wares, present a gay and bright appearance. But it seems strange, commercial prosperity having passed away, that still every summer petty shopmen come from afar with their wooden cases and set up their stalls, thereby keeping up the semblance of this old historical fair.

It is five o'clock. The sun is still high in the heavens; the sea calm, beautiful, and glassy, gently smiling with the caprice of lights and shades. The little town is now all animation; throngs of passengers pass along the street, loitering on to the grand bathing establishment; some stopping to stare at the bright stalls, turning over all the cheap and curious odds and

ends collected at the fair. Amongst these idlers there passes our handsome, stately woman from the villa, robed in dainty fabrics for a summer's wear. She is leaning on the arm of her husband, a tall, delicate-looking man.

Amidst that crowd of season visitors they stand out unique and separate, invested with an indefinable distinction. Neither of them is young, to judge from appearance, for General De Courcy was gray, and years had stamped deep lines upon his face. A man of sixty, you would say. The woman walking by his side was the lovely Lady Cyril Grahame, possessing all the attractions of womanhood combined with a child's bewitching grace of smile and manner. But with all her childish witcheries she was a woman who had found life very bitter, and had lived upon a hope that life would change for her; would change the bitter into sweet, for it could not be that, given such strong capabilities for enjoyment, the great God would deny to her the realization of an earthly happiness. But long years went by and held her chained in wedded life to one she could neither love nor hate. And still the years ran past, till one day a great love came into her life—a love which meant to her (with her passionate love of the good and true) a life-long separation, a death in life. And so in the full bloom of life and beauty Lady Cyril Grahame and General De Courcy parted. The years dragged on, bringing age and sorrow in their train, till at length Lady Cyril became a widow. Then General De Courcy, who had never wed or loved another, came on the scene once more and they were married. We meet them now in Sinigaglia, mingling with the merry throng of visitors assembled for sea-bathing and flirtation. They had taken a beautiful villa belonging to Conte and Contessa B—— (relatives of the late Pope), who had shown them much kindness and hospitality.

We will follow them as they pass among the throng of passengers on their way to the sea-beach.

"You do not answer me, Algernon," she said. "I asked you in the balcony a very solemn question. What does it mean to you and me, the end of life?"

She took his arm and waited for a reply. He paused to answer, and then both stood still.

"Yes, you are right; it is a solemn question, the end of life, to every individual. Should it not be the fruition and completion of all his highest aims and aspirations? End should be but another word for completion. With us is not the "end

of life" the realization of a happiness which before lived but in our dreams! Dearest, what more can I say?"

She did not answer. Life had been so long and dreary in those past days; and now she felt and knew, though strong in health, that after fifty years of life there could but remain a few more years to live. The inevitable *Death must come*, and though their happiness was complete in itself, this knowledge of the approaching "end" was like a Damocles' sword suspended over every joy and happiness of life. To her it was a happiness tinged with the remembrance of a painful past, and the sad recurring thought that Death was fast marching upon their steps. So in reserve and silence she walked beside him, whilst he chatted on of many things and discussed their future plans. At last they reached the bathing place, a raised platform thrown out into the sea, making a charming *rendez-vous*, with its shady, stretched-out canvas awning. And here it was the people met and talked, flirted, ate ices, and watched the bathers.

The place was very full, and the general found it difficult to secure chairs, so they leaned over the wooden paling and watched the sea with its ebb and flow, and constant motion.

There is a certain isolation in all great personal happiness—an isolation which seems to shut one out from the rest of the world; and this feeling was now strong upon them.

Very lovely looked the sea at Sinigaglia! Its broad expanse took on the variegated tints of a reflected sun, making all things sparkle with the rainbow's rays, and the little fishing-boats with their painted sails, dotted here and there, like huge winged birds, gave an air of pageantry to the parting scene. But a few minutes—and how swiftly the sea grew dark before their eyes, and shadows stole along the land. The sailing vessels, with their colored sails, veer round, like hovering birds, for harbor; and now, to suit the fading scene, those huge, bright sails look black in silhouette against the setting sun.

II.

The next morning Lady Cyril de Courcy, unattended, took her morning walk. She longed to know about the people all around her. Further and further she walked away from the sea, passing through dirty passages and slimy, slippery ways; through dusty roads and half-cultured lands; passing unwashed children who mingled in light-hearted play with pigs and fowls.

She was walking on, thinking of the misery of a savage existence like to this around, when the extreme beauty of a young girl, sitting outside one of the hovels, cleaning and sieving a kind of yellow pea, struck her so forcibly that she stopped to speak to her.

The girl rose to her feet, and with a natural grace took her hand and raised it to her lips.

Her story was a sad one. Left an orphan with no one to care for her save a crippled aunt, who was fearfully afflicted—a victim to that awful scourge the *Lupus*!

"Signora! ah signora!" said the young girl, weeping between each word, "is not death best? We suffer so, and each day my aunt grows worse, but does not die. I cannot bear to look at her."

She hid her face in an old torn rag, which once had boasted the name of apron, and continued sobbing between each breath.

"All night long she cries and groans to be delivered, and I too pray all day to the blessed Madonna to take her soon."

"Do not cry any more," said Lady Cyril, taking her hand. "Let me see your aunt; perhaps I may be able to send some relief."

"How good the lady is—'buona! buona!'" cried the young girl, pointing to the door behind. "I will go and tell her." She left her yellow peas with the sieve on the stone outside, and gently opened the door.

The room, or rather shed, was nearly dark; there was an attempt at a small window, but the opening was so choked up with rags and stalks of vegetables that it hardly afforded any light to the room. Lady Cyril followed her into the shed, trying hard to conceal her emotion and to be strong.

A low bedstead and a bundle of rags of divers colors was all she could distinguish on first entering the room; but as her eyes became accustomed to the light, she saw a shrunken form and bandaged head. Over the lower part of the jaw there was a cloth tightly bound, and the ashy hue of that part of the face which was visible presented a most sickening and horrible sight. But this bundle of rags, shrunken form, and ashy-colored face (if face it could be called) was a woman of about forty, suffering from that fearful malady the *Lupus*—her case was anciently called "*Noli me tangere*"—a species of malignant disease affecting the skin and cartilages of the nose. It was generally considered incurable.

The poor creature spoke with extreme difficulty, and each

word she uttered seemed to kill her; her long, thin, skinny arms were thrown above her head, and her eyes were so sunk into their sockets that only by leaning over her and peering beneath the lids could one discern them at all. Evidently the sight of the poor creature was dimmed by pain and suffering, for the entrance of this beautiful woman, now at her side, made no impression on her. She only moaned and hid her face, and through the tattered rags that served as bed-clothes one could catch the words, "Madonna santa! Madonna, Madonna, purissima!"

As these words slowly issued from the bedding the girl fell upon her knees in a kind of frenzied grief, passionately exclaiming, "Ora, ora, pro nobis!"

The scene was truly harrowing, and Lady Cyril wept with them in silent sympathy, oppressed with their extreme misery and suffering; for what could she do here in the presence of such affliction, which only *God* could heal?

She felt overpowered by the great mystery of existence, and she too knelt down by the side of the suffering woman and prayed for help. Then rising, she turned to the young girl, her eyes still full of tears, and giving her a few crumpled notes, left the tainted atmosphere of the shed for the pure, sweet air of heaven.

III.

The next morning the general and his wife received an invitation from Contessa de B—— to visit the house of Pius IX. They drove through the town, over the stony, uneven pavement, and arrived in a few minutes at the palace of the late pope.

It is an ugly, flat, gloomy-looking building, with massive portals, over which hung the armorial bearings with the papal keys. It boasted of no architectural beauty, and its flat *façade* was unbroken by either balcony or decoration.

They found both the conte and his wife waiting below to receive them.

"This is very good of you," began Lady Cyril, descending from the carriage. "My husband knew Pius IX. in '65, and so he is doubly interested in anything relating to him."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the contessa, turning to the general. "So you knew my uncle?"

"Yes, I had the honor of exchanging a few words with him when I was in Rome; and I have never met any one possessing a more pleasant and genial manner."

"My uncle was beloved by all who knew him," rejoined the contessa enthusiastically; "he had, as you say, the most engaging manners; he was by no means a politician, but he was a large-hearted man. I was very young when he died; still, I can remember him quite well."

On the staircase leading up to the second "piano" the general noticed a small picture of the Madonna.

"Ah! that picture," said the contessa, "was sent to my father, Luigi Mastai, by Pius IX., with the express wish that it should be placed here, and, according to his desire, every Saturday evening we burn a lamp before it till Sunday. My uncle had a peculiar veneration for the Virgin, and placed his family floor under her protection."

"I suppose it was his great love for her which induced him to enforce the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, but surely it was not altogether a popular movement."

"No, it caused a good deal of contention; as also did the dogma of the 'Infallibility.'"

They now passed into the hall leading to the apartment formerly occupied by the family of Pius IX. The walls are covered with paintings on canvas, executed by an artist of Sinigaglia, but they are of no great artistic value. This hall leads into the dining-room, where in '59 the pope dined with his family, and here is preserved the simple table service used on that occasion.

Two reception-rooms follow, "panelled" in red damask, and hung with a great many pictures, some of considerable value. In one of these rooms the conte called their attention to an album containing two hundred photographs and signatures of celebrated men belonging to the United States.

It was a very handsome book, the cover inlaid with mother-of-pearl, with the tiara and sacred keys worked in gold on one side, and the following inscription written on the other:

TO HIS HOLINESS
POPE PIUS THE IXTH.,
KING OF ROME,
THE PASTOR REV. FLARO
And his parishioners of
Buttermilk Falls,
Coldspring,
And West Point,
As a token of Everlasting Fidelity.
Presented September, 1867.

Among the signatures the general noticed President Johnson, Governor Hamilton, General Grant, General Franklin, Washington Irving, and others of note.

After examining this album very minutely, they then entered the room in which Pius IX. was born on the 13th of May, 1792, his parents being Conte Girolamo Mastai-Ferretti and the Contessa Solazzi.

This chamber, like the preceding ones, is also hung with red damask, and is preserved in exactly the same condition as when, in 1857, Pius IX. slept here for the last time. Even the sheets used on that occasion have not been removed.

In a corner of this room is a glass cabinet containing sundry relics, viz., his cradle, vestments, books, images, and even a shirt he had worn.

A little passage leads into the small chapel, which is very simple. Over the high altar is a picture of great value belonging to the time of the Renaissance. This little chapel has received many special privileges from several popes, and contains a few relics. It is preserved as it was when Pius IX. last officiated at the Mass.

As they slowly retraced their steps Lady Cyril remarked: "This is intensely interesting, for I feel as if I had been visiting the relics of some great saint."

"And indeed you are not wrong," said the conte, "for Pius IX. will certainly be canonized some day; already he is much venerated, and prayers are constantly offered up to him; in fact, he has performed miracles both during his life-time and after death."

Lady Cyril smiled; she was decidedly incredulous, but the contessa was in earnest.

"I now want to show you a manuscript which I know will interest you, general," said the conte, drawing some papers from an old cabinet. "This is a petition which Pius IX. sent to Napoleon, asking to be exempted from military service on account of his bad health, as well as from paying the indemnity; across this paper, as you will see, Napoleon himself has written these words: 'Il soit exempté de ce paiement.'"^{*} They examined this manuscript with great attention, for it was truly an interesting document connecting two great historical men so different in character and career.

"But was he ill and therefore unable to enlist?" asked Lady Cyril.

^{*} This document is in the possession of the Conte Bellegarde de St. Lary.

"Ah! that is a curious, I might say miraculous, fact in connection with my uncle," answered the contessa enthusiastically; "for up to the age of twenty-six he suffered from epileptic fits, and therefore was incapacitated for work of a military nature. But when he was twenty-seven he officiated for the first time at High Mass; from *that hour* he never suffered again from that terrible malady."

"That was indeed miraculous," observed the general. "I think he must have possessed something of the nature of saints; in any case he was a remarkable character, and will always be a figure in history as the pope who defined for the church two dogmas of great importance, besides having lived through a great crisis resulting in the unity of Italy."

"Yes," said the contessa, "what an awful time that must have been! I often picture to myself that eventful day when Pius IX., during the breach of Porta Pia, knelt praying with clasped hands for the church, wielding only the shield of faith."

They now parted, as it was getting late. It was fearfully hot. The little town had already put on a sleepy appearance. The great round clock in the piazza was chiming the "mezzo giorno" (mid-day). The windows and shutters were all closed and no one was about.

IV.

On their return to their villa, Lady Cyril, feeling greatly fatigued, retired to her sanctum. It was a sweet, wee boudoir, with arras hangings and a low window giving just a peep of the far sea; and here she rested on her sofa, but there was no rest in her mind. The torment of a great fear was ever around her, and every day increasing; the dread of *death* had fallen on her—a death which would separate her from all she loved on earth. Death! What was death? what did it mean? To her was it not a kind of annihilation of her being and earthly surroundings?—with a reverent trust that the great God in his mercy would pardon and save her from perdition. Why should fears like these assail her? Was she not strong in health, and her life guarded and preserved with loving care? And yet a constant dread of ill, of death, haunted her; yea, looking back, had followed her from early morn till dewy eve, an unknown horror scaring her, even from the day she stood before the altar as a wife. But now, added to this, another

stronger fear crept over her—the fear of falling a victim to a revolting malady like the poor woman in the hut! Her thoughts were maddening her with torturing suspicions, and with it a horrible attraction drawing her back again to that shed in spite of her dread. For the remembrance of that poor afflicted creature haunted her. The sad and fearful life of the poor girl followed her. The sound of their prayers rang in her ears and kept her tossing in feverish unrest upon her couch. Could she do nothing for them? Had she not promised to return? With a sudden impulse she started up, vainly looking out upon the sea to catch, if possible, some of its sweet repose; but no rest, no quiet came to her, only the one recurring thought that she must return and visit those poor afflicted ones at once. Her watch, a lovely gem, lay on the table; it was three o'clock, the hottest time of the day. The sun was fierce in its heat and glare, like a glowing furnace. There was no time to lose; so, hastily dressing, she fled silently out of the villa and made her way through the hot streets till a stray carriage passed. Quickly hailing it, she directed the driver to the lonely shed.

On reaching the hovel she descended and, telling the coachman to wait, stood outside the door. It was half closed and she hesitated to knock for fear of disturbing the poor creature in her sleep; so she walked in quietly. As she entered the figure rose slowly from under the bundle of rags, with her long, skinny arms extended, and moaned a low sepulchral groan, like the cry of those who die in agonizing pain. Her movement had displaced the covering about her mouth and chin! It was a frightful sight—a ghastly mutilation of the human face. Lady Cyril shuddered and involuntarily hid her face in her hands. She heard the wretched creature sigh and mumble to herself, but so indistinctly that she could not make sense of anything she said. A moment after she heard her call:

“Maria, Maria, venite presto!” (Maria, Maria, come quickly). The poor creature now spoke from between the bed-clothes, for she had thrown the sheet over her face and was chattering in a low voice again to herself. There was a chair by the bedside, and Lady Cyril sat down, trying with soothing words to comfort her. The young girl was nowhere to be seen, and Lady Cyril inquired where she had gone and why she had left her?

A groan came from under the rags, and from a few inarticu-

late words she gathered that the girl had gone for medicine and would soon return. Then the sheet was half uplifted and the poor woman shrieked "Madonna! Madonna santissima! The bandage has fallen from my face; I have lived too long, and my face is dying long before I die—yes, piece by piece and bit by bit! The child must not see me thus uncovered, dear lady! For the love of Heaven give me my bandage; it has fallen on the ground."

Another shriek. "Quick, quick, dear lady, before she comes!" There was a groan and the poor woman fell back among her rags. Lady Cyril found the bandage with some difficulty, and leaning over her, whispered:

"Let me tie it on for you; you are much too weak to fasten it."

"No, no!" she shrieked again in a frenzy. "The bandage, quick! You must not touch me; do you not know that it is a '*malattia maligna*?' "

The words echoed through the hovel, and Lady Cyril trembled and grew pale. The weird spell of the horrible was on her, and horror seemed to root her to the spot. She was arranging the tattered bed-clothes, trying again to soothe her like a child, when the door slowly opened and the girl entered, and, on seeing the chair occupied by the lady who had visited them before, fell upon her knees and kissed Lady Cyril's white hand, saying:

"How good the lady is to come again! May the Madonna bless and protect her! I did not leave her long, signora—only to fetch the medicine to make her sleep, for all night long she tosses with the fever."

Then rising, and bending over the bed, she called: "Yia, Yia, povera Yia! Look at the kind lady and the beautiful flowers she has brought."

But the poor sufferer was exhausted and her eyes were now fast closed; there was no movement, and she lay like one dead and past waking.

"What ails her?" said Lady Cyril with alarm.

"I don't know," answered the girl mournfully; "she is often like this. I think she sometimes dies and comes to life again."

"But how do you manage to keep her from the inspection of the authorities, for she ought to be in a hospital?"

"Ah, lady, we never see a doctor. Sometimes there is a visit made in these parts; but I always say that my aunt has fever and is in bed, so they let her alone; and I am glad, for

I love her like a mother. She is the only creature left me on this earth, for they are all—all in *paradiso*."

Lady Cyril very plainly saw that the girl knew nothing of the danger to which she was exposed; but she could not tell her, it seemed cruel to add one straw more to her affliction.

It was getting late and the confined atmosphere made her feel both sick and faint, so she rose to leave, giving the girl some money as well as her address; for one moment she bent over the poor, suffering woman with a prayer, and then left them with an aching heart. The open air revived her, but the words "*malattia maligna*" haunted and enveloped her like a close-clinging shroud.

When she reached home she found her husband in close conversation with Conte de B——, who had called to ask if he could do anything for them. It was a relief to step from such abject misery into her luxurious home, fragrant with the scent of roses. Conte de B—— was a fine, handsome-looking man, a thorough courtier in both manner and bearing. His conversation was full of that sparkle and vivacity which the Italians possess to such perfection.

On the entrance of Lady Cyril they were much struck with her fatigued appearance, and the conte said in soft, sympathetic tones: "Madame, I fear you have overtired yourself; you should have visited the 'Palace' earlier in the day, so as to have escaped the great heat. But I trust you were interested in our august relative. Believe me, Pius IX. was a man worthy of your interest."

"I was intensely interested," replied Lady Cyril, "and I was so struck with the resemblance of your wife to Pius IX. Surely I am not the only one who has noticed this likeness?"

"No indeed," said the conte, "for the resemblance is extraordinary, and it consists in the similarity of the smile. Pius IX. had an angelic smile, and my wife must have inherited it from him. But perhaps you may think me too enthusiastic?"

"You need not fear that," put in the general, "for my wife is always enthusiastic about something, and perhaps it is best, instead of having no exalted feeling about anything."

"Yes, truly," added Lady Cyril, laughing, "*an angelic smile* is worthy of enthusiasm."

"Well, anyhow," said the conte, winking at the general as he rose to leave, "it is, I suppose, permissible to be enthusiastic about one's wife. *N'est-ce-pas?*" Then, bending over Lady Cyril's hand, he bowed his retreat.

"Cyril," said the general, now drawing his chair nearer to her, "tell me, where have you been all this afternoon? You look so ill and pale, my wife."

"I have been to see that poor woman I told you about, Algernon. She has that fearful disease, *Lupus*. I wonder it has not been discovered, but cases like this often escape public notice. I ought to report it to the authorities; the saddest thing of all is that the young niece is perfectly ignorant of her danger, and her extreme love for her aunt is most touching."

The general shuddered when he heard the nature of the complaint and turned white. He answered almost fiercely:

"You shall not go there again, my wife. I will immediately inquire into this case and see that the woman has proper treatment, but you must promise me that you will *never* go there again. You have made me feel anxious, and you know, darling, I must be considered sometimes."

This he said half playfully yet earnestly. But she was worn out with the fatigue and heat of a long day, and she gave no answer.

He leant over her fondly with a whispered "God bless you!" darkened the room, and left her for awhile to saunter down to the sea-beach for his evening walk.

V.

The days went slowly by and drifted into August. It was then the height of the season at Sinigaglia. The bathing establishment was in full swing, crowded with strangers who had come merely for the baths, and who in early October would be scattered to the four winds, perhaps never to meet again. But amid this gay company General De Courcy and his wife are no longer seen; for Lady Cyril had fallen ill, and every evening at seven o'clock their carriage, drawn by a pair of beautiful horses, would be seen slowly emerging from the villa with a reclining figure in it. The figure was thickly veiled, and the carriage rolled quietly and stately along as if bearing some precious burden. It seemed to avoid all public thoroughfares, generally stopping on the sea-beach least frequented. Lady Cyril was seriously ill. Day after day the most renowned doctors came and visited her. She saw no one, and no one was allowed to pass the threshold of their villa.

. . . September came; and, as usual, one evening the

carriage rolls on quietly down to the sea-coast and stops. There are voices from within.

"Algernon, what will you do when I am gone? I shall die to-night! Oh! that you had left me to my fate; for (here the voice faltered), for, dearest, you may also become like this—and—and—all—all my fault; but—I did not know—darling. I may not lay my head upon your breast or kiss you as of old. I am divided from you before I die—but—you—you will follow soon. Yes—yes—"

There was a sound of receding sea, wave following wave into the great abyss.

The voice went on:

"I—know that I shall die to-night. (A convulsed sob broke through the words.) Algernon, my husband! Loved so long, so well. This is the end—the *end of life*. Forgive me! Forgive me! Come soon to me; for in that far-off land I shall miss you if —"

The roar of the waves and the splash and foam of the approaching sea filled up the missing words and sense.

They took her home, for she had fainted—the carriage moving like a hearse in solemn state. They carried her to her sanctum near the bow-window facing the distant sea. She is enveloped in a long, white, clinging veil. The fearful malady had done its work, *and the lovely lips had gone!* She had prayed him never to uplift that veil; and now she lay in the deep swoon of death. She slightly moaned and stretched out her hand. He clasped it in his own. There was a trembling of the limbs, and death had come. It was the *end of life!* Reverently he crossed her hands upon her breast. The room grew dark, the shades of night fell round. He never moved or left her side, for his love would guard her to the grave. The veiled figure in its silvery white lay like sculptured marble on the couch, and through the solemn hours of the night he watched and prayed like Rizpah o'er her babes. But on the morrow, kneeling with clasped hands, as if in prayer, they found him also dead.



"WINDS THE RIVER LIKE A SILVER THREAD."

"THE FLOWER OF THE TYROL."

BY MARY F. NIXON.

IN the upper valley of the picturesque and charming Tyrolean Alps are many villages of a romantic beauty and interest, and the journey from Venice to Vienna is filled with lovely sights as one passes through fertile fields and winds o'er rugged mountains. But the height of beauty and charm is reached when the capital looms up before us—Innsbrück, called by its lovers "the Flower of the Tyrol," the city of Hofer and liberty, faithful ally of the Hapsburgs through centuries of strife and conflict.

Through the middle of the town winds the river like a silver thread, the white houses clustering lovingly upon its banks; the many church spires point aloft to the sapphire sky, the fields beyond radiant in their summer livery of green and gold; the softly wooded hills to the south teem with fir and hemlock trees, while above them, glistening and grand, the enduring mountains of the Solstein and Hoettinger Alps, like snowy sentinels, guard the passes. Over the crags and peaks

spring the agile, graceful chamois, and the edelweiss' snowy clusters are watched by the "phantom maidens" who, good Tyroleans will tell you, protect the Alpine flower from all but those brave enough to strive after and pure enough to touch the golden-hearted, silvery bloom, growing to perfection only in the ice and snow.

The town is quaintly charming, and in its streets one sees everything of interest and variety.

Here is a typical stage peasant, velvet breeches and jacket, muslin shirt, a jaunty hat with a feather—such a costume as he wore who sang the chorus of the "Tyroleans." This man is the genuine article, more erect, fearless, alert than his operatic prototype, for there is something in the free life of these honest mountaineers which gives them a perfect freedom from self-consciousness.

A squad of soldiers in gay uniforms passes on the way to the barracks, and a young Uhlan officer struts like a gamecock, conscious of his fine feathers.

A wood-carver fresh from his home in the mountains is bringing in the wares he has spent all the long winter evenings in making; every line of them, every curved leaf or tendril, is the exponent of his mentality, for himself and the best of himself has gone into his work and he is an artist in his way.

New Innsbrück has spacious streets, good pavements, handsome houses, a venerable university famous for learning in more than one century, a national museum—the Ferdinandeum—containing treasures of art and sculpture, armor, coins, and all things peculiar to the Tyrol. Everywhere are there signs of thrift and progress, but the old town to the antiquarian is fascinating with its crooked, narrow, spotless streets, its Gothic arches, arcades, frescoes, escutcheons, banners, and curious architectural devices.

Very old is Innsbrück, its people claiming kinship with the days when the Romans built a road from Verona all the way to Rhetia, as the Tyrol was then called. Of these times there are few relics, but the mediæval aspect of the place is so marked that one feels as if one had suddenly had Aladdin's wonderful carpet placed beneath one's feet and been transplanted to the "days of olde."

Passing down the Hofgasse one sees the "Two Giants," houses given by the Archduke Sigismund to the Court Giants, and above them looms the quaint old city tower. Still further shines in the morning sun the house of the "Goldene Dachl"

(golden roof), noted in the fair city, for like many other things there it has a "story to it."

Historians say that the first Maximilian built it in honor of his marriage with Bianca Sforza, the Milanese, in 1500, but an Innsbrückian smiles at facts and tells you a different story.

"Ah no, Fraulein," he will say, with a smile; "it was Prince Ferdinand of the Empty Purse who built it. He was in love with a fair princess, and his rival had endeavored to injure him by telling of his extravagance and calling him the 'Empty Purse.' So the prince built that palace and the roof of the chamber which was to hold his bride he made of bronze. But not content with that, he coated it with solid gold, costing thousands of florins. When he had finished he was indeed of an empty purse, but he won the fair maiden, and as her dowry was great he filled the purse from it. "A full head if an empty purse, had he not, Fraulein?" And to this day the Golden Roof stands as a witness to the cleverness of the prince, and also to the quaint and charming Gothic style of architecture with which mediæval Innsbrück was rife.

Strolling past the oldest inn of the town, the "Goldener Adler," where Goethe, Heine, and scores of royalties have been entertained, we see churches almost unnumbered and the fine Catholic Casino, a specimen of rococo at its best.

In the gay and animated Maria-Theresien *Strasse*, entered through the triumphal arch built in honor of the marriage of the Archduke Leopold with a Spanish infanta, is the superb column of St. Anne, of red marble and supporting a statue of the Blessed Virgin, to whom Tyroleans are especially devoted.

The Rennplatz is a large square planted with superb chestnut-trees which, blooming, fill the air with fragrance and shower their white petals into a snowy carpet for our feet. Here the old tournaments were held, and about the place still lurks the spirit of mediæval days. It is easy to picture the scenes of valor and of pomp.

From those quaintly latticed dormer windows blue-eyed maidens gazed down; from out those narrow streets brave knights rode forth on their richly caparisoned chargers to joust in tourney and fray for their fair lady's fame; on that carved balcony of the famous Hofburg (the emperor's palace) grand archduke or mighty emperor watched the combat and awarded to the victor the well-won crown.

But it is in the Hofkirche of old Innsbrück that the interest centres. Its time-stained walls have witnessed all the vary-

ing scenes of peace and war, and there all the panoplies of history live before us, from the days when Clovis was emperor of the Franks to the conflicts of French and Venetians, and the glorious deeds of Hofer in our own century. Here the famous Queen Christina of Sweden abjured Protestantism, and here are buried the mightiest of the Hapsburg race.

In the centre of the edifice stands the magnificent tomb of Maximilian, the "Last of the Knights," so interesting in his chivalry, his bravery, and most of all, since "all the world loves a lover," in his pathetic and constant devotion to sweet, fragile Mary of Burgundy, to whom he was married in 1477; that same Maximilian who figures so bravely in the charming story, "The Dove in the Eagle's Nest."

The sarcophagus is carved upon the four sides in bas-reliefs by the famous Abel of Cologne, and is of Carrara marble. The carvings are of scenes in the life of the emperor, and reproduce with painstaking fidelity the costumes and armor of the period, making them of priceless value to antiquarians.

Over the tomb hovers a subdued light from windows of



COLUMN OF ST. ANNE.

rare old stained glass, and it seems to fall like a caress upon the last resting place of the great man. Between the massive columns which support the roof stand life-size figures, twenty-eight colossal statues carved in stone. These are the mighty

warrior ancestors of Maximilian from Clovis to Albert II. Each knight is clad in armor, each stone arm and curved fingers held a funeral torch, and wonderful must have been the



TOMB OF EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN IN THE HOFKIRCHE.

scene when the great man was laid to rest amidst the silent assembly of kings and knights, their torches flaming o'er the awe and grandeur of the scene.

To the right from Maximilian's tomb there arises a marble staircase, leading to the Silver Chapel, so called from the statue of the Madonna in solid silver.

Here is the tomb of Prince Ferdinand and his consort, Phillipine, about whom lingers a tale so lovely as a hundred times to bear repeating.

She was but a burgher maiden, the gentle, saintly Phil-



FIGURE OF ARTHUR AT MAXIMILIAN'S TOMB.

lipine Welser, dwelling in a smoke-stained gable house in quaint old Augsburg; and there the young prince saw her, and seeing, loved her with a love so mighty that for her sweet sake he gave up crown and the favor of his imperial father.

He married Phillipine, carefully concealing from her the knowledge of his father's displeasure, and the stern old emperor refused to see him, disinherited him and heaped curses upon his head. So the prince built a fair castle, which, with lovely chapel, mighty court-yard and splendid hall, perched upon the mountain-side near Wilten, was a fitting nest for his bright bird—so said the royal lover. Here they lived in happi-

ness and tranquillity for twelve long years, and Phillipine bore him lusty sons and fair daughters.

Some say that at length she poisoned herself in grief when she learned of the king's displeasure, others that her mother-in-law caused her to be assassinated, but the old chronicles tell a different tale:

"Saying naught to the prince her husband, the Ladye Phillipine, with her four children, hied her to the mighty emperor within the Hofburg and sought an audience with him. Kneeling before him in all her beautye, she caused her children to doe him much reverence, and she herself said:

"'Great emperor, of whose subjects I am the humblest and would be the most dutiful, I am that burgher mayde that is the true and lawful wife of thy son, my deare lord. To me he is more deare than life itself. Yet for his sake, and the sake of these his children and mine, I will return alone unto my father's house if only thou, O Sire, wilt receive him again into thy favor.' Then the emperor did look in great amaze at his fair supplicator, and in truth there had never been seen in all the court so beauteous a dame. Hers was a pure and snow-white brow, full sweet and steadfast eyes in the which true love did war with pain, curved crimson lips which trembling spoke so loyally and well. So was the stern heart of that most just and puissant ruler moved within his breast, and in his coartliness he rose and stepped him down from off his dais.

"'Rise thee, fair daughter,' said he, a-taking her white hand in his with all that kingly grace which made him ever deare unto his subjects' hearts,—'rise; be satisfied. Though but a burgher maid, well fitted art thou for a queen, since in very truth thou art a queen among women. Thy beauty and thy grace methinks might have meetly won my son; only goodness and wit could have kept his love these twelve long years.'"

So they were reconciled, and, as the fairy tales say, "lived happy ever after" in stately Castle Ambras above the lovely valley of the Inns.

A sadder though more glorious story is that of Andreas Hofer, whose tomb in the Hofkirche is cut out of solid marble from his native land. The bas-relief carved thereon represents the "Oath of the Banner," and has on either side the tombs of Speckbacher and Haspinger, Hofer's brothers-in-arms. The inscription is: "To her sons, fallen in fighting for her freedom, from a grateful country."

Hofer, a patriot of the purest type, was born in the Passeyr



PHILLIPINE WELSER.



FERDINAND.

Valley in 1765, and was the son of an innkeeper, brought up to the simple, homely, honest life of the Tyrolean peasant. Napoleon, who thought no more of presenting a country to an ally than one would of giving sweets to a child, wrested the Tyrol from Austria and gave it to Bavaria.

Devoted to the Hapsburgs, and always loyal to Austria, the Tyroleans rose to a man, and Hofer vowed never to shave his beard until they should be free from the yoke of Bavaria. This gained for him from the Italians the nickname of General Barbone.

In appearance the hero was a typical Tyrolean; athletic, vigorous, broad-shouldered, well-knit, with black eyes, large and brilliant, and an expression of commanding earnestness. Secretly made commander-in-chief by the Archduke John, Hofer gathered together a large force, accepting all who came to him, saying, "We have no traitors in my country!"

The secret of the projected revolt was well kept, and until April 11, 1809, no one dreamed that a rising was imminent. Then, "having all confessed themselves and communicated, the Sandyland lord, with forty-five hundred men, attacked the Bavarians and drove them to rout,"—so says the chronicler. Next day the army captured Innsbrück and forced the Bavarian troops to capitulate; by the end of April the Tyrol was free, but then followed years of conflict.

Enslaved again, Hofer again freed it, aided always by his two devoted friends, Speckbacher, called "The Fire-Devil," and the Capuchin priest Haspinger.

Alas! for the hopes of the brave people, there was naught but disappointment. Austria, the country for which they fought, forgot them, and so forgot her honor. Forced by Napoleon again to yield, she made no effort to keep the Tyrol, and when Hofer saw her army leave Innsbrück he swore to conquer or die!

He hid in the recesses of the mountains, sending messages to his compatriots all over the land, signing them, "Andreas Hofer, from where I am," and the replies were addressed: "Andreas Hofer, wherever he is." His people rallied around him. One victory after another was theirs, and with the cry, "Our God and our country!" they fairly flung themselves upon the enemy, sweeping all before them.

A historian thus tells the story of the final battle: "At five in the morning Haspinger celebrated the Mass upon the battle-field before the assembled army. Then the priest became captain, sprang into the saddle, drew his sword, and precipitated himself upon the enemy's right flank, while Speckbacher threw himself on the left. Andreas Hofer led the attack in the centre and marched straight to Innsbrück."

In the battle-field he was transfigured; the mild expression changed to a terrible one. He looked grand on his panting steed, his long beard floating in the wind, as he cried, "Onward! For your country and your emperor! God protect the right!"

Again was the great general successful, entering the town on the Feast of the Assumption.

"Do not shout, but pray," said Hofer, as he passed into the church of the Franciscans, when the delighted people would have given him a triumphal entry; and to the nobles he said: "By my beard, and by Saint George, the saviour of my country was God himself!"

As military dictator he ruled ably, and thought only of the good of the people and loyalty to the emperor, never of himself; but he was betrayed to the French by a traitor and taken to Mantua to be shot in 1810.

"Farewell, most despicable world!" he said upon the morning of his execution. "For a brave man death is of so small account that in leaving you I have not one tear of regret!" He was buried in Italian soil, but fifteen years later his remains were removed to Innsbrück. There he rests: a patriot, a soldier, a hero, a Christian; his name a by-word for loyalty to those faithful peasants who throng the streets of quaint, charming, delightful Innsbrück, the "Flower of the Tyrol."

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE IN THEIR LEGAL ASPECT.

BY J. DAVID ENRIGHT, A.M., LL.B.

"Ubi jus, ibi est remedium."



MARRIAGE is an institution which purifies society, whether we accept the dogma of the Roman Catholic Church, which declares matrimony to be a sacrament, and, as such, of divine institution, dissoluble by God alone, or as a civil contract in which a man and woman agree to discharge towards each other the duties incident to that relation. In either case it is to intelligent beings, by the universality of its sacredness, an institution which preserves the sanctity of the home and the purity of society. Even the Barbarian of the most uncouth environments sanctified the marriage by protecting it from violation. Pagan Rome for five hundred years from its foundation so respected this sacred relation that he who was found guilty of its desecration paid the penalty of his crime by the sacrifice of his life. From the reign of Romulus to that of Spurius Carvilius Ruga it was considered a permanent union, which was binding until its dissolution by the death of one of the contracting parties. Thus Rome, unchristian as it was during that period, furnishes a most worthy example to the more enlightened Christian nations of to-day by its refusal to stain the pages of its primeval history with the record of a single divorce.

Naturally, with the degradation of the standard of Roman morality in the declining days of the Roman Empire, disappeared the "stately and dignified Roman matron," and with her vanished for a time the sanctity of the marriage vow. During this latter period divorce was granted first for adultery, but gradually more insignificant causes became sufficient ground for dissolution, until the adoption of the Justinian Code, which prescribed seventeen causes which, in the minds of the Roman people, justified the dissolution of the marriage relation.

The salutary influence of Christianity, however, as it elevated the customs and morals of the Roman people, gradually

extirpated the tendency toward divorce, until Christianized Rome adhered to the canons of the Melevitian Council, which declared that matrimony was an institution of God, and as such could not be dissolved by man. And so wherever the word of Christianity has been accepted, whether among the nations of the west or the tribes of the Orient, it has had a wonderful influence in shaping the policy of government in the regulation of this branch of domestic relations.

HISTORIC INFLUENCE OF THE CHURCH.

In the countries of Europe where the ecclesiastical courts were vested with jurisdiction over marital relations, and whose decisions were final and conclusive, the permanency of the marriage status was always sustained, even in the face of monarchical opposition, and hence for centuries, in those realms, an absolute divorce for a cause after marriage was never decreed. These courts were the tribunals of the Roman Catholic Church, as well as of the state; established for the purpose of administering the ecclesiastical and canon law, presided over by the clergy of that church, who were bound to accept as true the dogmas of the Catholic Church, and to render decisions which would be consistent with the declaration that marriage was a sacrament. In the history of England are recorded many divorces which were granted by the ecclesiastical courts, and the commentators of that history, without even a superficial examination of the ecclesiastical court reports, have concluded that the church had violated or disregarded its own dogmas of sacramental marriage, as promulgated by St. Augustine, since the ecclesiastical courts, as quasi-agents of the church, had dissolved the union which the church pronounced indissoluble. But those who have misinterpreted the decrees of the courts have failed, either through the promptings of a shallow mind or through a supine ignorance of propositions accepted by theologians of all creeds, to distinguish the *divorce a vinculo* from the *divorce ab initio* and the *divorce a mensa et thoro*. A careful review of the decisions and decrees of those courts will readily reveal, to any one versed in the sciences of law or theology, that the courts have intervened and decreed a dissolution only when, through canonical or legal disabilities, the parties dissolved had never, in fact or law, entered the marriage relation. Of course the power to grant the limited divorce, or the *divorce a mensa et thoro*, was within the jurisdiction of the ecclesiastical courts, and in truth that was the principal work

of those courts; but the power to grant an absolute divorce, as we know that present evil, was reserved to the general Parliament. And it is still the prerogative of that body to grant absolute divorces, although by the English Divorce Act of 1857-58 the courts of England were vested with the same power.

IN THE AMERICAN COURTS.

The colonies of America repudiated the right of the ecclesiastical court to administer ecclesiastical, canon, civil, or common law, and hence those courts were never established in this country, nor was their peculiar jurisdiction over marital affairs ever wholly vested in any one court of the colonies; and for this reason the courts of America may be said to possess no common law jurisdiction over the subject of divorce.

In the colony of New York the courts had no jurisdiction over divorce until the enactment of the divorce regulations of 1787, which gave to the Chancery courts the power to entertain petitions for the dissolution of marriage, and to issue decrees therein, when either party to the marriage was guilty of the offence named in the statute. Prior to the passage of that law, as was the custom in the other colonies, a wronged husband or wife could receive redress by way of dissolution only by a petition to the colonial governor or legislature. In the year 1813 the State legislature extended still further the powers of the Chancery courts by authorizing them to grant the divorce *a mensa et thoro* for cruel and inhuman treatment.

The original colonies being free and independent of each other, bound together in a defensive confederation, extended to their several courts or legislative bodies the right to govern the questions relating to marriage and divorce; and upon entering the perpetual union of the States, the component parts of that union, as the successors of the colonies, reserved the same rights in that respect that each had enjoyed as an independent colony. The Constitution—the organic law of the United States—while it does not specifically give to the States the right to govern the domestic relations of their citizens, does so by implication, since it does not delegate that power to the general government. For this reason the right to regulate the marriage and divorce, since it is neither an express power reserved to the general government, nor a power neces-

sary and proper to enforce the other powers which are so delegated, still remains the right of the individual States.

While we may justly praise the ingenuity of the minds from which was evolved the ideas engrafted into our Constitution, and wonder at the magnanimous intellects that foresaw the demands of future centuries, yet in our exultation we must pause to regret that the same noble and almost inspired minds could not have seen the danger and folly of vesting in the several States the power of regulating the delicate question of divorce. Some restriction, indeed, which would have insured uniformity in our divorce laws, should have been placed upon the States, and thus have saved the nation from the baneful consequences made possible by such an omission. The sacred trust of preserving the sanctity of the marriage status, of all others which the organic law has imposed upon the individual States, has been the most highly abused; each State, as if vieing with its sister State to desecrate the matrimonial vow, enacting divorce laws by which the fickle husband or wife may the more easily repudiate, with the sanction of the law, the duties, obligations, and responsibilities of a holy union. As a consequence the several divorce laws of America, and the procedure under them, are in such a confused and chaotic state that marriage in this country seems to have a place only in the category of legal fictions, and the sacrament, institution, civil contract, or whatever you will, which was intended to purify, is now an avenue to vice and corruption.

PRACTICES OF VARIOUS STATES.

The State of South Carolina alone has steadfastly refused to abuse the jurisdiction over matrimonial matters vested in it by the general government, and let it be said to the credit of that commonwealth, that however great may have been the faults of its impulsive legislators in the years gone by, it has never permitted either its courts or its legislative body to sully the pages of its history by the granting of divorce. This is the one State where the Christian tendency has been to eradicate ephemeral marriage unions, and to impress upon the legislator the solemnity of the injunction, "Whom God has joined, let no man put asunder."

The courts of New York State have never granted a divorce *a vinculo* upon any ground other than adultery, since in this State that is the statutory cause. A few other States in the Union have enacted substantially the same statute that regu-

lates divorce in New York, and some of these States have further followed New York in prohibiting, for any cause, the legislative divorce. In the State of Connecticut, prior to the year 1880, divorces were granted for the most trivial causes; a case being found in the reports of that State in which, in an exhaustive opinion upon the law and facts, the court attempts to justify a divorce of husband and wife upon the ground that the husband has violated the Sabbath by the purchase of a boot-jack! The indolent and mild-mannered citizens of the Everglade State believe ill-temper to be a sufficient and justifiable cause for breaking the bonds of wedlock; but the Green Mountain legislators are inclined to differ somewhat from their brethren in Florida, and therefore go a step beyond, making "intolerable severity" the proper cause, which of course affords to the learned judges of the latter State an opportunity to make extended and perhaps vacant distinctions between severity which is tolerable and that which is intolerable. So addicted are the people of the State of California to the extracts of its own fruits, that the legislators of that State have made intemperance a statutory cause. The Kentucky colonel, however, is not inclined to agree to the justice of the law that makes him lose his wife because he has imbibed freely on one or two occasions, and hence he has instructed the legislators of his State to modify the California statute and to divorce a married person when that individual is proven an habitual drunkard.

We are indebted to the courts of some of our Western States for having furnished to us, in their curious opinions in divorce proceedings, entertaining reading for our idle hours. It has pleased the judicial mind of one of our Western divorce judges to decree, in solemn words, that the wife should be freed from the cruel and inhuman consort who would refuse to submit his nails to the care of a chiropodist. And another judge, equally solicitous for the rights of the people within his jurisdiction, has held that the husband should be divorced from the ferocious wife who, on the day after marriage, would bring the heel of her shoe in violent contact with the eyes of her better half. Let those who smoke the filthy weed fly far from the Western State whose courts have decreed that a refusal of the husband to refrain from this habit justifies a court of equity in dissolving the marriage union. So loose and farcical are the laws of the Dakotas and Oklahoma, that we may presume that a divorce will be granted in either of those

places for any imaginary or fictitious cause, provided the petitioner can produce the necessary wherewithal to satisfy the fees of the obliging attorney.

RELATIONS OF VARIOUS STATE COURTS TO EACH OTHER.

Did not the several States of the Union go beyond their territorial limits and, in contravention of the provisions of the fundamental law, attempt to adjudge the status of individuals over whom they have no jurisdiction, this conflict of laws, except in its moral consequences, might be regarded simply as the exposition of the diversity of judicial opinion. But, unfortunately, in some cases one State cannot without difficulty grant a decree of divorce without disturbing the status of an individual of another State.

The organic law of the United States provided that "full faith and credit shall be given in each State to the public acts, records, and *judicial proceedings* of every other State," and many high legal authorities, not the least of which is the Supreme Court of Rhode Island, have attempted to pervert the intent of that clause so as to include within its scope those decrees of divorce rendered by courts that, in the first instance, had not obtained jurisdiction of the parties involved. But the weight of authority, including the highest court of the United States, holds, with reason and common sense, that that clause of the Constitution, while it was calculated to affect a comity of the States, does not compel the resident of New York, Missouri, or any other State to recognize or respect the judicial proceeding of any other State unless it is rendered by a court having jurisdiction.

The Court of Appeals of New York State speaks with much emphasis upon that point, holding that "while every State may have the privilege of determining for itself upon what grounds a divorce may be granted, of parties domiciled within its jurisdictional limits, and while it may be permitted to prescribe the legal procedure to that end, it cannot go beyond the limits of its jurisdiction and affect the status of a party without service of process upon him within the territorial limits of the State granting the divorce."

THE DIVORCES OF DIFFERENT STATES.

It is further a principle of justice, not however recognized in all of our States, that no man shall be bound by a judgment rendered against him, unless he be given an opportunity

to be heard ; and any court, therefore, which grants a decree of divorce without first having acquired jurisdiction of the parties, issues a decree which beyond the limits of that State is null, void, and of no virtue, whatever may be its effect according to the laws of the commonwealth whence it was issued ; and the constitutional provision as to the respect of judgments has no application. Neither can the jurisdiction be based upon the fact that the party instituting the divorce proceeding is domiciled within the limits of the State rendering the judgment, but, on the contrary, the party proceeded against must also be within the jurisdiction of the court, or must be served with process within the territorial limits of the State whose court grants the decree. These general propositions of law, which embody the gist of the decisions of the courts of New York and the decrees of the United States Supreme Court, are but the re-enactment of the canons of 1603, which declared that "no man could be cited out of his diocese."

Many of those, therefore, who seek foreign divorces, relying upon the proposition of full faith and credit, etc., often return to their native States freed from the obligations of marriage in the State where the divorce is granted, but still encumbered with a consort in their own commonwealths ; and if one of such individuals shall remarry in his own State he is guilty of bigamy, and the offspring of such a subsequent union is illegitimate. Especially is this true of those who leave their own domiciles and fly to other States *for the express purpose of obtaining a divorce, and with no other object in mind* ; for even though such individuals remain long enough in those States to obtain a residence therein, such a residence is not *bona fide* and does not confer jurisdiction even over such a person. If, however, a person shall acquire a domicile in a foreign State and obtains a divorce in that State even without giving notice to the defendant, and then enters a second marriage within the State where the decree of divorce was granted, that marriage being valid where it was solemnized is valid in every other State, according to the principle of law universally accepted, that a contract valid where performed is valid everywhere, excepting, of course, an agreement contrary to public policy or public morals. To illustrate: A. and B. are respectively husband and wife residing in the State of New York. A. goes to the State of Oregon, acquires a residence there, and obtains a divorce, while B. remains in New York State and is not served with a summons in the action, or has

not voluntarily submitted herself to the jurisdiction of the Oregon courts. The courts of the State of New York are not bound by the Constitution of the United States to recognize the decree, because it was granted without jurisdiction. If, therefore, A. returns to New York and marries in that State, he is guilty of bigamy; but if he marries in the State of Oregon, where the courts claimed sufficient jurisdiction to divorce, the marriage, according to the laws of that State, is valid, and as such (it being regarded as a contract) the courts of New York must recognize it. But what of the status of B.? She has remained continually under the jurisdiction of the laws of New York State and is bound only by the regulations of that State. New York does not recognize the Oregon divorce granted to A., and hence B. remains the wife of A.; and if she marries again in New York, she too is guilty of bigamy. To be free to marry she must await patiently the death of A., or go to Oregon or some other State which recognizes Oregon's divorce, and there enter the contract of marriage. Hence it is possible under our conflicting divorce laws for a man to have two legally wedded wives in the State of New York without ever having been legally divorced from either of them according to the laws of that State.

PECULIAR COMPLICATIONS ARISING.

Many other peculiar situations arise by reason of this conflict of laws, and perhaps our readers may be indulgent if we recite a few, with the assurance, however, that this legal lore is given to them without the expectation of our usual fee. Take the case of the same husband and wife. They are both domiciled in the State of Louisiana, which recognizes the common law union of husband and wife. By the laws of that State the wife's domicile is the same as that of the husband, even though each resides in a separate State. A., the husband, goes to the State of Massachusetts and obtains a divorce in that State, while B. remains in Louisiana. The latter State would recognize the divorce, although the Massachusetts court never obtained jurisdiction over B.

Again, A. and B. were married in the State of New York, but subsequently became residents of the State of Rhode Island. A. returns to New York and obtains a divorce by the service of summons upon B. by publication, as prescribed by the New York statute. Such a divorce will be recognized by the State of Rhode Island, for the courts of that State have

held that a divorce granted by the courts of a State having jurisdiction of the petitioning party is valid in all States. Yet that same divorce would not be respected in the commonwealth of Massachusetts.

We will suppose another case. A. and B. are domiciled within the State of New York. A. institutes a divorce proceeding in that State against B., who is temporarily absent from that State, and service of process is made by publication; a divorce granted to A. under those circumstances is valid and will be recognized in every State of the Union, for the reason that both parties being residents of, and domiciled in the State of New York, are subject to its regulations.

Doubtless, many individuals who immigrate to Western States and obtain divorces, often return to their native States and enter new alliances without incurring the penalty of the law. But that fact neither legalizes the subsequent marriage nor legitimizes the offspring. The children of such a marriage must rely for a place in respectable society upon the charity of the law, which presumes every one legitimate until the contrary is proven.

Were the courts of any one State to prosecute all those within its dominion who have become bigamists through conflicting divorce laws, little time could be given to the trial of cases involving other crimes against person or property. So numerous are bigamous marriages that the courts cannot keep pace, and hence things have come to such a pass that the courts must appeal for assistance to the legislative branch of the general government.

Within the past ten years several attempts have been made at Washington to bring order out of the chaos produced by our divorce laws, but as yet those efforts have been unfruitful. During the last session of Congress a resolution was offered in the House of Representatives advising the amendment of the Federal Constitution so as to place the regulation of divorce within the power of Congress; but, like many other resolutions of more or less importance, it was pocketed in the pigeon-hole of some committee desk. The chief objection to placing in the power of Congress the regulation of divorce lies in this, that such a change would require an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which to the ultra-conservative class of American people is little less than crime. Of course it is true that it had always been the policy of the United States to preserve its Constitution intact except when it is con-

clusively proven that the progression of time and the happening of new events demand that it be changed. The question of State rights would also be the basic idea of many objections to such an amendment for the solution of the divorce problem, because the individual States, while they adhere to the idea of a perfect union of the States, are unwilling to relinquish to the centralized government any of the rights or powers which they have continually and unreservedly possessed. But whatever may be the objections, the time has come when the legislators at Washington must meet and answer them, for public policy and public morals demand that there be uniformity at least in the divorce procedure, to the end that a decree of divorce, like a contract of marriage, will be recognized or repudiated alike in all our States.

Some have advanced as a solution of the divorce problem that Congress alone be given the power to grant a divorce; but such would hardly be the proper remedy, for Congress would then be assuming the judicial functions of our courts of justice. Further, it has been observed that our legislative bodies are less free from corruption than our courts, and hence divorce, if placed within the gift of Congress, might become a political spoil which could be distributed to repay the services of political parasites. Whatever may be the remedy, public policy demands it, even though it be necessary to experiment in order to reach the one that is proper.

FORGIVEN.

My heart was heavy with sadness,
My soul was burdened with sin:
In search of a gleam of gladness
I wandered a church within.
As over its silent portal
I passed for a contrite prayer,
The love of the great Immortal
Accorded me welcome there:
For down from the shadowed chancel,
Along the deserted aisle,—
My sorrow and sin to cancel,
My spirit to reconcile;

E'er even my lips had striven
To murmur my soul's regret,
Resounded a Voice: "Forgiven!
Forgiven!—Forget! Forget!"

I sank to my knees in wonder,
And wept in adoring awe:
For Heaven seemed rent asunder,
Tho' only the angels saw.
The sin of my soul was lifted,
My burden of sorrow fled;
As over the silence drifted
The words the unseen One said.
They echoed in human hearing,
Like notes of a song divine:
As tender as words endearing,
As strong as immortal wine.
"Arise," said the Spirit, "shriven
From Evil's eternal debt.
Forgiven, O soul, forgiven!
Forgiven!—Forget! Forget!"

O Voice of the holy portal!
O Message of Love Divine!
Thine echoes vibrate immortal
In many a soul with mine.
For sorrow is Life's twin-brother,
And sin is the human snare;
And never a laugh shall smother
The sob of Creation's prayer.
From morning till night it rises,
From night till the dawn it rings,
In many and varied guises,
On legion and divers wings.
Yet ever the Voice from Heaven
Bids peace to sincere regret—
"Forgiven, O souls, forgiven!
Forgiven!—Forget! Forget!"

MINNIE GILMORE.

THE HUNT BALL.

BY DOROTHY GRESHAM.



EBRUARY has come upon us before the last ring of the Christmas rejoicings has died away. Splashing showers, soft roads, crocus and snowdrops in the lawns peeping roguishly through the grass, a bright, fresh, awakening feeling in the air tell unmistakably that beautiful Spring is stealing over the mountains.

Invitations have been sent forth for the annual ball, dear to the souls of all fox-hunting men, maids, and matrons, and excitement and anticipation echo from one country house to the other for miles around.

Kitty is jubilant, for all the Cruskeen and Dungar clans gather for the fun, while I am on the tiptoe of expectation, for it is my first real view of the County. We have been for a long tramp. Kevin's sister and younger brother, three Netterville boys older than Kitty, with four or five cousins, have spent the day among the heather on the mountains and have only now returned for dinner. What walkers they are, and oh! how thankful I am that, after all Kitty's coaching, I am now no mean pedestrian. We have covered miles of stiff climbing, chatting, teasing, and laughing along the road with a joyousness of heart and lightness of foot that makes naught of hills and hollows, proving the truth of old Will's ditty:

"Jog on, jog on the footpath way, and merrily bend the stile a;
Your merry heart goes all the way, your sad tires in a mile a."

The hours are too short for all we have to accomplish before setting forth to the dance, and poor Nell has a lively time gathering her people by eight o'clock. I am in full regalia and knocking at Nell's door for inspection when I come on Kevin, who turns me round for a critical view, pronouncing me at length "stunning."

He leads me in solemn state to Nell, and with a deep obeisance says loftily: "Democracy, my lady, *versus* Aristocracy. Our American sister is a peeress in her own right by reason of

her matchless beauty and classic taste." I bend low to give weight to this courtly speech, and rising slowly and with much dignity refer the praises of the gallant Sir Knight to my fair cousin, who is indeed magnificent in her diamonds and a masterpiece of Worth's. Down the stairs we laughingly go, Kevin and Nell a striking pair.

One by one the party gather in the drawing-room, the younger ones full of mischief. Kevin stows us away in every conceivable vehicle, and we finally get off for our long drive to the county town as the best central point of rendezvous. The fun begins from the moment we leave Dungar—there is an utter absence of stiffness even in gala attire; every one's sole thought seems to be to get the most amusement he can out of this affair. It comes but once a year.

It must be ten o'clock when we reach the Court-house, the grand jury room being the ball-room. My only remembrance of the next ten minutes is a rush up stone stairways, through winding corridors, the sound of distant music, the opening of doors into a brilliantly lighted room all flowers, plants, and evergreens, our reception, introductions broadcast, warm greetings from old friends, pleasant welcomes from new, and—I am launched on an Irish ball-room, to revel with the County. The lively old galop of "John Peel" with his hounds in the morning crashes forth, and merry Fergus Netterville, Kitty's brother, and I go off with a dash among the dancers. I forget the long walk of the morning in the music, the joyousness of my boyish companion, and I dance with the enjoyment of our old days at home, when I was a small girl gyrating with the boys. I think of mother and them all, and how they would glory in this festive scene.

As we steer our course through the dancers Fergus keeps up a running fire of good-natured, ridiculous remarks on every one that keeps me laughing all the time, fairly taking my breath away. We see Aunt Eva arriving in the doorway and charge down on her. Kitty is beside her in her pure girlish loveliness. The old familiar fox-hunting galop sets her eyes dancing, her feet restless for the fray.

As I speak to Aunt Eva Kitty smiles approvingly, bids me wait a moment, and Fergus and she are off—the happiest, merriest, handsomest pair on the floor.

Aunt Eva's eyes follow them lovingly but sadly, I think, to my surprise. "Now they are happy," she says; "they would think it bliss if *les convenances* said they might go on so to-

gether for every dance on the programme"; adding, with a far-off look, "where will they be this night twelve-month?"

I am about to ask her what she means when she is surrounded by some matrons who have not yet seen her, many cavaliers, and one or two red-coated warriors, who denounce her for being so late; evidently more nephews by adoption, for she is Aunt Eva to every one except some newcomer whom they bring to her, warning her not to lose her heart to the bashful stranger, for her old friends have the first right. She is at once the centre of an admiring group, and has a way of making them all feel as if each were the favored one as the ball of conversation is lightly tossed from one to the other.

I look down the long, pleasant room, and on the dancers who are waltzing to the strains of the "Mysotis"; the scene is so different to what I have been accustomed to all my life. In New York and elsewhere the people have such a conventional *en evidence* sort of air, as if ball-going was the proper thing to do, but that dress and fashion were the principal thought. Here, while beauty and costume equal if not surpass that I had seen abroad, the one idea of old and young seems whole-souled, honest, refined, genuine amusement.

As I gaze ponderingly, the music dies away and a cornet solo softly takes up the refrain, the dancers breaking forth into song as they waltz. Rising and falling the chorus rings out: "Oh, love, will you never," etc. There is something so homelike, as of a large family gathering, in it all that even I am joining in the melody before I realize it. The whole band crashes in as the chorus ceases, to be taken up later on when the refrain is again introduced at the end of the waltz.

It is the same with "Dream Faces," "Ehren on the Rhine," "Going to Market," and the rest. Dance after dance I go through with every known or freshly-known acquaintance, from Uncle Desmond and Kevin, who are in their glory, downward. Squire and warrior, all sorts and conditions of men, but with the same light-hearted, delightful spirit running all through.

My spirits are at their highest point, and from old experience I ought to take warning and restrain myself; but when did one lesson ever teach me aught, but prelude another? I see old Mrs. Bayley, who always amuses me, and I sweep down on her. She lives eight miles from Dungar, and I never see as much of her as I should desire. Her language is ponderously Macaulayish; she would faint, I know, were she to lapse into that slipshod English that passes muster "nowadays,"

she says, "as slang." She has never been known to use a simple word where a trisyllabic or more could not be employed some way or another.

Kevin fairly dances when they meet, for the loftier she rises the more he descends, and her horror consequently on the degradation of modern university men is appalling.

Only last week, driving past Shanbally, we saw Mrs. Bayley calling on her congenial friend, Mrs. Debsborough, and Kevin chucklingly declared that "now there would be great English for the next two hours." She receives me now with "This is a night big with the fate of Dolly and Dungar," and forthwith launches into her usual rounded periods. I respond in her own style to-night, and she seems to think I have lost my normal, dense, dull unresponsiveness. We are charmed with each other, to judge by our laughter. In the midst of our Athenian flow of classics Nell comes hurriedly towards us to say that Kevin has met some officers over from the garrison—old college friends—who are going to Dungar for the night, and will I drive back with Aunt Eva, as the carriages are all packed? adding: "I cannot find her anywhere, and we are leaving soon, so you had better seek her at once."

I promise, but before she has disappeared have forgotten all about it. My tongue wags away full of nonsense until suddenly I realize the place is fast thinning, and looking down the room for uncle or Aunt Eva, see they are nowhere visible. I draw Mrs. Bayley's attention to the fact, and we rise to find them. Through the corridors, now crowded with home-going parties, in the dressing-room, everywhere, we hunt for Aunt Eva, but without avail. Those we ask have all declared she has not left, she was seen a moment before; we follow the chase to the exact spot where the last person saw her, but not there, not there, is our success everywhere. It is very late, or rather early, for the new day is now more than an infant, and I begin to get anxious. Mrs. Bayley assures me all will be satisfactory; that she will send a message by one of her men to Con, who is in the town or round the Court-house, that I am going on with her, and that he is to call for me on their way home. I am rather dubious about this plan, but there seems nothing else to do—so I do it.

My spirits rise as we drive away perfectly satisfied that I am on the road home, and the Cruskeen carriage will catch up to us before we have driven a few miles. We reach Scarteen in the soft gray of the spring morning, and not yet have Con's

horses overtaken us. I carry a new-conceived resolution into execution; namely, that as I have given Mrs. Bayley more than enough trouble already, I propose staying with Nancy Carthy at the lodge, and so save her waiting up any longer for me; besides, I will be ready to jump in the moment Aunt Eva drives to the gates.

Mrs. Bayley reluctantly consents, and knocks on the window to arouse drowsy Pat on the box. He hears at last as she calls, "Alight, Pat; alight." He fumbles all over his pockets, as if searching for something; after a moment, failing to find what he wants, he answers from his perch, bending down: "Begor, ma'am, I haven't one!" in a disappointed tone.

Mrs. Bayley is wrathful, while I turn my head aside to hide my face as she exclaims, "Alight, Pat; alight. I do not want a match," with scorn. "Open the carriage door." Pat is on the ground handing me out in a second with a humble apology but I am convinced he knows well enough, but having partaken more than was good for him in town, is off his guard, and the native joking spirit comes to the surface. I leave Mrs. Bayley with much gratitude for her great kindness of heart, and she drives up the avenue with a parting, "We'll meet at Philippi."

I find old Nancy asleep over the fire, waiting up to lock the gates, and she receives me with amazement and rapture. My strange costume frightens the dear old soul, and she puts me in her best chair beside the fire, praising God all the time for having me out this blessed night. I send Nancy to bed, and wait and wait until the sun comes on golden bars through the cottage windows, and then, and then only, I know I am indeed "the girl they left behind them." I solve problem after problem to find out what is best for me to do to get home, and then I decide.

"Nancy, will you give me the donkey. I must get back to Dungar before breakfast; they will be very anxious when they find Mrs. Desmond has not brought me. I would walk but for my dress and slippers."

She looks at me as if she were still dreaming, or she thinks that my sleepless night had affected my brain: my strange costume, white face, tumbled hair, a woe-begone object altogether; and to think of me starting forth in such gear on a donkey car seems to the old woman pure insanity.

I carry my point, however. Nancy ties her Sunday shawl round me, a white scarf hides my tousled locks, and I step

into Nancy's little gig, take the rope reins, arm myself with a blackthorn, and set forward on my mad drive. It is charming, the jog-trot of the small steed is amusing, the "wild freshness of morning" exhilarating, the jiggle joggle I try to think exciting, and like the Queen, when she had her first drive on Larry Doolan's outsider, "I like the joulting of this Irish jaunting-car." For a mile or more we get along—well, rather slowly, to be sure, but then peacefully; but when I turn off a new road unknown to my charge, then comes the tug of war. The donkey sniffs the air cautiously, slackens speed, shows disapproval, puts down his head and comes to a standstill. I coax, entreat, command, in vain; unfurl the blackthorn, belabor him, but the beast is adamant. I groan and see I must dismount if I intend ever to leave this spot. This is a contingency I have not expected; my lace gown and white slippers are not exactly the walking garments one would chose for a February morning; however, there is nothing else to do. My shoes embedded in the mud, my train tucked under my arm, the reins in one hand, the stick in the other, I run along beside the animal, raining blows on his back at every step. As long as I keep up this little dance things go well, but when I think I have done my duty and step into the chariot with a satisfied air, the scene changes. With bent head, and hurt, weary air the injured beast resumes his first position—stolid, stupid inertia; while I, though all my small stock of patience has vanished with the morning mists, am too exhausted to resume my first attitude—wild activity—so philosophically resign myself. Hour after hour we crawl homewards, step by step, and I am too sleepy, worn, and hungry to care.

We have been on the road since six this morning, and the Angelus rings across the woods when I steal in the back avenue of Dungar. Slowly and woefully I wend my way, and as misfortune would have it, there on the steps are Aunt Eva, Kevin, and Kitty in animated conversation. Are they looking for me? I speculate. They see me and rush forward, wondering, shocked, horrified. Explanations follow. Aunt Eva never got the message till this morning. Con heard it through some of the men, and she came over at once to see how I had got home.

I am cross, seeing they are all dying to laugh at the spectacle I present. Nell comes hurrying to carry me off to a bath, breakfast, and bed. She is the only one who has politeness

enough not to smile at my costume. Kevin professes profound anxiety and hastens my exit. I know why. He wants to roar, and thinks he can never get me away fast enough. As Nell leads me to my room I catch a peep from a landing on the trio below. Kevin and Aunt Eva's eyes meet and they can stand it no longer. They laugh in a smothered, shamefaced manner; but Kitty throws all consideration and delicacy to the winds. Her head is buried in her handkerchief in uncontrolled paroxysms, while I, poor, bedraggled, injured Cinderella, vow vengeance on somebody when—well, when I awake.

A WYOMING SUNDOWN.

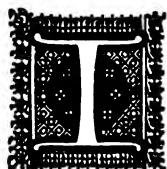
BY ARTHUR WHEELLOCK UPSON.



OW it is twilight, and a yellow fire
Streaks through the narrow aisles of singing
pines.
Low the old sexton Night lets down his blinds,
Leaving me in his sanctuary choir
To hear my own heart inwardly aspire,
Chanting with all the trees the same sweet lines
While overhead one bent cloud dimly shines
Like an archangel pleading my desire.
Sunset across the level woodland floor,
And sunset in the forest of my soul;
A softer light I had not known before
Now radiates from my beclouded goal,
And like a tranquil glory through the door
Of the dun future seems to rise and roll.

THE GLORY OF THE HUMAN BODY.

BY REV. HENRY E. O'KEEFFE, C.S.P.



IT is morally wholesome to believe that this our fleshly body in some mysterious measure shall go with us even after death. Although in life it is the humiliating part of our nature, nevertheless the spirit does not possess the perfection of its nature until it is one with the body. The equilibrium existing between these two realities was once disturbed and somehow in the beginning. Since then the battle has been fiercely waging. The end of all rational asceticism is to re-establish the harmony. He Who came from on high clothed in the lowliness of flesh, had for His purpose not only atonement for the law violated, but likewise the restoration of peace between body and soul.

All our struggle is within the walls of the flesh. Even the subtlest of the higher temptations can be remotely traced to some latent and unbidden impulse of the flesh. The most delicately shaded moods of the imagination and the heart—the most refined efforts of the will, have their beginnings in the flesh. Yet in the vast scheme of the Incarnation the body is not disgraced or dishonored. Although lower in degree of being than the spirit, it has relatively to its own purpose its own perfection. We have been redeemed through the flesh, the instrument of our weakness; the very poison changed, as it were, into an antidote.

The blessed sigh for their bodies. It is a thought among the holy that souls do not lapse into the being of God until they have received their supreme perfection from their union with the body.

In the plan of spiritual regeneration all things work together unto good. There were religions of old, as there are erring thinkers now, who through shame hide the corpse under heaps of flowers and consign it to forgetfulness. Not so with the integral plan of Christianity; even the shameful body does not suffer oblivion:

“ Since, from the graced decorum of the hair
E'en to the tingling, sweet

Soles of the simple earth-confiding feet,
And from the inmost heart
Outwards unto the thin
Silk curtains of the skin,
Every least part
Astonished hears
And sweet replies to some like region of the spheres."

He Who was hanged nakedly for our shame in the sight of men has saved us from shame. Although physically and organically perfect, yet because of this subtle perfection was He more susceptible to the keen edges of emaciation and shame. "There is no beauty in Him, nor comeliness: and we have seen Him, and there was no sightliness that we should be desirous of Him."

Compared to that sense of shame, the chemical reaction of the thirst in His mouth, or the gushing of iron and water from His broken Heart, were as nothing. If it were pre-eminently proper that His body should not taste the unwholesome savor of the tomb, so was it meet that she of whose cloistered womb He was the fruit should fall asleep and miss the corruption and undignified dissolution of the body. Indeed, the wonderment would be the more vivid if it were not so.

With us who bear in our bodies the vestiges of moral misfortune it behooves us to slip into the cold arms of the earth for a brief season, if only to undergo penitence through the foul stench of unshriven imperfections.

The dogma of the resurrection is less distressing than that this body should not attain the fruit of conquest after so dreadful a conflict with the soul, or that it should be denied the licit satisfaction of its mighty and indescribable longings.

Medical science opens and peers into every bone, muscle, artery, and joint, but the marvel of the human body begins only where the point of the dissecting-knife ends.

From the numberless troops of the unclean as well from the narrow puritan comes the cry of "Shame!" But the cry is fanatical or a cruel memory of lost chastity. To touch the ark and part the veil one must have clean hands. The sensation of moral horror in us is the evidence of the mystery of the Fall in the beginning of history, and the traditional relic of it which we carry in our bodies to this very day.

Within this tenement of flesh and blood are hidden treasures

so costly that the powers and principalities of good and evil are ever contending for mastery over them.

Within the body's sacred temple is lodged the Holy Spirit seated as upon a throne to diffuse blessings, but the Babel of contradicting passions smothers His Voice and provokes tumult. Man's body stands between the creation and the Creator. It is the crown of the material, and the last expression of the spiritual creation. With its crest sublime it touches the dome of the sky and plants its naked foot upon a clod of earth. If it bears within it the marks of former processes of life, it itself is a permanent type and a final consummation. It creates the mystery of space and defies the mystery of time.

Within its boundless reservations there glow the camp-fires by night and wages the din of battle by day.

Within its field of infinitude there is area enough for gayety and despair, tragedy and wit, pathos and delight, hope and fear, life and death. It gathers all nature, art, music, and poetry, within the sanctuary of its sensible emotions.

The objective reality of external things would be dull and unresponsive were it not for the body which receives sense-impressions as the foundation of our ideas.

The learned discuss many intricate questions concerning the relative value of these two realities—spirit and matter.

Much subtle thought is provoked from a study of the intimacy between soul and body, of their natures, qualities, and perfection.

The philosophic conviction is that body and soul enter into the essence of each other. Body and soul do not acquire the respective perfection of their natures until they are joined together.

Whatever there is of sense-perception in the soul has come through the avenue of the body. Only an act of special intervention can bestow the gifts of the body on the soul when the soul is separated from it. This may possibly be the method by which the angelic nature can co-operate with the physical and material universe. However this may be, the body remains for us the battle-field of life's probation. Nor is it as it was with some ancient scholars and superstitious believers, a prison incarcerating the celestial aspirations of the spirit, or the sole principle of evil. This feeling of depression, which arises either from an insufficient study of Holy Writ or from a morbid sensitiveness of the havoc which lust is playing in the world,

is not a normal state—the chariot is one and the steeds are of equal swiftness, but the charioteer is not sufficiently skilful. Heresy is but a partial truth, and they who taught that the body was essentially bad and the soul essentially good were giving to the world a most disastrous doctrine. The saints in their innocence speak of their bodies as of everlasting companions. “I know that my Redeemer liveth; in my flesh I shall see God.”

Supernal human delight is reserved for those who have not profaned the tabernacle of the body from that early time when the baptismal dew falls upon the white forehead to the last hour when the chrism anoints the dying senses of touch, taste, smell, and sight. They who have not abused so intimate a consort as the body can know the ethereal bliss evoked from inviolable affection. Once the soul has been directed towards its proper object, then the body is not an enemy but avails supernaturally; for the very infirmity and mortality of the flesh is a condition of merit for the spirit. Through the Flesh and Blood of Christ we are made partakers of the shining forth of His glorified and ascended Body. Somehow it shall yet come that this celestial light shall pierce through the sluggish senses of our bodies: “Every valley shall be filled, and every mountain and hill shall be brought low, and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough ways plain. And all flesh shall see the salvation of God.”

Saint Theresa once told about her vision of Christ's transfigured Body. Whatever value may be attached to the vision, her description is weak, for she pictures His Hand as being like unto limpid glass. Yet how could human speech express the surpassing excellence and splendor of that radiant Form? There may have been some providential reason why the prophets but vaguely trace the divine mission and dignity of the body. The text concerning the bodily translation of Enoch and Elias would seem to bear a strict interpretation. From the meagre record of the mystery of the Fall in the book of Genesis we gather that that momentous temptation was not a gross yielding to carnal appetite, but rather an intellectual revolt. Man must have deliberately disturbed the state of concord which balanced spirit and flesh. So “the Word was made flesh” that man might restore, through grace and self-development, his flesh to a state of healthy relationship with his spirit: “I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh.”

According to the Mind of Christ, the Christian moralist seeks to create the synthesis between the two antithetical elements—soul and matter. The Church, which is the mystical Body of Christ in living history, has for its end the extension of the economy of the Incarnation—the protracted redemption of the flesh. In the sacramental system the flesh—the vulnerable element of our composition—is appealed to through the senses, beginning with the Sacrament of Christ's Flesh to the rudest symbol and most inadequate metaphor. "He hath made the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak."

As in the material world so in the divine scheme, nothing is lost. The instrument of our confusion is captured by its own devices. Every caprice of the sentient body is supernaturally gratified.

Through the Incarnation all things are bent to its service; every visible rite and ceremony; every dogma which is the defined expression of unexplored truth; every text of Scripture interpreted by authority; all speech and action, reason and imagination, sentiment and thought, are all transformed into implements of salvation to rectify the illusions of the senses of the body.

But not alone in the nobler arts—sculpture, drama, painting, and song, is the body appealed to; but inanimate, material nature is sanctified to its uses, and so for the most part the matter of the sacraments and sacramentals is bread, wine, water, oil, salt, wool, cotton, and wax. Moreover, Christian ethics even enters into the sciences of economics and politics, with the indirect purpose of consecrating them to the salvation of man's body from fire, plague, hunger, thirst, cruelty, and injustice.

Since, then, we are beholden to the body, let us look to it that we reverence it in decent fashion. It is for us believers the temple of the Holy Spirit; of immensely more historic interest than the temple of Jerusalem. Guard the walls of the city and the temple will be secure. Exercise custody, and do not permit the exterior senses to wander at will. Close all the city gates by night, so that the wayward traveller with his camel cannot pass through the eye of the needle.

The defilement of the human body might be more tragic in its consequences than the spilling of a prophet's blood in the portico of the temple. The body has its laws, prerogatives, capacities; and it is serious to thwart or destroy them.

Else nature will turn the throb of health to a nervous tremor and the crimson glow of youthful beauty to the hectic pallor of disease.

Then, from a moral consideration, how horrible to think that in some manner we take with us in death bodily habits contracted in life; it would seem of momentous importance, therefore, to lay on the lash, and whip disordered inclination into subservience to the sweeter instinct of the soul.

ST. AGNES, THE ROMAN VIRGIN AND MARTYR.

*E. Missali Belvacensi. Rhotomagi,
A. D. 1514.**

*From the Beauvais Missal. Rouen,
A. D. 1514.*

Agnetis sollemnio
Jubilat cum gaudio
Castitatis Filio
Mundus amor;
Cordis in altario
Agnam agno socio
Immolet devotio
Verus clamor.

Pure love hastes its debt to pay
On Saint Agnes' Festal day
To God's chaste Son; truly gay,
It shouts loudly.
On our heart's shrine when we pray,
Let devotion true-voiced slay
For her comrade Lamb, and lay
Agnes, proudly.

Jesum rorem lilium
Sponsum vult et socium,
Et Præfecti filium
Dedignatur.
Preces, minas, munium
Spernit et supplicium;
Sustinendo spoliū
Non nudatur.

Jesus Dew and Lily White
Is her Spouse and ally bright;
For Him, Prefect's son tho' knight
She despises.
Threats and prayers in vain invite;
Gifts e'en capture not her sight;
When stripped she with keen delight
Clothed arises.

Crines arte deica
Tegit toga cælica
Cella fit vivifica
Impurorum.
Impudicus moritur;
Per pudicam redditur;
Christi fidem loquitur
Vi Justorum.

Lo! by art divine, her hair
Vests her in the cellar where
All was filthy, once; its air
Grows life-giving.
Dies he who would touch her dare;
Lives he at the pure child's prayer;
Christ's Faith powerful here and there
Spreads he, living.

* From *Analecta Liturgica*, by W. H. James Weale, vol. i. p. 303. Prosa 199. The lines "Ina vernant" to "complementum" are in the Beauvais Missal and seem to be an interpolation.

Ignibus exponitur,
Orat, nec comburitur,
Gladio percutitur
Impiorum.
Sic Agna confungitur
Agno pro quo cæditur ;
Regia eripitur
Vi morborum.

O Flos pudicitiae,
Speculum munditiæ,
Amoris, constantiæ
Fulcimentum.
Hostia munditiæ,
Victima Justitiæ,
Dulcoris et gratiæ
Condimentum.

Ina vernant nuptiæ
Agni fruens specie
Propago lætitiæ

O plena dulcedine;
Agni rubens sanguine

Pellas a certamine
Nocumentum.

Agni pollens agmine,
In mortis examine
Sis cum Matre Virgine
Intamentum.

O Felix agnicula
Agnes prece sedula,
Nostra fac piacula
Expiari ;

Duc ad agni pabula
Pastorissa parvula,
Oves Agno copula
Agno cœli copula

Salutari. Amen.

Flung amidst the fiery flame
Prayers its power of burning tame ;
Her as prey the wicked claim ;
By sword slaying.
To the Lamb the Lamb thus came
For whom bore she death of shame ;
From disease a Royal Dame
Is snatched, praying.

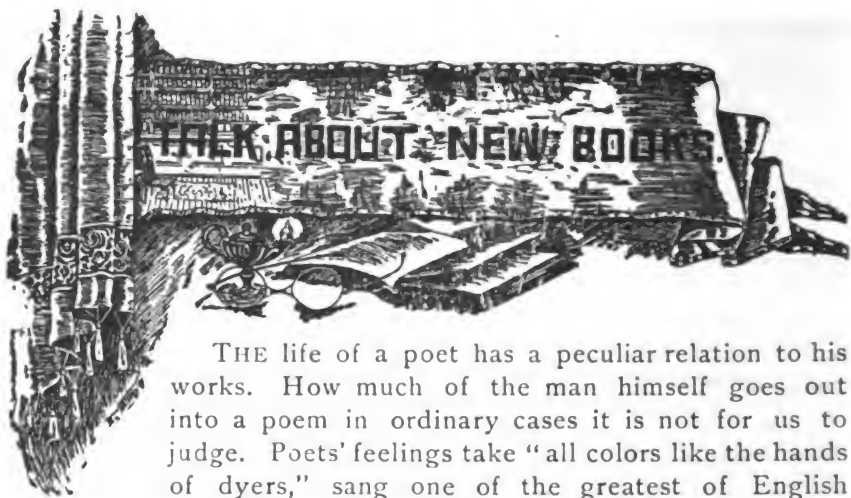
Oh, thou Flower of modesty !
Mirror dazzling clean to see !
Of our love and constancy
Great sustainer.
Host from filthiness quite free !
Justice-victim made to be ;
Seasoning most sweet to me
And grace-gainer.

Truly are thy nuptials blest,
In the meek Lamb's sight, at rest ;
Offspring, yea of joyful breast
Consummation.
Full of winsomeness the best
Tinged with Lamb's blood, ruddy
guest !
Evils drive from each oppressed
Battling nation.

Strength thou dost in fight possess,
Near the Lamb ; in death's distress
With the Mother-Maid, come ; yes,
Come, protect us.
Little Lamb all happiness,
Prayerful Agnes ! we express
Hope that God will, soothed, confess,
Not reject us.

Lead us, little Shepherdess !
To the Lamb's fold Him to bless
To the Lamb unite the sheep,
To Heaven's Lamb whose fondness
deep
Doth elect us. Amen.

REV. T. S., C.SS.R.



THE life of a poet has a peculiar relation to his works. How much of the man himself goes out into a poem in ordinary cases it is not for us to judge. Poets' feelings take "all colors like the hands of dyers," sang one of the greatest of English poets, expressing in the verse his estimate of their character by a vigorous word that rhymes with "dyers," but in the case of Dante * the whole soul of the man, his passions and convictions, burn in every line of the *Divine Comedy*; so that while it tells the awful sights he saw in his journey, it as surely reveals himself in the intensity of his nature. Whatever had been scarred upon him in the fortunes of his life finds expression, not as an isolated bitterness like the scorn of Byron, not as a whining self-pity like the pathos of Milton, but as the pronouncement of a universal law, lifting the thought to the ideal and sublime, the ideal and the sad. He stands alone in his greatness and his sorrow, the incarnation of the strength and majesty of Latin genius.

Whatever he had desired he failed to obtain. The hopes which are as of the soft spring of early manhood were blighted; the rewards of ambition, which may compensate for disappointed affection, passed like phantoms from his hand. The proudest of mankind, he had to eat the bread which is most bitter to the taste, to climb that stairs which is the hardest path.† This experience could not have been without its effect upon his spirits, and yet in the whole range of song can anything be found like his sovereign, inviolable justice? We have been accustomed to hear of the calm equity of Shakspeare—the only judicial habit which can be at all compared with the inflexible impartiality of the Florentine. A little reflection can account for Shakspeare's quality. The movements and the

* *The Life and Works of Dante Alighieri*. By the Rev. J. F. Hogan, D.D. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

† "Tu proverai sì come sa di sale
Lo pane altrui e come è duro calle
Lo scendere e 'l salir per l' altrui scale."

men it was exercised upon were practically as remote from his time as exciting influences as though they belonged to a distant period. The close of the reign of Henry VII. witnessed the separation of the age of the iron barons from the time of the "new men," a separation as complete in its political effects as the abyss which divides post-Revolution France from the old *régime*. It is not at all likely that Elizabeth, descended from the House of York through her grandmother, would have approved an indiscriminate assault on the princes and adherents of that house. The most indefeasible claim of title asserted by the House of York was in accordance with her own high pretensions; she represented the claims of the rival factions. Shakspeare lost nothing by his impartiality.

The crimes and the follies immortalized by Dante, the corruptions in places where a devout Catholic would fain not see them, met with the award that a stern and melancholy temper, raised above hope and fear, found was their due. No one ever felt more strongly the claim of gratitude. Service to him could not be effaced by those caprices and insolences with which the great so often make patronage an intolerable burden. We remember the haughtiness of Dante when made to experience something of the kind, now and again, from Can' Grande. Regardless of consequences, the poor wanderer would turn on the great man that scowl which has made men think he could have sat for a picture of Satan, drop a few words, chill him to the soul with his contempt, and chase, as by the spell of some potent spirit, the mockery from the eyes and lips of every courtier in the crowded halls. Yet for all that, how finely he wrote of "that most noble and most gracious lord" when far away, when only the memory of his munificence remained, when all faults, all pettinesses, were forgotten!

The incident of the unhappy Francesca has served as a text for criticism on this part of the character of Dante. We refer the reader to Dr. Hogan's natural explanation. In fact, no one except a small poet of the sensuous school, a flaccid critic imbued with the æsthetics of Greek mythology, would have supposed that Dante could have found her anywhere on his journey save in the unhappy place in which he met her. What we have suggested above, the close union between Dante's intellectual and moral character, is the source of the judgment on the one who sinned so deeply, and whose sin was not the less a sin because her father was a friend to the poet when the world was dark to him indeed. And yet there is

blended with the sentence an indulgence so poetical in the humanity of its conception, her eternal association with her guilty lover, that we think it must have proceeded from his strong sense of the father's kindness to himself. This is not quite the way Dr. Hogan analyzes the episode. He looks more to its bearings on Francesca's family than its regard to the poet himself. But though these are elements to be taken into account, and very important ones, they hardly reach the absolute justice that recognizes what may extenuate the guilt and qualify the punishment. Now, it would seem there was something sweet and gentle in this creature whose life is made immortal by lines more beautiful than any ever sung; something that showed she was the daughter of a race the purity of whose blood manifested itself in noble and generous impulses; and that, though she had dishonored the name of her house and deeply stained her soul, she was to meet, both on her own account and for the sake of those from whom she sprang, a punishment that marked her out from those cold, hard, fierce, vicious ones whose sins have little to palliate them.

As an introduction to students of Dante Dr. Hogan's work will be of excellent service. He prefixes a life of the poet; this, having regard to his limits, is, we think, remarkably well done. There then comes a critical *résumé* of the Divine Comedy which we suppose is the result of his labors for the students he lectured to in Maynooth. This is illustrated by notes selected on the principle of affording information and assistance rather than of displaying ingenuity and acquaintance with commentators. This reminds us of the fact that there is an admirable chapter on the commentators of Dante, very short but very lucid, and not telling the reader merely what every one knows, but placing before him the succession of the men who have done anything for the poet from the beginning of the century in which he lived down to a year or two ago.

For the rest, we said something on a former occasion concerning one or two of the minor works of Dante, we said a word about his orthodoxy; we content ourselves here with sending our readers to the work itself for these matters, and we have no hesitation in saying, with regard to it as well as to all that concerns this man, who is the embodiment of mediæval strength and enthusiasm, that they will be gratified.

Mrs. Oliphant's autobiography* is a human document rather

* *Autobiography and Letters of Mrs. Oliphant*. Edited by Mrs. Harry Coghill. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

than a literary reminiscence. It tells, indeed, the life-story of a woman whom we should antecedently imagine to be an outstanding figure in the history of nineteenth century letters one whose literary career extended through half a century, and whose published works reached the astounding number of some hundred and twenty-five. In the history of such a life we should certainly look for important additions to our knowledge of many writers living and dead, and should not unreasonably expect to find in it suggestions, at least, regarding past and present publishing methods, the struggles, prospects, and rewards of authorship as modified by fifty years, with perhaps some hints on the different manifestations of public taste within the same period, the development of the spirit and manner of criticism, and many other similar side-questions. But there is little of all this. There is but a fragment of literary *memorabilia*; a single meeting with Carlyle, a call or two on the Tennysons, and a glimpse of Father Prout are about all. And as for such other digressions as we just now mentioned, there is hardly anything of them. Still this is a fascinating autobiography, from the deep, appealing human interest which it displays from beginning to end. It is the history of an heroic woman of simple manners, winsome disposition, candid spirit, and glorious courage.

Mrs. Oliphant was left a widow, young and poor, with three children to support and educate. We may say, in one word, this book of hers is the record of how she met these responsibilities, and how she sustained the sorrows that came fast and crushing over her later life. Her daughter died in Italy at an early age; her two sons grew up to a manhood rich with promise, and they too, just as they were about to reward her for so many and such sweetly-borne sacrifices for their sake, passed untimely away. With a pathetic patience she faced her loneliness, and with fingers that must long ago have become weary, and a heart bereft of human comfort for evermore, she took up her pen again and wrought almost to the end. It is an ennobling narrative, modestly and gracefully told. If, some time, there should be written a book on the "Sanctities of Literature," the spirit and the character exhibited in this autobiography should fill a chapter very near the first.

*The Sunken Bell** is a play by Gerhart Hauptmann, translated by Charles Henry Meltzer. The translation is in verse,

* *The Sunken Bell* (Die versunkene Glocke). New York: Doubleday & McClure.

and does not profess to be literal, while at the same time it aims at preserving the spirit of the original. It is called by the author a "fairy play," and if it interpreted the contact of fairy personages with mankind we should say it would appear aimless indeed when compared with the influence exercised on human life by the fairy beings of "*A Midsummer Night's Dream*," or by the action of the preternatural characters in "*Manfred*." But it is suggested there is a problem of human destiny underlying the words and doings of the non-human characters: that these are allegorical expressions of the aspirations and disappointments, the defeats and successes, which constitute the struggle of mankind.

Even looked at in this way the work is without purpose; for it is based not on the reality of struggle, but a fanciful conception of the elements and aims of struggle. The conflict is a real and a sad thing, perhaps,—at least it seems sad to us, seeing so much of the cost which is the price of progress, and not looking to the final issue. Whether we regard the individual or the race, struggle is the condition of life and its discipline. Conscientious effort is a triumph even though hearts are broken by it; suffering is advancement, because the realization of duty.

We are not aided by a character such as Heinrich, the bell-founder, who forms for himself a false ideal of the truth and justice which should be the goal towards which humanity is working. His ideal is the realization of a merely æsthetical pleasure which cannot be "a supreme bliss," much less a "supreme truth." The love of the beautiful is part of the capacity for happiness; beautiful things are an ingredient of happiness, but neither the capacity for loving them nor the beautiful things themselves have anything more than a relation to truth and justice. There are pagan cults mingled with Christian suggestions in the conception of Heinrich as thinker and enthusiast; the creed is formed from some vague sense of the beauty and sweetness of the Lord's character wrought into the modern notions concerning the meaning of the lives of Apollo, Osiris, Balder, and so on; the creed is a sort of sun-myth evolved by Hauptmann from the theories shaped by writers on comparative mythology, who aim at reducing all religion into a myth.

There is a charm in the work, however, which no one can lose sight of—the sympathy of the poet with nature. Of course, there is the unnecessary and therefore vicious deification of such wonderful loveliness, which is so characteristic of our

time. David was as keenly sensible of that beauty as Hauptmann, but he saw in it the manifestation of its Creator. The elfs and sprites make a gallery of perfect portraits, but there is an absence of related action which leaves them without dramatic value. There is, indeed, reality in the moods and actions of these beings of the air and earth and water, but it is the reality of strong perception instead of the reality of life affected by other life, its interests and needs.

Mr. Meltzer has done his part of the work well. The verse is musical as an old ballad, and the language echoes of the old wells. It is English pure and undefiled, refreshing as the mountain air to one poisoned in a city atmosphere. As Heinrich, exhausted, looks at the landscape where we find him with the sprite Rautendelein, who is the embodiment, perhaps, of nature, he says in a dreaming way to her:

“How beautiful it seems! The rustling boughs
Have such a strange full sound. The darkling arms
Of the great firs move so mysteriously.
How solemnly their heads sway to and fro!
The very soul of fairy fantasy
Sighs through the wood. It murmurs low and then,
Still gently whisp’ring, stirs the tiny leaves.
Now it goes singing through the green wood-grass.”

And the fancy—as we interpret the next thought—that the white landscape points its finger at him in the movement of all the scene approaching to where he lay weak and dazed from his fall from the cliff, is of the very stuff that dreams are made of.

The wood-sprite’s account of how he broke the wheel of the dray on which the “bell” was being brought up the cliff has much of the animation of Puck’s tales of his own doings. The bell rolled over the side of the cliff down, down, until it was lost in the lake. This is the incident on which the purpose of the play turns. The allegory is, to be sure, far-fetched—the creation of a chime by the union and proportions of all metals instrumental to the production of harmonious, thought-expressing sound; a chime grander than all that had been ever made the soul of bell, that ever could again be made its soul, telling the story of man’s life in all its unutterable pain, then its growing freedom from pain, so slowly lessening as age passed after age away until lost in the fulness of a joy without alloy of pain. The bell to which this music was wedded

was to be placed on the high temple of a cliff above all other cliffs in face of the sun, the god that lightens and creates, that animates and sets free and calls the world to worship, in thankfulness for the surcease of its pain. The envious wood-sprite, who is the spirit-substance of all earthly lusts, has foiled the glorious effort when it was very close upon accomplishment.

Rautendelein, it would appear, fills a double rôle—she is the curious spirit of nature, made up of elements from the woods and mountains, the pleasant fields and the breezes that scatter health and sweetness on their paths; so, on one side of her ministry, she spurs Heinrich to the labor and the triumph which are only possible when the high ideal conceived within shall have taken form from the heart of nature. She is, therefore, the inspirer of enthusiasm and the right hand that leads it onward and upward; but on the other side she draws him in a guilty passion from his wife, from the claims of the duties of husband and father, from the practice of the sweet humanities that lie around the path of every man who is faithful to the true law given him for his guidance.

We must confess looking at the movements of the beings of the air, the hill, and the water, we experienced considerable pleasure; we were interested by the vicar, the school-master, and the barber, though they only represented what the poet looked upon as dead creeds, soulless conventions—that is, the creeds and moralities of the world of men—but our pleasure from and interest in Heinrich were not produced by the conception; so far from that, they were due only to the translator's admirable versification and his evident sympathy with his author.

The substance of this little work* appeared in a different form before this issue. The first chapter came out originally in the *Dublin Review*. It is concerned rather with the broader aspect of the question—that is to say, its bearing on the political and social controversies of the present time, and the influence for good which the thought of the sufferings and heroism of their grandfathers and great-grandfathers ought to have on men of Irish blood to-day, than with details of the cruelty on the one hand, and the courage with which it was met on the other. Such details we have in the succeeding chapters in an anecdotal form, which imparts to them a vividness like that

* *The Catholics of Ireland under the Penal Laws in the Eighteenth Century*. By his Eminence Cardinal Moran. London: Catholic Truth Society.

of *viva voce* narration when the raconteur possesses sympathy and skill. These were published a few years ago as a series of papers in the *Australasian Catholic Record*; so that practically the matter before us is a reprint. We do not think in all the good work accomplished by the Catholic Truth Society it has performed a greater service to religion and the deep human interests depending upon it than in getting his eminence to prepare these papers for publication.

We ask for this little book a large circulation. It is very interesting and very valuable. Of the truth of the statements made there can be no question; they are taken for the most part from official documents. It is not the same as what we have on the other side—that is to say, the Huguenot side, the English Protestant side, the American Puritan side, the anti-Catholic side generally,—charges for the most part with very little foundation, or at the best resting on hearsay evidence in the first instance, when not upon after-thought correlation.

Though the archives of the Carmelite Order are by no means intact, yet they have served to supply many particulars of interest about the period considered in the present volume.* Quite absorbing, indeed, is the account given of the adventures, trials, and successes of the Carmelites during the stirring years of the foundation of the English mission. Our historical recollections are made personal and vivid when we think of these elder brethren of our own laboring amid such deadly perils for the conversion of heretics and the spiritual comfort of the faithful. Flight, imprisonment, exile, and death were common events in their times; for the finger of God then, as always, indicated the path of blood and suffering as the sure road to success.

Not the least interesting account is that by Father Bede of the translation of St. Teresa's works, and the attack upon that saint by a Protestant divine, not improbably the famous Still ingfleet.

The narratives are full of edification, varied and replete with interest. The story of Father Bede, covering the period of the Restoration, hints at an aspect of English life quite unknown to the chroniclers of the coarse and wicked society commonly taken as representative of that day. And finally comes the pathetic account of Father Francis Brewster, the

* *Carmel in England*. By Father Zimmerman, O.C.D. A History of the English Mission of the Discalced Carmelites. London: Burns & Oates; New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

last Carmelite of the old English mission, who died in 1849, leaving behind his record of the community, "No superior, no inferior, being the last man." But it was quite a different England then from the one in whose conversion his brethren had worn away energy and life. And not the least among the influences conducing to that blessed change must be numbered the heroic labors of the men whose adventurous careers this volume briefly records.

The final volume of Father Guggenberger's work* comes to hand well recommended by the preceding numbers, and dealing with our own century it loses nothing of the interest they possessed. It is of the same general plan, contains maps and references in similar generous abundance, is complete, accurate, and wonderfully thorough in detail. In fact this last quality falls not far short of becoming a defect; for confusion is almost invited by excessive minuteness in certain parts at the expense of others. But let us say of the whole work that it is something we have felt the want of more than once, and we can but rejoice that the first (to our knowledge) Catholic writer to attempt this sort of general history has made so striking a success. A great desideratum in history is accurate and impartial treatment of secular events closely concerned with religious interests—the relations of state and ecclesiastical authorities in certain critical negotiations, for example. This need is well met by Father Guggenberger's history—so far as it goes, of course—it being rather in the nature of a compendium than a complete and exhaustive account of the history of eighteen centuries.

I.—TISSOT'S LIFE OF CHRIST.†

What Mr. Tissot says in closing his introduction to the *Life of Christ*: "If some other in his turn wishes to study and elucidate it yet further, let him make haste; for the data still existing, the documents of past centuries still surviving, will, doubtless, ere long, in these days of the invasion of the engineer and the railway, disappear before the irresistible impulse of the aggressive modern spirit," is a criterion of the value of Mr. Tissot's own monumental work, and an indica-

* *General History of the Christian Era*. Vol. III. By A. Guggenberger, S.J. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder.

† *The Life of our Saviour Jesus Christ*. Three hundred and sixty-five Compositions from the Four Gospels, with Notes and Explanatory Drawings. By James J. Tissot. Notes translated by Mrs. Arthur Bell (N. d'Anvers). New York: The McClure-Tissot Co.

tion of its worth to future generations. He might have added, in enumerating some of the devastating engines in the march of science, the higher criticism of the day. His work bears a peculiar relation to this element so destructive of the spirit of religion, and makes one reflect that a watchful Providence had no small share in the commission of this wonderful artist to depict on canvas in the mode he did the scenes of our Lord's life from birth to ascension. The tendency of this modern spirit of the world in regard to religious things has acted so like a solvent on the solid realities of the faith of centuries that one could easily imagine a not very distant time when the terrific facts of the passion, death, and resurrection of Jesus Christ would, under the microscopic analysis of higher criticism, be affirmed to be a certain sort of phantasmagoria existing but in the minds of the so-called witnesses or chroniclers during a subjective state of soul, or under the influence of hypnotic suggestion. "Let us cut him off from the land of the living, that his name may be no more remembered!" (Jer. xi. 19.) It sounds absurd to say this to simple believers, but the evidence of our senses as to what is already affirmed by these oracles of higher criticism make such a supposition very plausible.

There is a certain other class among professed Christians, too, who would not be at all sorry in their hearts if the hyper-critics could encompass this new stroke of argument. They are the fastidious and ease-loving ones who have come to think there is something unbecoming Christian decency in making real and vivid the harrowing scenes of the passion. True-hearted and loyal lovers of Jesus Christ, while feeling the most profound sense of dejection and sorrow at beholding this realistic delineation of those dreadful and heart-rending scenes, cannot but rejoice and be truly grateful, out of their love for Christ crucified, that at last a hand has been reverently daring enough, and exquisitely gifted enough, and honest and intelligent enough, to spare not a single truthful detail in conveying to canvas the reality, as far as may be, of the history of our Lord's earthly life. A false and weak shame and an over-delicate sensitiveness to human suffering might make one turn away shrinkingly from these pictures, which so cruelly burn the reality of Christ's torments into one's very soul; and yet how salutary, almost for the sake of a mere human advantage, is such an experience to the æsthetic and over-cultured intellectual life of our age, not to speak of

its glorious spiritual profit, humbly and eagerly sought for by Christian saint or sinner. "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of Jesus Christ," cried out the honest-hearted Apostle. In a true Christian spirit we can glory, then, in this wonderful manifestation of Christ's love for man as portrayed here.

No slight addition to the value of these reproductions of Tissot's great pictures are the notes or comments accompanying each picture, written by himself and translated into clear, good English. In these notes he explains many a minute detail of the picture which might otherwise be overlooked, or perhaps criticised, from its unusualness. No slightest point has been neglected in these explanations. His comment on the picture of Christ being given the drink when He said "I thirst" is a good example of this conscientious thoughtfulness in searching out the most obscure meaning in the words of the Evangelist. "Now," says St. John, "there was set a vessel full of vinegar, and they filled a sponge with vinegar, and put *it* upon hyssop, and put *it* to his mouth." "This vinegar, or acidulated drink, was called *posca* by the Romans. Sometimes it was merely wine which had turned sour. . . . Some man standing by then, moved to compassion by the touching complaint of Jesus, ran and soaked a sponge in this vinegar and offered it to him to drink. The sponge thus used had no doubt been brought with them by the executioners to wipe off the blood with which they were covered during the crucifixion. The man put this sponge, saturated with vinegar, upon a branch of hyssop. It is St. John, who was an eye-witness of all that occurred, who mentions what kind of branch was used; the other Evangelists merely say a reed. Now, the stem of the hyssop, though it resembles a reed in general appearance, is really not nearly so strong. The very thickest that could possibly be found would not be able to bear the weight of a sponge full of liquid. On the other hand, the stem in question forms a perfect tube, in every way suitable for sucking up liquid or for ejecting it. In our engraving, therefore, we have represented the sponge alluded to in the Gospel narrative as having been placed, not at the top, but at the lower end of the stem of hyssop, in such a manner that the liquid with which it was saturated could be made to ascend the hollow tube by the pressing of the sponge, whilst Jesus sucked the vinegar through the upper opening. Any other plan than that here suggested, however small and round the sponge may have been, could

have achieved nothing but the smearing of the face of the Sufferer, which, under pretence of soothing his sufferings, would really only have added to them, for his body was everywhere covered with wounds. The cheeks, the nose, and the lips of the Sufferer must have been grazed in his many falls. Now, it was no doubt a compassionate man who ran to give the divine Master a drink when he cried 'I thirst,' and we feel that we are justified in supposing him to have acted in the manner represented in our engraving."

Indeed, these pictures would lose half their value if merely scanned as pictures without the illuminating text accompanying them. The text alone without the illustrations would form a marvellous series of word paintings, and would afford the best sort of a book of meditations on the life and sufferings of our Lord. Often what at a cursory glance may appear grotesque or fanciful in Mr. Tissot's illustrations becomes invested with a singular interest and charm when his explanation of it is read. Moreover not a single authority for his statements, both in pictures or writing, has been ignored by him. He has, indeed, shown a marvellously open and unprejudiced mind in his researches, and at the same time there is a graceful humility in the proffering of his personal opinion on questionable points that disposes the reader to yield to his judgment where he otherwise might challenge it. It might be interesting to quote here the ample list of references he consulted in his investigations of the actual history of the time of our Lord, but it ought to be unnecessary, as they who know of this magnificent and worthy work of Mr. Tissot should not rest satisfied until they have seen it for themselves. The numerous and, unfortunately, often peurile and sentimental histories or meditations on the passion which abound among the religiously inclined could be well exchanged in bulk for this superb edition of four books, flawless in their style of binding, printing, and, above all, of illustrating, and an actual material gain be the result, not to speak of the lasting spiritual one which would come from a fervent and humble perusal of their contents.

2.—LECKY'S MAP OF LIFE.*

Mr. Lecky intends to present a philosophy of life made up from the discharge of public duties and from the observance

* *The Map of Life*. By William Edward Hartpole Lecky. New York and London: Longmans, Green & Co.

of certain mental and physical rules which would contribute to health and contentment. We are greatly disappointed in the book. It has been at all times our opinion that he was not a profound or an original thinker, but we judged that he looked at social phenomena with a calm and penetrating eye, that he could estimate them with a sufficiently exact appreciation upon the whole, and state his conclusions with temper and candor. It would be impossible to find a book more superficial and unfair than this one. One would find in the flimsiest of French memoirs sounder views of the influence on habits of thought, on the formation of character. Lilly and Pepys and Boswell, whom it would be hard in all literature to match in coxcombry and prejudice, offer instances of perception of the effect of circumstances on men and the power of men in laying hold of circumstances far above anything in this book which has not been taken from some other writer.

The type of character Mr. Lecky has in his mind is in reality that presented by the English country gentleman. It is a good type upon the whole, but we are very sure that he has united with it a type in some respects higher, but in some less judicious, and in all respects more intense—the gentleman of Ireland. It has been well said that a well-bred Irish gentleman is the most perfect specimen of human nature; but unless his mind has been enlarged by travel, he is as narrow as if he belonged to the seventeenth century. When Gardiner, the first Lord Mountjoy, returned from the Grand Tour, he told his countrymen they were the least liberal aristocracy in Europe, and this at a time when the greatest orators who spoke the English language, the greatest lawyers that ever appeared in any country, were amongst them. Has the Irish gentleman advanced one step from the time of Gardiner? The narrow judgments and intense prejudices of this gifted, and in many respects so charming a type of character, are in this book superimposed upon the English gentleman of to-day, who is a fair-minded, conscientious man anxious to perform rightly the social or quasi-public duties belonging to him as a magistrate and landlord, a churchman and a patriot, but the combination is inartistic.

The fact is, Mr. Lecky is an Irish Tory; and an Irish Tory has not one principle or tradition in common with the English Tory. The traditions of the latter go back to efforts on behalf of public liberty, and when all that was valuable in the

aim of those efforts was secured or promised, to services and sacrifices for the sovereign against the unjust aggressions of the people. The Irish Tory is the descendant of a rebel and a seventeenth century communist. His ancestor was one of the fierce sectaries to whom the blood of kings was a sweet savor and the lands of others the possession of the Chanaanites. He has preserved the sentiments of his ancestors with a fidelity he refused to the state-church to which he pretended to have conformed. He was instrumental in bringing in the Whig king, like the great Revolution houses of England, the Russells and the Cavendishes, the Ashleighs and the rest of that ill-omened tribe who in the name of liberty established a tyranny over the people sterner than that of France under Louis XIV., and in the name of justice fixed almost the whole burden of taxation on labor and the capital that employed it.

He was always true to his principles, by which he understood that his loyalty to himself was absolute, while his loyalty to the throne was limited by the condition of the king's good behavior. That is, the Irish Tory was loyal as long as he was allowed to exercise unrestrained power over the property and persons of the majority of his countrymen. His devotion to the state-church of his country was limited in like manner. As long as he had the power to despoil it the institution should be maintained as a bulwark against popery; when he had no longer power to despoil it, he claimed whatever was left for his poor relations or dependents; when its resources grew with the increased wealth of the country, he filled its incumbencies with his younger sons without regard to their morals or religious opinions; when at length the imperial Parliament proceeded to disestablish it and secularize its property, he threatened to rise in rebellion.

At the same time he is, and has been, a thorough gentleman in all those things which make man gracious and engaging: a good if not an exact scholar, a wit, a matchless host, a munificent patron of art and letters.* It was only when the quasi-public duties of the magistracy, the obligations of his position as landlord, the claims of political life came upon him, that one found an intense bigot, a master with the conscience of a highwayman, a cynic with the public spirit and the contempt for native opinion of a Catiline. In the incongruous

* Hardly any assistance has been granted by the English government to these departments of civilized life, and such grudging help as it has given was atoned for by some spoliation in another direction.

blending of this figure with that of an English squire Mr. Lecky has produced a type which enables him to misrepresent social morals and draw political inferences which no well-informed Englishman would permit himself to repeat.

The fact is, he does not seem to possess the most rudimentary knowledge of the history of party government in England; and yet we can hardly doubt but that he is exceptionally well acquainted with its origin and growth. His *History of England in the Eighteenth Century*, despite some misleading points of view from which he regards events in the highest degree momentous in the legal and political evolution of England, manifests a remarkable spirit of observation and much judicious inference, on the whole. We should be sorry to think the work before us was written for a party purpose, but how can we avoid the conclusion when we see a man mistake political and social movements in one book, the true origin of which he presented in another?

The formation of party in England is not a thing of yesterday; in one way or another it existed in every stage of the constitutional history of the country. It was known by different names from those at present; but the leading principles which divided the parties affected interests and expressed sentiments very much as they do to-day. There was the court party, and there was the country party, under the Plantagenets and Tudors; and the country party in the Civil War corresponded to the old country party of the Plantagenets and Tudors. The gentlemen who constituted it fought for the king, but it was when he had done everything that he could have done, and when the town party which succeeded to the court party of the Plantagenets and Tudors would not have left him one vestige of right, one particle of authority. The court party of the first two kings of the House of Hanover was composed of revolutionists kept around the throne by the spoils of office and the most scandalous exercise of patronage ever heard of in any country. These Whigs not only lived upon the taxes of the people, but at the Revolution they had by an infamous contrivance obtained a commutation of the services which were the condition of the tenure of their estates and had thrown the whole burden on the rest of the people—on every man who ate bread in the sweat of his face. They were to all intents and purpose as exempt from taxes as the privileged classes in France. Now, these regal rebels, these revolutionary despots, these robbers, under the pretence

of justice to the poor, were men whose political principles are fair, liberal, and enlightened, in comparison to those of their natural allies—the Irish Tories; and saying that Mr. Lecky is an Irish Tory of Irish Tories, we can safely leave his book to the judgment of our readers.

3.—SAINT LOUIS.*

The new life of St. Louis—one of the series already favorably mentioned in this magazine—has many intrinsic merits of plan and of spirit to recommend it to intelligent Catholic readers. It is not, the author himself tells us, “a history of Saint Louis—that is, a chronological and methodical account of the actions of his life and the events of his reign,” but it is rather a study of his character and holiness as manifested in the different phases of his private and public life. In a series of thirteen essays, seven of which view him merely in his social relations and achievements, while the others take account of him as a king and soldier, we are given a complete pen-portrait of this middle-age monarch whose inflexible fidelity to justice and heartfelt love of peace may well shame many political leaders of our day.

Nowhere in the book can one detect any attempt to exaggerate his virtues or to hide his faults. Indeed one's first impression is very likely to be that the author has not brought out his hero's holiness quite clearly or fully enough. In trying to avoid the pious folly of those who make the saints seem far out of human reach and their perfection appear something over and above and distinct from the conscientious fulfilment of God's holy will, it would appear he was guilty of going to the other extreme by making the king's holiness a mere detail in the picture. This unfavorable judgment springs mainly, and perhaps altogether, from a firmly-rooted but false conception of sanctity. We have grown so used to linking the word saint with ecstasies, visions, bitter self-scourgings, expressly sought humiliations, gifts of tears, and all those other wonderful manifestations of solid virtue which are so frequently found in the lives of the best-known servants of God, that we have inadvertently come to look upon them as the essential elements of holiness, and naturally think that if they are

* *Saint Louis*. By Marius Sepet. With a preface by George Tyrrell, S.J. London Duckworth & Co.; New York: Benziger Brothers.

not dwelt on at length the biographies of saintly men are either incomplete or unfaithful. Happily M. Sepet has had a far more accurate knowledge of what really constitutes holiness, and has acted in accordance with that knowledge all through his work. At first we thought less kindly of the book, but long and careful reflection thoroughly convinced us that the writer had faced and accomplished his task in the proper frame of mind.

The internal excellence of the life of St. Louis is not the only reason why we earnestly hope that it will be *widely* and *thoughtfully* read by our Catholic people. The book is also extremely opportune. It teaches clearly and forcibly two great truths that are sadly neglected in these days—truths that would work a magnificent reformation if we Catholics only let them get the grip God meant them to have on our minds.

First of all, it gives us satisfaction to know that holiness is compatible with every legitimate occupation, and that it does not impede in any way the fulfilment of those duties that are attached to one's special vocation. "True devotion," says St. Francis de Sales, "does no injury to any vocation or employment, but, on the contrary, adorns and beautifies it." Whoever thinks otherwise does not know what devotion or holiness is. In his own mind he has substituted its accidental expressions, its extraordinary manifestations, for its real substance. He has put long fastings and watchings and bloody whippings of self in place of that whole-souled effort to correspond with God's will which alone makes men holy. Few among the lawful occupations of men are of themselves more hostile to perseverance in the way of virtue than is the kingly state, particularly when it is of a despotic character. There is, then, encouragement for all people in the fact that this great king was also a great saint.

The second great truth which the life of this monarch teaches us is, that fidelity to the principles of the Gospel cannot satisfactorily explain either the political decadence of Catholic countries, or the intellectual and social backwardness of individual members of the church. The power of France is not now on the wane because her later rulers and people have been more just or more bent on piety than were her rulers and people in the days of her greatest glory and strength. Energy in accomplishing one's worldly duties and energy in the service of God are not foes; they go very peaceably hand-in-hand. St. Louis served God earnestly, and yet he did not fail to strengthen his kingdom; he waged no war unjustly,

but he waged just wars with all his might; he did not interfere with his people's rights, but he was active and determined in defending his own. These two lessons are of inestimable value to all us Catholics, and since a fuller knowledge of Saint Louis' character and deeds cannot fail to impress them more and more deeply on our minds, it is earnestly to be hoped that this thoroughly admirable life of him will find many careful readers.

4.—TO-MORROW IN CUBA.*

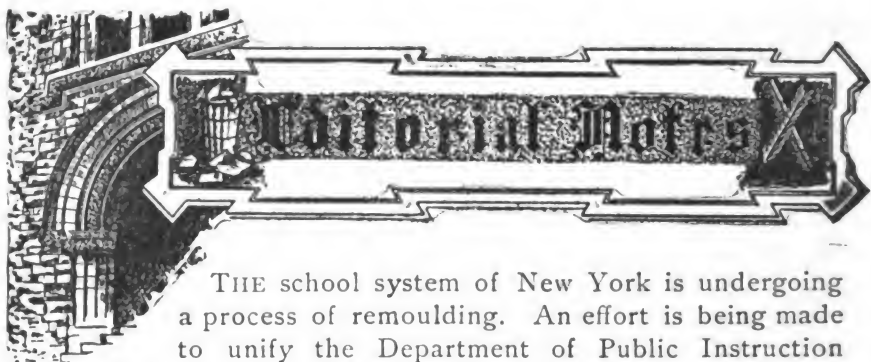
Mr. Pepper has given us a remarkably comprehensive and at the same time accurate volume on the past history and present condition and future prospects of Cuba. It deals with the affairs of the island from an unusually varied point of view. The first half of the book is given over to tracing during the last half century the struggles of the people for autonomy, for self-government, and finally for independence; and it is done with an accuracy that is born of careful study, and wide reading, and close observation. Mr. Pepper has evidently had very favorable opportunities of meeting and talking with many of the principal actors in the scenes he describes, and his information appears to be first hand.

The chapter on the religious conditions of the people in some respects overstates what is really the case, but at the same time it lays bare a deplorable state of affairs that is both a warning and a sorrow.

It is outrageous that Spain should have been permitted to prostitute the highest and holiest relations of a people to its own nefarious purposes. While the union of church and state is theoretically the highest and best relationship, yet oftener than not with a state that has lost its Christian character the union becomes degraded into a sort of concubinage, in which the church—the weaker vessel—is merely used to pander to the lusts of the state for dominion. One cannot consider the deplorable condition of Cuba and the Cubans and not wish that the Spanish power had been banished from the island a century ago.

To-Morrow in Cuba is a valuable hand-book of Cuban affairs. It possesses so much truth and states it so impartially that we hope very soon to make it a text for an extended article on educational and religious conditions on the island.

* *To-Morrow in Cuba*. By Charles M. Pepper. New York: Harper and Brothers.



THE school system of New York is undergoing a process of remoulding. An effort is being made to unify the Department of Public Instruction and the Regents. It has been suggested that some very eminent educationist be selected for the dignified position of Chancellor. The wise suggestions of the Governor are assuming definite shape in a proposed Education Bill, and unless some hack politician blocks the wheels for the sake of the patronage, we may expect in the early future a well-rounded, harmonious system.

There is no reason why this system should not include the schools of volunteer educational societies as well as the regular public schools. The children in the former schools are just as much children of the State as those in the latter, and the principle of including them has been admitted from time immemorial by the Regents. The principle of classification should be one of *merit*, rigidly and impartially enforced. When the principle of merit is firmly established, it will co-ordinate and harmonize the whole system. Equal rights to all classes.

It is time for the nations of the world to call a halt in this dreadful drama of war. The Boers have won a right, by their stubborn resistance as well as by their good fighting, to be parleyed with. If other nations insist, particularly if the United States formulates a proposition to arbitrate, prolonged warfare with all its horrid evils may be put an end to.

The missionary movement towards non-Catholics which assumed a definite shape a few years ago is now bearing fruit. We are able to trace the record of 1,144 converts during the last three months of the last year. While these have been actually recorded, name and address, they stand for a much larger class whose admission to the church has not been made public. This comparatively small number is but the vanguard of a great throng that is looking to the Church of God for salvation.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

THE History of Education is now required in all normal schools and colleges for teachers, though the books selected are often filled with many inaccuracies, especially in dealing with Catholic countries. Dr. Levi Seeley, professor of pedagogy in the New Jersey State Normal School, has evidently realized the difficulty of presenting a correct account of the work done for education in past ages. In his recent book, published by the American Book Company, he has given an extensive bibliography, in which he recognizes the Educational Essays of Brother Azarias—published by D. H. McBride—as deserving a place. It is to be regretted that he did not exclude such works as Painter's History of Education, Quick's Educational Reformers, and Draper's Intellectual Development of Europe. The verdict of honest thinkers has shown these writers to be blinded by bigotry, unreliable in their statement of facts, and unjust to the early Christian teachers, who, wearing the religious garb, laid the foundations of great universities and taught the rudiments of knowledge to the barbarian tribes of Europe.

Teachers will find in Dr. Seeley's work, condensed into a very brief space, a clear account of the methods and principles of teaching of all nations, and all the chief educators from the earliest times to the present, together with a description of the school systems of Germany, France, England, and the United States. An excellent index places all the contents of the work at the disposal of the student, and the references to larger and fuller works, together with the bibliography, form a guide for those who wish to pursue their studies further. The author seems to have had personal experience of teaching, and so to have been able to seize upon the distinctive points in the various systems, and thus to go to the heart of the matter at once. There is an evident desire to be fair to those systems and methods which prevailed when the Catholic Church held the control of education; and, when we consider the stand-point of the author as a Protestant and the difficulty involved in the attempt to compress within brief limits the salient features of vast and complicated systems, a large degree of success has been attained. To Scholasticism four pages are devoted. Several of the statements made in this account we cannot accept, nor does Dr. Seeley seem to have himself always formed a definite judgment. Was Erigena or St. Anselm the founder of Scholasticism? In no sense can we look upon Abelard as a representative Scholastic; nor do we think that justice is done to St. Thomas Aquinas, the great Doctor of the Schools, by mentioning him along with Scotus and Occam as a great Schoolman.

Scholasticism was so far from dissenting from the teachings of St. Augustine and the ascetics that, after welding them into one whole with the philosophy of Aristotle, so far as that philosophy was true, it passed those teachings on to our own times; and it is in and through Scholasticism that St. Augustine's influence and power over the modern church have been wielded. And if the scholastic method sought to base education on reason *instead* of authority, as Dr. Seeley thinks, how will he account for the condemnation by Pius IX. of the German theologians who ventured to criticise that method?

We cannot, therefore, endorse and approve of all the judgments expressed by the author, and might go on indefinitely in a criticism of various points. At the same time a large measure of praise is accorded to Catholic work, and its ex-

cellence and merits are more fully recognized than in various other works which might be mentioned. This will be seen by those who refer to the chapters on Monastic Education, Charlemagne, Alfred the Great, the Crusades and their influence as an educational movement. We commend to the advocates and defenders of the present school system of the United States the principles of Pedagogy laid down by Luther as stated on p. 169. The first of these principles is: parents are responsible for the education of their children; while the third states that Religion is the foundation of all school education. Luther recognized the right of the state to interfere, but only as an enforcer of these principles.

* * *

Twelve words are affected by the recent change in spelling in the official publications of the University at Chicago. These words are catalogue, pedagogue, demagogue, prologue, decalogue, although, though, thorough, thoroughfare, through, throughout, and programme. They will appear in all university publications according to the new arrangement as follows: Catalog, pedagog, demagog, prolog, decalog, altho, tho, thoro, thorofare, thru, thruout, and program. These spellings are already in use in the publications of the National Education Association.

* * *

At the recent meeting of the Comparative Literature Society in Carnegie Lyceum, New York City, the subject was the Persian epic, Firdausi's *Shah Namah*, and the lecturer Professor A. V. W. Jackson, of Columbia University. Mrs. Horace E. Deming introduced the speaker, who gave a scholarly exposition of the life and writings of the Persian poet, from his rise, in the latter part of the tenth century, to his death in 1010. The lecture was well illustrated with lantern slides. Many interesting reproductions of ancient Persian writings and paintings were shown. The Comparative Literature Society is studying historically the development of literature in the leading civilizations of the world, and took up in 1896 the mediæval epic and drama, followed by The Dawn of Literature and The Comparative Study of Folk-lore.

The Development of the early epic will be traced this season, the object being to determine, by a comparison of civilizations as distinct as Babylonia, India, Finland, Iceland, and Mediæval France, to what extent the human mind has exhibited identical processes in its literary evolution.

The programme for the year includes the following lectures: The Anglo-Saxon Epic, Beowulf, by Professor A. V. W. Jackson; The Greek Epic, Homer, by Professor Thomas Davidson; The Sanscrit Epic, by Professor Charles R. Lanman, Harvard; The Irish Epic, by Professor F. N. Robinson, Harvard; The Mediæval French Epic, by Professor Arthur R. Marsh; The Babylonian Epic, by Professor Morris Jastrow, University of Pennsylvania; The Finnish Epic, the Kalevala, by Professor G. L. Kittredge, Harvard, and The Mediæval Germanic Epic, by Professor Charles Sprague Smith, president of the society.

* * *

Advocates of a new copyright bill in England are hoping to secure copyright for the life-time of the author and for thirty years afterward. In France the period of fifty years is added to that in which the author himself enjoys his privileges. In Spain and Italy it is eighty years. The question as to how long copyright should last has been put by the London *Academy* to a number of English authors. From the replies quoted it is evident that Sir Walter Besant cannot count on the support of all writers for the contention that copyright should last for ever.

Mr. Herbert Spencer: In 1877, when a commission on copyright was sitting, I argued in favor of the duration now proposed—the author's life and thirty years after his death. Certainly I think fifty years after his death would be better, since it would nearly always cover the possible life of his widow. The question of perpetual copyright I have not considered.

Mr. Frederic Harrison: In my opinion, the proper period for the duration of literary copyright should be seven years from registration.

Dr. F. J. Furnivall: I think copyright is quite long enough now, and that authors ought to be grateful to the public for making their rights last so much longer than those of patentees, who deserve just as much protection as authors. It is only writers' conceit that makes them think themselves so valuable, and nothing should be done to encourage their delusion.

Mr. G. Bernard Shaw: The proposal of perpetual copyright is a piece of rapacious impudence. Would it benefit anybody if the heirs of John Bunyan were now wallowing idly in royalties on *The Pilgrim's Progress* instead of working honestly for their living?

Considering that an inventor who enriches the world is granted patent-rights for fourteen years only, it is not clear why an author, who possibly debauches it, should get from thirty to over one hundred years' copyright. The present term is too long, except in a very few special cases, for which extension should be granted on application to the courts. If the descendants of authors want copyrights, they can earn them by writing books.

Mr. W. L. Courtney: I do not think perpetual copyright is desirable, because a book, being a national possession, ought to be made accessible to the nation. Nor can I think it feasible, because an author's descendants will be either lost or drift into other families.

I think copyright should extend for two generations—say sixty years, roughly. And I feel that its duration in the hands of any single publisher should be limited, say, to six or ten years.

Mr. Rider Haggard: I imagine that most people interested would be satisfied with "during the author's life-time and thirty years." This, in the vast majority of cases, would mean a copyright of at least sixty years, and in many cases of eighty or one hundred; after that—.

Mr. Edward Clodd: The books needing protection under copyright are not so much those whose success is rapid, but those for which, after long years of neglect and slow sale, a demand, with steady and often increasing sale, arises, such as Meredith's works. Hence I would grant copyright for at least three generations.

Mr. Alfred Nutt: That copyright should be perpetual is the counsel of perfection; permanent possession of an artistic product is far more defensible than permanent possession of land, of raw materials of manufacture, or of the manufactured article. But it is a counsel of perfection which lies outside the range of practical politics. At the very least, however, the term of copyright should be extended so as to profit, should the right be a source of profit, the descendants of the holder to the third generation. Many works only become profitable from half a century to a century after the author's death, because then only are they recognized as classics and benefit by a forced sale consequent upon their introduction into the educational curriculum of the country; it is scandalous that the writer should not be able to leave this chance of wealth to his descendants, or should not be able to discount it during his life-time, which he can only do if the purchaser of his right has the assurance of a lengthened term during which to enjoy it. It now happens that almost the only writer who can sell his copyright to advantage is the one who, from the stand-point of the permanent interests of literature and humanity, deserves the least consideration and protection—the ephemeral novelist.

Mr. Anthony Hope: In reply to your questions, I think: That perpetual copyright is not desirable. It would be compatible with the public interests only under the most stringent safeguards, and would not be a good form of hereditary property, as it would entail neither duties nor responsibility. That the term proposed in the new bill is satisfactory, and should, for the present at

least, be accepted by authors. In the great majority of cases it would give a material increase on the present term, and it covers the time during which a man's immediate descendants are naturally dependent on the results of his labors.

* * *

Is Cheap Literature Cheapening Literature? was discussed not long ago by Professor H. Thurston Peck, of Columbia University, editor of the *Bookman*, and S. S. McClure, at the meeting of the Nineteenth Century Club at the Waldorf-Astoria. Mr. McClure spoke from the publisher's point of view. Professor Peck's views were those of the literary man. Professor Peck maintained that cheap literature not only cheapened literature, but also the reading public and the literary worker. In other times books were expensive; people thought seriously about a book before they bought it. People who read were fewer in number, but they were more discriminating. The man of many books was a rarity. The man of a few books is a rarity to-day. The man of many books is a nuisance. Every one writes nowadays. Pens, ink, and stationery are all that is required. Publishers will take "flyers" as experiments. Stories are syndicated, published in cheap magazines and in paper editions. Successful authors write at least three books a year unless they are very lazy, and this because they all are bribed by the publishers' big prices. Writers cheapen literature by looking down at the pygmies instead of up at the immortals, and as a result write a little worse each day. Readers cheapen literature by reading Hall Caine instead of Trollope or Thackeray. Too much is read and too much is written. The popular superstition of the day is that one must keep up with the new books. When a man despairs of doing this he takes to book reviews, finally falls to literary notes, and after that of course reads no literature at all. In the old days it was different. Literary men didn't write because their books had a vogue. They treated their work seriously. It was an art as well as a profession, and they put their heart and soul into it. They were not grasping. Gibbon took twelve years to write the first volume of his history, and twenty-four years to complete the series. Tennyson made notes for *The Idylls of the King* as long ago as 1833. Three years at least elapsed between the appearance of each of Thackeray's novels. What the reading public wants and what the money-ridden authors need is a race of vigorous critics, men of courage, audacity, wit, satire, and knowledge, who would not give pallid appreciations of books but would scourge writers to a sense of responsibility by criticisms that would smash, blister, excoriate, and draw blood!

Mr. Taylor, president of the club, addressed a few remarks to the audience when Professor Peck had finished his dissertation. Mr. Taylor said that the club always liked to hear both sides of a question, and before those who were inspired by Professor Peck went home to sell their libraries to the junk-shops the speaker for the negative would present the other side of the case.

S. S. McClure, the well-known publisher, traced the history of cheap literature in this country, which began forty years ago, when English standard fiction was sold for a dime a volume, to the time when the passage of the International Copyright law brought about a standard American literature. Answering Professor Peck's appeal for a race of vigorous critics, Mr. McClure declared that there was no use under heaven for the critic. The man who bought the book was the real critic, and so discriminating was he that a publisher could not sell a poor book. In saying this, Mr. McClure declared, he spoke from experience. As for the modern reader spending too much time in trying to keep abreast of the multitudinous literature of the day, Mr. McClure said the people of this country spent on the average only two cents a week on literature. Proceeding to controvert the first speaker's assertion that authors of this generation gave way to the temptation of doing profitable rather than high-class work, Mr. McClure referred to such men as George Meredith, Robert Louis Stevenson, Thomas Hardy, Rudyard Kipling, J. M. Barrie, and others, and asked if they could be tempted. Cheap literature, he maintained, brought the standard and classic works into every home, and was thereby the means of fostering the taste for good literature rather than cheapening it.

Miss Isabel F. Hapgood spoke of the spoiling influence upon young minds of cheap and trashy novels. In spite of the experience claimed by Mr. McClure, there is a low-grade publisher abroad whose books and periodicals are offensively cheap and nasty. Would that they could be banished from the market!



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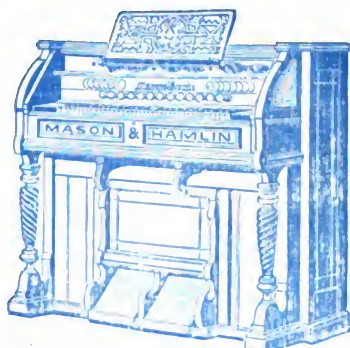
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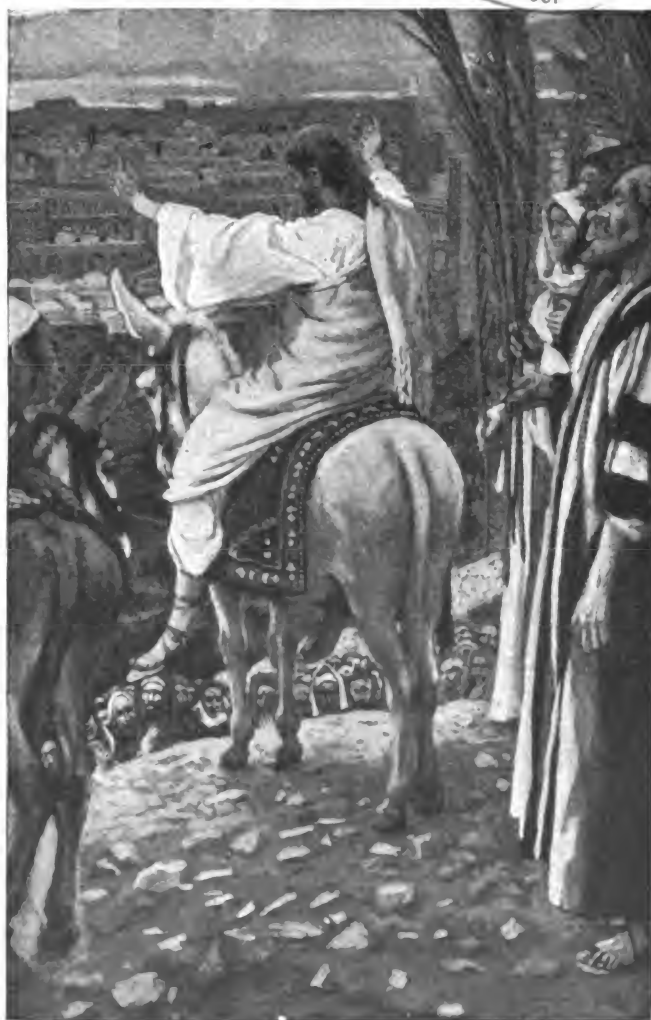
"PILATE THEREFORE SAID UNTO HIM: ART THOU A KING THEN? JESUS ANSWERED: THOU SAVEST, THAT I AM A KING. TO THIS END WAS I BORN, FOR THIS CAUSE CAME I INTO THE WORLD, THAT I SHOULD BEAR WITNESS UNTO THE TRUTH. EVERY ONE THAT IS OF THE TRUTH, HEARETH MY VOICE. PILATE SAID UNTO HIM: WHAT IS TRUTH?" (*St. John xviii. 37.*)

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MARCH, 1900.

NO. 420.



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And when He drew near, seeing the City, He wept over it.

(Luke xix. 41.)

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FRIDAY MORNING—JESUS IN PRISON.

**Binding Jesus, they led Him away and delivered Him to Pilate.
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And they put over His head His cause written : This is Jesus the King of the Jews.

(Matthew xxvii. 37.)



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And they came to the place which is called Golgotha, which is the place of Calvary. And they give Him wine to drink mingled with gall. And when He had tasted, He would not drink.

(Matthew xxvii. 33-34.)



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AGNUS DEI—THE SCAPEGOAT.

And Aaron shall cast lots upon the two goats ; one lot for the Lord, and the other lot for the scapegoat.

And Aaron shall bring the goat upon which the Lord's lot fell, and offer him for a sin-offering.

But the goat on which the lot fell to be the scapegoat, shall be presented alive before the Lord, to make an atonement with him, and to let him go for a scapegoat into the wilderness.

Then shall he kill the goat of the sin-offering, that is for the people, and bring his blood within the veil, . . . and sprinkle it upon the mercy seat, and before the mercy seat.

And he shall make an atonement for the holy place because of the uncleanness of the children of Israel, and because of their transgressions in all their sins.

(*Leviticus xvi. 8, 9 10, 15-16.*)

DR. MIVART ON THE CONTINUITY OF THE CHURCH.

BY REV. JAMES J. FOX, D.D. (*Catholic University of America*).

TWO articles appeared last month, one in the *Fortnightly* and the other in the *Nineteenth Century*, from the pen of Dr. St. George Mivart, which have been received with deep interest among men of all shades of thought, and, it is not too much to say, have profoundly and painfully shocked the feelings of all Catholics who have read them or learned of their contents. Dr. Mivart has, in the past, done good service to the Catholic cause. His co-religionists were proud of the position which he occupies as a recognized authority on biological science. They were grateful for the work which his knowledge in that department enabled him to do for Catholic philosophy. They are, consequently, all the more grieved to find him proposing a theory in flat contradiction to the basic principles of the Catholic Church. And sorrow gives place to indignation as they observe that, to borrow the expression of an English Protestant newspaper, *The Guardian*, Dr. Mivart in treating of the cardinal doctrines of the Christian faith has displayed a levity and a want of reverence totally alien from the Christian temper.

The more important of the two articles—the one in the *Nineteenth Century*—proposes to examine the question: *Is there any really true continuity among Roman Catholics?*

He states what he considers to be the answer: though great modifications as to worship and ecclesiastical organization, and many developments of doctrine, have taken place, yet it is a notorious fact that no such sudden and considerable changes have simultaneously occurred as would constitute a breach of continuity. Yet, he proceeds, great modifications in belief, which never have been embodied in dogmatic decrees, have arisen; and it is possible that, in the opinion of some, these changes are great enough to constitute a breach of continuity.

In the course of his article Dr. Mivart states that he does not wish it to be understood that he himself adopts all “the

novel views" which he brings forward in his argument. And in a subsequent letter to the London *Tablet* he protests against that journal's charging him with putting forth his own opinions under the cloak of anonymity. The more atrocious views, which concern the mysteries of the Resurrection and the Conception of our Lord, he certainly only mentions as being held by some anonymous persons of his acquaintance; and we cannot fairly tax him with holding them himself. But whether he holds them or does not hold them is of minor importance, in face of the fact that he maintains a principle which if true would justify Catholics in entertaining those or any other opinions which their individual fancies might devise. The proposition which his entire article is intended to prove is that, (1) The continuity of the Church does not embrace a continuity of doctrine—her formal dogmatic teaching may so vary that what has been held at one time to be divine truth, may be abandoned (and in some cases has been abandoned) for an opposite doctrine, provided this change takes place gradually and silently. (2) Consequently external continuity of relationship among the members is the only kind to which Catholicity can lay claim. Furthermore he states that such cardinal doctrines as the Resurrection of our Lord, His supernatural Conception, and the Virginity of the Mother of God are being given up by "good Catholics."

Dr. Mivart declares that he is no theologian, and that he has no claim to be regarded as a representative of any portion of the Catholic body. These two statements were entirely unnecessary. His views as to what constitutes continuity in religious belief, his conception of what is meant by the Church, of what dogma is, are in direct conflict with the meaning which Catholics, whether theologians or not, attach and have attached to these terms. The fundamental claim of the Catholic Church is that she is the guardian of the divine truth which, through the channel of supernatural revelation, has been imparted by God to man. This is the fact which underlies and justifies her existence. The claims which she advances to authority over the minds of men, calling for their submission, are based on the principle that to her have been given by Christ the doctrine of his religion, and the office of preaching it to the nations. If she is so much concerned for the vindication of her Apostolic origin, and of the Apostolic succession of her Supreme Pontiffs, it is chiefly because these two facts are proofs that her doctrine is not her own, but that of Him who

sent her. Unity of external worship, unity of government, must be based on unity of belief, without which they are but a specious fabric resting upon no solid ground. St. Paul comprehensively indicates the various aspects of Christian unity, and traces it to the centre of origin: *one body, one spirit, one hope of their calling, one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God.*

Dr. Mivart, on the contrary, considers the Church, or Catholicity, as he prefers to call it, a mere system of external relationships existing among the members, who hold together as best they can on a continually shifting basis of belief. What has been held as divine truth may all be rejected in favor of its contradictory. This assertion, it is needless to remark, is a direct negation of the Church's claim to have infallibility guaranteed to her by the promise of her Founder. But it goes further than a denial of the Church's infallibility, for it strikes at the existence of divine revelation. If it is possible for the fundamental doctrines of Christianity—and Dr. Mivart has directed his attack against each of them—to be gradually emptied of their content, and to be interpreted in a contrary sense, which in its turn can stand firm only on condition that it is approved by human reason, then divine supernatural revelation is a delusion. It has communicated no abiding truth to man. Faith is abolished, for we are to believe only what we know by reason and may scientifically demonstrate. If it is possible that for hundreds of years false views have been held by all Christians as revealed truth, then the Church or religion—call it which you will—founded by Christ, if he ever did found a Church or a religion, has long since disappeared from this earth. Christianity has, from the beginning, appealed to miracles as the supreme, incontestable witness to its divine origin; and since the days of the Apostles the miracle of miracles on which it relied for proof of its Founder's divinity is the fact that on the third day after His death He rose living from the tomb. Yet Dr. Mivart tells us there are indications that Catholic doctrine is undergoing a radical change on this dogma; a "learned theologian," "as scrupulous as he is pious," believes that if it were demonstrated that Christ's body decayed and perished in the tomb, the doctrine of the Resurrection would still remain true and incontestable. In other words, the Catholic Church may yet come to admit that Strauss and Eikhorn have proved their case, that the Gospel narrative is but a tissue of myth and fable, and that Renan, not St. John or St. Luke, is the

reliable authority for the life of Jesus. Dr. Mivart asserts, towards the close of his extraordinary article, that his aim is to strengthen Catholicity. If we give him credit for good-will, we can do so only at the expense of his understanding. A man who has written ably and logically on many abstruse questions of philosophy must have completely lost his intellectual perspective when he failed to perceive that such a theory as this is the direct negation of what is most vital in Catholicity. In the long warfare which, for ages, the Catholic Church has waged against her opponents, pagan and heretic, from the Gnosticism of the second century to the Agnosticism of the nineteenth, one principle has been acknowledged by all parties in the conflict: any argument that proves the Church for a moment to have abandoned what she once proposed as Divine Truth administers her death-blow. Prove that the Infallible Church once has rested on error, and the long enduring fabric falls to cureless ruin. Had Dr. Mivart but attended to a passage in a writer whom he has quoted rather unfairly, he never would have written the solemn paradox which he has entitled "The Continuity of Catholicism." "At every period of her history," writes Dr. Hogan, "we find her (the Catholic Church) still more solicitous to preserve the faith in its purity than to propagate it among men. In the course of ages she may have passed through phases of darkness, intellectual and moral; her champions may have at times lacked earnestness and vigor in their fight against evil; but never do we detect in her the slightest trace of indifference or neglect when the purity or integrity of her faith is assailed. The discordant note of doctrinal error is the one thing to arouse her from momentary torpor, and to intensify all her energies. Like the enemy's trumpet or battle-cry for the sleeping warrior, it brings her at once to her feet, makes her summon hastily her forces; nor will she know peace until the foe has been irrevocably defeated and crushed. The battle may go on for years or for ages, she may reckon among her opponents those whom the world most readily follows, or she may find herself one day forsaken by her most trusted friends; she may lose in the protracted contest the treasures of earth and the favor of kings; she may have to weep over the noblest and dearest of her children slain for her cause—it matters not. To her one particle of divine truth is more than all human favors and worldly goods, more than the brightest prospects held out to a diminished creed. This is the one thing in which she knows

no compromise" (*Clerical Studies*, p. 145). The only continuity which Catholicity requires, in Dr. Mivart's opinion, is an external continuity of members, held together by an adherence to empty verbal formulæ. If the impossible were to happen, and the Church were once to lose her continuous unity of faith, the history of religions, especially that of Protestantism, teaches emphatically that external continuity would soon cease to exist. In Catholicity, with its mysteries above the grasp of human reason; with its principles of asceticism so opposed to human passion, and its principle of authority, which galls the pride of intellect; with the immense number of peoples, who have scarcely anything else in common, within its fold, the process of disintegration would be more swift than that which is now achieving its course in Protestantism. The law of decay is that its rapidity is in proportion to the complexity of the elements involved.

There runs through the articles in the *Fortnightly* and the *Nineteenth Century*, as well as through many previous writings of Dr. Mivart, a tone of acrimony arising from a sense of unfair treatment sustained by him at the hands of some subordinate ecclesiastical authorities. Now, it is a trite principle of psychology that the intellectual faculty may be very seriously affected in its own sphere by the influence of the emotional side of our being. But one would hardly have expected that any sense of personal grievances, real or imaginary, should have so far influenced the author of *On Truth* as to allow him to fancy that were the unity of faith reduced to the character which he imputes to it there would be any Catholicity or any supernatural religion left standing.

The most potent influence in the genesis of Dr. Mivart's perverted views he points out himself. He declares he is no theologian—and everybody who has the slightest tincture of that science will, after reading the doctor's article, be willing to confirm the doctor's statement. When, then, we bear in mind the strong denunciations which, there and elsewhere, he launches against theologians for presuming without scientific knowledge to adjudicate upon questions of physical science, we may well ask him why he, with confessedly no theological training, presumes to handle with all the assurance of a master some of the most intricate subjects in the whole range of theology. He is no theologian, yet he professes to determine what, in the past, has been held by Catholic faith concerning the dogmas of the Incarnation and Redemption. He is no

theologian, yet he presumes to apply the *Regula Fidei* with as much assurance as he would employ a carpenter's rule. If he is no theologian, how can he define what has been exactly the beliefs held as Catholic doctrine in ages gone by, and what is held to-day? And if he does not know both what has been taught as of faith formerly, and what is taught now, how can he pronounce that there has been a change in Catholicism? A judgment implies a comparison; a comparison cannot be instituted till we know the nature of the objects compared. Dr. Mivart's entire article, thesis, argument and conclusion, stands an eloquent monument to the danger involved in neglecting the wisdom of the old proverb, *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*.

He must certainly have read carefully Cardinal Newman's *Development of Doctrine*; yet in it are lucidly stated the principles which negative all the doctor's arguments. Even as a biologist he might be expected to remember that essential change is one thing, natural development another. In his statements, as well as in the character of the instances which he sets forth as illustrations of change in Catholic faith, Dr. Mivart shows himself ignorant of what was Catholic faith in the past and what it is to-day. His view of doctrinal continuity is that the Church is satisfied with preserving the verbal formulæ, and guarding against any violent disruption in belief, while she is indifferent to even radical changes which come about slowly and silently. The Catholic Church is irrevocably committed to precisely the contrary position. All doctrines formally defined by her as part of the original deposit of faith, must be retained in the same sense in which they have been proposed by the Church. "If any one shall assert," says the Council of the Vatican, "that to dogmas proposed by the Church it may be possible, according to the progress of science, to give a meaning different from that which the Church has understood, let him be anathema" (Const. de Fide, cap. iv. can. 3). The truth of such can never be abrogated or diminished. But the definitions of the Church may not, and usually do not, undertake to set forth such truth in all its details and with complete circumscription. They generally profess to bring out some aspect of the truth dealt with which is required to condemn some contrary error prevalent at the time. Again, the full force and scope of the definition are usually far from determined. But these declarations of the Church are never, as Dr. Mivart would have them to be, Pythonic utterances that may be taken

in one sense to-day, and in an opposite one to-morrow. Subsequently they may be amplified and enlarged, or more accurately expressed to bring out more exactly their import, or express explicitly a doctrine which lay within them from the beginning. This development corresponds to that which may take place in our natural knowledge. "There is no aspect deep enough," writes Cardinal Newman, "to exhaust the contents of a real idea; no one term or proposition which will serve to define it." If this be true of natural ideas, how much more will it be found to exist in the case of supernatural truths which transcend human reason; yet, if they are to be communicated to men at all, must be expressed in the inadequate terms of human language. The course of development which takes place in natural dynamic ideas is beautifully sketched by Newman; and his outline, *mutatis mutandis*, is applicable to the process of theological development of dogmatic doctrine, and still more strictly to ethical teaching. "There will be a time of confusion when conceptions and misconceptions are in conflict. . . . New lights will be brought to bear upon the original statements of the doctrines put forward; judgments and aspects will accumulate. After awhile some definite teaching emerges; and as time proceeds, one view will be modified or expanded by another, and then combined with a third; till the idea to which these aspects belong will be to each mind separately what at first it was to all together. It will be surveyed, too, in its relation to other doctrines or facts, to other natural laws or established customs, to varying circumstances of time and place. . . . It will be interrogated and criticised by enemies, and defended by well-wishers. The multitude of opinions formed concerning it in these respects and many others will be collected, compared, sorted, sifted, selected, rejected, gradually attached to it, separated from it in the minds of individuals and of the community. . . . And this body of thought, thus laboriously gained, will after all be little more than the proper representative of one idea, being in substance what that idea meant from the first, its complete image as seen in a combination of diversified aspects" (*Development of Doctrine*, ed. London, 1888, p. 37). In this passage Newman seems but to have expanded and adapted to his subject what St. Vincent of Lerins says of Christian doctrine: "Shall we say that religion is unprogressive in the Church of God? Far from it; the opposite is the fact. Faith is ever progressive, but for ever unchanging; for

progress means development without loss of identity (*Com-munitorium*, cap. xxiii.)

Another fact which Dr. Mivart has completely ignored in his selection of instances which he thinks prove the doctrines of Catholicity to have undergone a substantial change is that of the beliefs current among Catholics at various times. Many have never been taught by the Church at all, either as of faith or even proximate to faith. Again, by consulting Dr. Hogan he might have set himself right, and saved himself from proposing as solid arguments sophisms which do little credit to his understanding. "In order to allay the fears which the very name of change in connection with theology is calculated to awaken in certain minds, it is only necessary to recall the fact that theology comprises a great variety of elements of very unequal value—dogmas of faith, current doctrines, opinions truly debated, theories, inferences, conjectures, proofs of all degrees of cogency, from scientific demonstration down to intimations of the feeblest kind" (*Op. cit.*, p. 166). "Around the solid kernel of revealed truth, fully ascertained, there has been from the beginning, and in increasing measure, a floating mass of doctrinal elements, some of which in the course of time have clung to the centre, others have disappeared, while many more of doubtful character still remain, equally liable to vanish, or to be incorporated, or to continue floating and unsettled to the end" (*Ib.*, p. 167). Religious knowledge, as it is found in books and in the minds of most believers, is "a compound, not only of defined dogmas and of commonly accepted doctrines, but also of probable deductions, of opinions and conjectures, which each one is free to adopt or dismiss as his judgment may dictate" (*Ib.*, p. 113). Ignoring this obvious fact, Dr. Mivart enumerates a number of instances in which popular opinions, conjectures, unauthorized interpretations of Scripture, deductions through the application of once prevalent scientific views to the truths of faith, have disappeared; and he assumes that such instances warrant him in declaring that the doctrine of the Catholic Church has substantially changed.

In the cases which Dr. Mivart cites in support of his position he obstinately ignores the obvious difference which exists in the various kinds of beliefs held by Catholics. It suits his purpose to assume that the Church guarantees as true every theological opinion, every popular belief, or even that of some private individual. This is a patent absurdity. He shows that popular beliefs to which the Church never committed herself

have disappeared, or undergone modification, and he maintains that, therefore, orthodox doctrine is not what it has been, and dogma has been substantially changed. He assumes that if he shows a subordinate Roman Congregation to have erred on a matter of physical science, therefore the Seat of Infallibility has fallen into error. Dr. Mivart's logic is not less defective than his theology. We cannot conclude from the particular to the general, from the non-essential to the essential. Change is a generic term covering consistent development and essential transformation; but development and essential transformation are not, as they ought to be to suit Dr. Mivart, convertible terms.

The first instance, for example, with which he introduces his "catalogue of changes" is "the wonderful transformation of belief as to the structure and nature of the universe which has taken place since St. Thomas wrote his *Summa contra Gentiles*." When it was found that the sun does not move round the earth, but the earth round the sun, and that the earth, instead of being, as was formerly believed, the centre of the universe, is a mere speck, Catholic doctrine received a severe shock; the old dogmas of the Incarnation and Redemption became much more difficult of acceptance, and they have since undergone a change to adapt them to the truths of science. Now, by what process of reasoning can the substitution of the heliocentric for the geocentric theory be shown to compromise the doctrines of the Incarnation and Redemption as they were taught by the Church in and before the thirteenth century? In the full light of modern astronomical science they are taught by the Church in the same sense as she taught them fifteen or eighteen hundred years ago. The meaning of the words which express them in the profession of faith submitted to Dr. Mivart a few days ago by Cardinal Vaughan is in perfect harmony with the declarations of the Councils of Chalcedon and Constantinople. Physical science will never discover aught either to demonstrate or refute the truth of mysteries which transcend human reason. In earlier days, when men believed that the sun moved round the earth, they naturally adapted their religious beliefs to their notions of the universe. They placed religious truth in the setting (to borrow a happy phrase from Dr. Mivart) which their views of nature provided for it. But these scientific views, if we may call them such, were only a setting. The advance of knowledge has shattered this frame; the divine central truth of Revelation, nowise de-

pendent on it, remained indestructible and unchangeable. It lends itself to the heliocentric theory just as much as it did to the geocentric. There is no well-ascertained truth of astronomy that is not quite as compatible as was the Ptolemaic theory with the Church's doctrines of sin, redemption, and everlasting punishment. Dr. Mivart seems to think that in the days of St. Thomas the geocentric theory was held as an undoubted fact. We should have thought Dr. Mivart knew his St. Thomas better. That writer, in two different works, remarks that while the astronomical theories of the time seemed to explain the apparent motions of the heavens, they might subsequently be proved untenable by the discovery of facts yet unknown to men. (See *Summa*, Ia, q. 32, a. 1, ad. 2m, and *Comment. in Libros Aristotel.*, De Cœlo et Mundo, lib. iii. lec. 17.) And long before St. Thomas more than one of the Fathers recognized the earth to be but a mere atom of the universe. It certainly never occurred to these men that the Church's doctrines of the Incarnation, Redemption, sin, everlasting punishment, were essentially connected with the theory that the earth is the immovable centre of the universe. If these doctrines, as they are taught in the Church now, have gradually changed to bring them into harmony with the heliocentric theory, then, in order to grasp them, a knowledge of that theory is indispensable. Consequently it would be the duty of a missionary, or any religious instructor, to teach his neophytes the true nature of the diurnal motion. Before teaching them that the Son of God became man, and that He ascended into Heaven, he should carefully warn them that the apparent motion of the sun around an immovable earth is an illusion, for the fact is that the earth revolves around its axis, and thereby produces the phenomenon of day and night. Does Dr. Mivart believe that concerning the Incarnation there is any essential difference between the belief of the most advanced orthodox astronomer who, next May, will observe the total eclipse of the sun, and that of some staunch, unlettered Catholic old woman who never has even suspected that the sure and firm-set earth is constantly whirling round its axis? Yet, from Dr. Mivart's point of view, there must be a profound difference in the faiths of two such persons.

The Church has always taught, and still teaches, that sin is an offence against the goodness and majesty of God, and, if of a mortal character, is deserving of everlasting punishment. This belief retains its full vigor in Catholic minds, even since

the publication of *Happiness in Hell*. No accumulation of scientific knowledge concerning the nature of volcanoes will in any way affect that doctrine. Masses of the faithful totally incapable of any philosophic reflection will surely represent God to themselves through the medium of some mental picture. Others of more cultivation recognize that no such representation can bear even the faintest analogical resemblance to the nature of the Infinite, Eternal God; yet the belief of the illiterate peasant and that of the trained theologian is essentially the same.

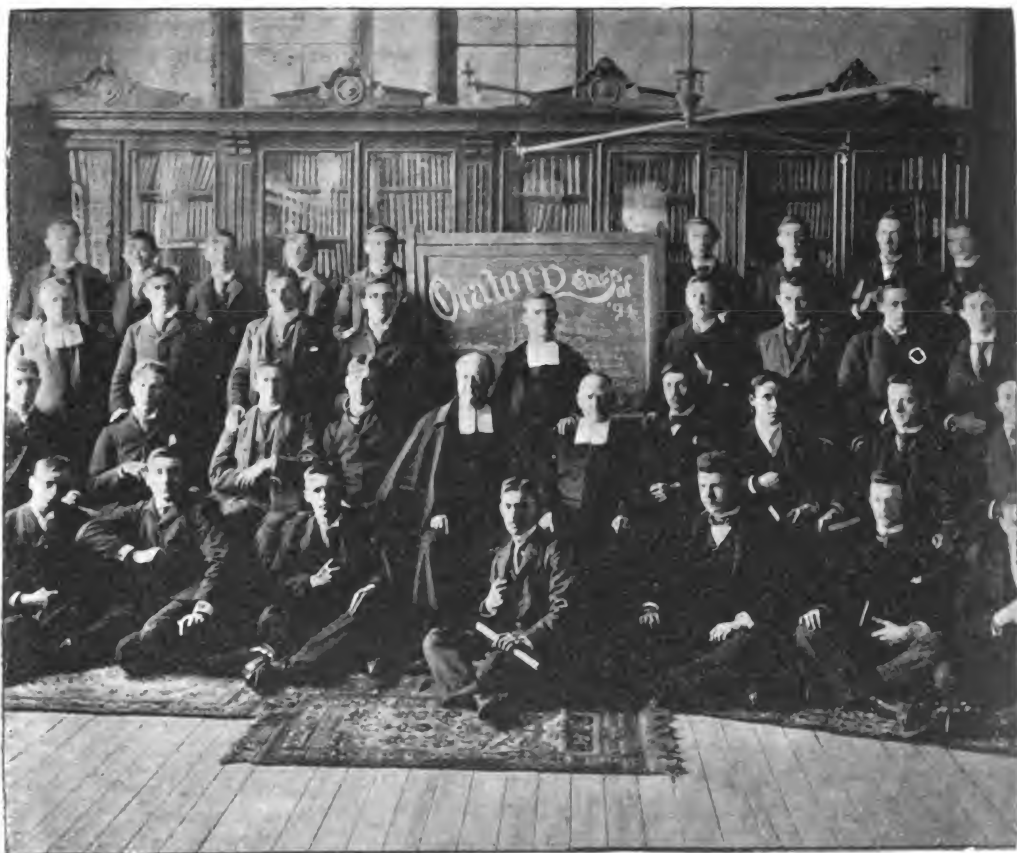
Dr. Mivart alludes to the conviction, extensively prevalent among the early Christians, that the world would soon be destroyed. He says that this belief was *de fide*, "an article of the Christian faith," and, therefore, its disappearance is an instance of the vanishing of dogma. Dr. Mivart evidently sees no distinction between dogmas of faith and popular beliefs.

As to the astonishing and shocking statements which Dr. Mivart makes about Catholics who attend church to worship the Madonna "as the only available representative of Venus"; concerning "good Catholics" who doubt the Resurrection, and "learned theologians" who think they see a tendency towards a modification of the orthodox belief in the Virginal Conception of our Lord, we have little to remark. The history of religious and philosophic error warns us that we may not beforehand set any bounds to the extravagances of individual human reason, when it presumes to set itself up as the supreme judge of truth. The long list of heresies and propositions condemned by the Church bear abundant witness to the fact that "learned theologians" may fall into infidelity, and doctors in Israel become castaways. But Catholics, learned and unlearned, Protestant journals and secular newspapers, have united in affirming that if there are any individuals holding the views which Dr. Mivart refers to, the place of these persons is without, not within, the fold of Catholicism. In a letter recently published in the *Times* Dr. Mivart explains that when he spoke of exceptional opinions held by good Catholics, he did not mean to affirm that they were theologically blameless, but simply that they were persons who looked upon themselves as Catholics, while leading "good" lives, in the ordinary sense of the term. When he offered this explanation Dr. Mivart must have forgotten that his avowed purpose in citing these opinions was to prove that substantial change is taking place in the belief of *orthodox Catholics*.

The most conclusive refutation of Dr. Mivart's article is furnished by himself, in the correspondence between him and Cardinal Vaughan which has grown out of the publication of the article. As the Ordinary of Dr. Mivart the cardinal submitted to the doctor a profession of faith which he called upon him to sign. This the doctor refused to do. Upon what grounds? That the dogmas or orthodox belief of Catholicism could change? No; but, on the contrary, because they are unchanged and unchangeable on one point at which Dr. Mivart takes offence—that is, the inspiration of Scripture. He finds that Pope Leo and the Vatican Council reiterate the declarations of Trent and Florence, in the same sense and meaning. He refuses to believe that the Bible is inspired, and recognizing that the Catholic Church is committed to this dogma, Dr. Mivart declines to subscribe to the profession of Catholic faith.

No more eloquent commentary on the falseness and shallowness of Dr. Mivart's theory concerning Catholic continuity could be desired or conceived. His action shows that "doctrine is where it was, and usage, and precedent; there may be changes, but they are consolidations or adaptations; all is unequivocal and determinate, with an identity which there is no disputing. Indeed, it is one of the most popular charges against the Church, at this very time, that she is 'incurable'; change she cannot, if we listen to St. Athanasius or St. Leo; change she will not, if we believe the controversialist or the alarmist of the present day" (*Development of Doctrine*, p. 444).

Dr. Mivart is the latest witness to the unchangeable nature of Catholic doctrine.



THE STUDENTS ARE PREPARED FOR PUBLIC LIFE.

THE BROTHERS OF THE CHRISTIAN SCHOOLS.

BY MAX MENDEL.



ON the threshold of the twentieth century thoughtful minds will naturally take count of the chief forces for good and evil which will operate during the next hundred years. Thus, some consideration of the world-renowned teaching order founded by Jean Baptiste de La Salle, whose canonization will be announced shortly, seems to be eminently in season at this juncture.

In tracing the history of the Brothers of the Christian Schools we are led back to the fourteenth century, a period which many ill-informed non-Catholic writers love to depict as

VOL. LXX.—47

totally devoid of anything like organized effort for popular education, as this much misused term is understood to-day.

Even as far back as the fourteenth century there were the "Little Schools," devoted to the instruction of what to-day are called "the masses"; and while these establishments flourished chiefly in France, where they had been founded after the University of Paris received due legal recognition, similar centres of primary instruction existed elsewhere. All these benefited by the countenance and material aid of the church, then, as now, the discerning patron of every movement calculated to elevate the people to a higher intellectual level. Much of the benefit derivable from the "Little Schools" never accrued, owing to the century of war commencing in 1350; but the intellectual evils resulting from this long period of strife were largely remedied by the labors of the society of teachers known as "*maîtres écrivains*," or writing masters, established at Paris in 1570, whence it spread to many other cities. In the schools of this admirable society the secular subjects included writing, arithmetic, and a little Latin, the pupils being supposed to aid the clergy in the various church services. The *maîtres écrivains* claimed many privileges and had a practical monopoly of popular instruction.

These schools were in vigorous operation in the memorable year of 1651, when Jean Baptiste de La Salle, illustrious founder of the "Brothers of the Christian Schools," was born at Reims.

De La Salle came of a distinguished family, his father being an eminent advocate and king's counsel, a much more honorable office then than subsequently, while both his parents could trace a long line of famous pedigree. The future benefactor of his kind early showed all those beautiful and winning traits of heart and intellect which have so often marked, as "*souls apart*," the man whom God has destined for great ends. So that it is not surprising to find Jean Baptiste de La Salle the canon of Reims when but fifteen years old, though not ordained priest until 1678.

The ardent piety and tender consideration for others which had long marked the life of the young ecclesiastic, and which had made him an ideal legal guardian for his brothers and sisters, when death removed both father and mother, became, if possible, more conspicuous once he was invested with the dignity and grave responsibilities of the priesthood. So great a reputation for virtue and zeal did he acquire that he soon



A TYPICAL CLASS-ROOM.

found himself unconsciously heading a regenerative movement, akin to what is called a mission to-day. His preaching drew vast multitudes, and he was eagerly sought as a confessor. Many conversions to a better life attended his priestly labors; and his devotion, even then, to the education of youth caused M. Roland, his spiritual director, to assign to him the charge of a school founded by the Sisters of the Child Jesus for the instruction of poor girls. Under the fostering care of De La Salle this school achieved marked success.

But perhaps more important results followed. It did not require much reflection to see that a boys' school, on similar lines, would produce equally good effects. Thus, when Mme. de Maillefer, a relation of De La Salle's, and an energetic patroness of education, commissioned M. Nyel of Rouen to open such a school at Reims, that worthy layman found the ground broken, as it were, for the undertaking. And, naturally,

a warm friendship sprang up between this enthusiastic educator and the zealous, far-seeing canon, who perceived the scope of his own work for the elevation of the people sensibly widening before his vision.

This was in the year 1680, when other good men and women also devoted themselves to the cause of popular education. The movement spread rapidly, and teachers were sent to many cities and great seigneuries offered to provide schools and salaries. De La Salle organized about himself a chosen band of devoted co-workers, who were, like himself, all young men.

But, despite the large measure of success attendant on these efforts, the keen eye of De La Salle detected some grave defects in the system of instruction, and in the training of the teachers, such as it was. Himself one of the most systematic of men, gifted with profound common sense, and a quick reader of character, it was easy for him to see that if the popular schools were to yield their best results there must be a clear delimitation between primary and secondary instruction, and a

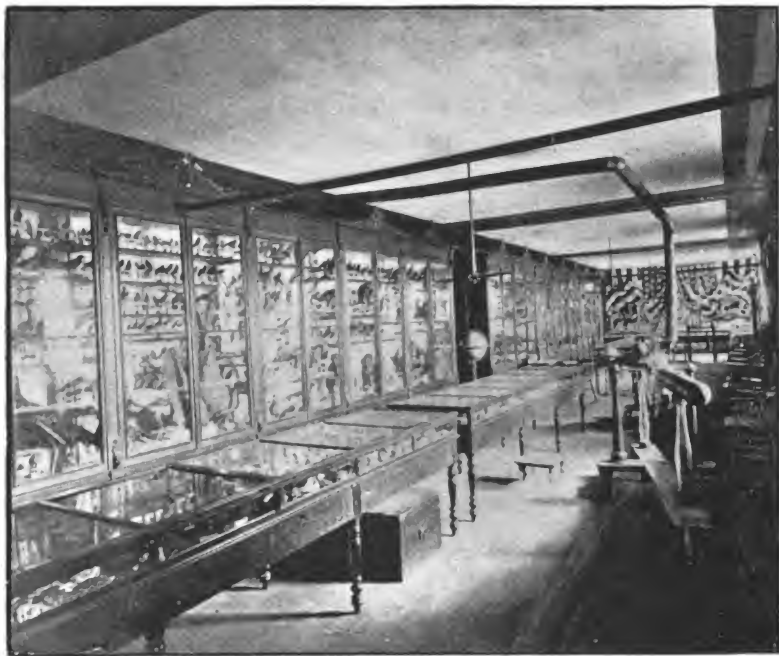


THEY TRAIN YOUNG MEN IN ALL BRANCHES OF COLLEGIATE STUDIES.

radical departure from the individual teaching of the day, which was fast becoming impossible, owing to the great increase of pupils; while he saw also that many teachers were

but ill-fitted for their important work, through either lack of sympathy or lack of proper training. Here, indeed, was a great problem to be solved ; but the canon of Reims was truly the man for the hour.

After a careful and exhaustive study of the conditions con-



NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUMS.

fronting him, De La Salle originated the system of simultaneous instruction, in classes, and clearly defined what was to constitute primary and what secondary education. And, to insure the necessary efficiency on the part of the teachers, those whom he had already closely associated with himself, under "community" rules, and the obligations of the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, were to be trained in the novitiate of his now thoroughly systematized Institute ; while the professors and assistant teachers, collaborating with the "Brothers," were to be trained in the normal school established by De La Salle at Reims in 1685. Thus he was the real founder of primary schools ; of simultaneous, or class instruction ; and of the first regularly organized training-school for "primary" teachers in Europe—three great benefactions to his contemporaries and to posterity. The completed organization of

the Institute, under its present name and rules, dates from 1684.

Previous to this De La Salle had resigned his excellent prospects of church preferment, and even his private fortune, in order to set an example of self-abnegation and trust in God, to the young men whom he had gathered around him in the prosecution of his great undertaking, an effective and enduring system of truly popular education that was to materially aid in rescuing the children of the "plain people" from the clutches of ignorance and vice.

The new schools gave free tuition, and were generally day-schools, but boarders were accommodated in connection with some; and all met with extraordinary success. The saintly founder often conducted classes himself; and, as the foremost educator of his time, within his own chosen lines, was sometimes requested to reorganize, or otherwise reform, some large and famous schools, belonging to other systems, notably that connected with the Seminary of St. Sulpice at Paris. In De La Salle's primary schools Latin was an optional subject. The vernacular, French, and catechism received much attention, as did writing and arithmetic. The Brothers were to be always laymen; thus differing from the teachers in the "*Scuole Pie*," or "*Pious Schools*," founded by Joseph Calasanctius in 1597, who might become priests. In these schools Latin was obligatory.

England is often supposed to have been the cradle of the Sunday-school movement; but long before England founded Sunday-schools, De La Salle had established his "*école dominical*" at St. Sulpice, in 1699, for both secular and religious instruction. But the first pioneer in this line was St. Charles Borromeo, who, in 1580, had founded such a school at Milan.

It can be seen from the foregoing that centuries before the French Revolution—by many ignorantly thought to have marked the first foundation of primary schools for the "plain people"—there was ample and efficient provision for the education of the "masses," so-called. Since 1857 many writers in France have unearthed a mighty collection of books, documents, etc., conclusively proving the truth of this statement. The curriculum in these establishments included common prayers, religious doctrine, the alphabet, numeration, and writing. Even the much-lauded primary schools of the Moors in Spain were decidedly inferior in the scope of their instruction.

As to the more advanced schools of that and preceding ages, their work and spirit are well if tersely set forth by the Rev. John Talbot Smith, LL.D., in his admirable *Life of Brother Azarias*. Says this brilliant and forcible writer:

"Very learned and very beautiful is his description of the teachers, pupils, books, studies, methods, and discipline of the most famous schools of the modern time; the schools which gave us all the great lights of the early ages, so many of our greatest saints, and kept the lamp of knowledge, in every department, burning through the centuries of civil disorder. Their discipline, many of their studies, a few of their methods, and their fine spirit, are the chief features in the Catholic colleges and convents of the present time, and in many secular schools. They trained the clergy, the monks, the philosophers, the princes, the nobles, the gifted geniuses of ten centuries."

It was inevitable that a great, good, and successful man like De La Salle should make enemies; and he had many. The envious, the unprogressive, and the merely meddlesome



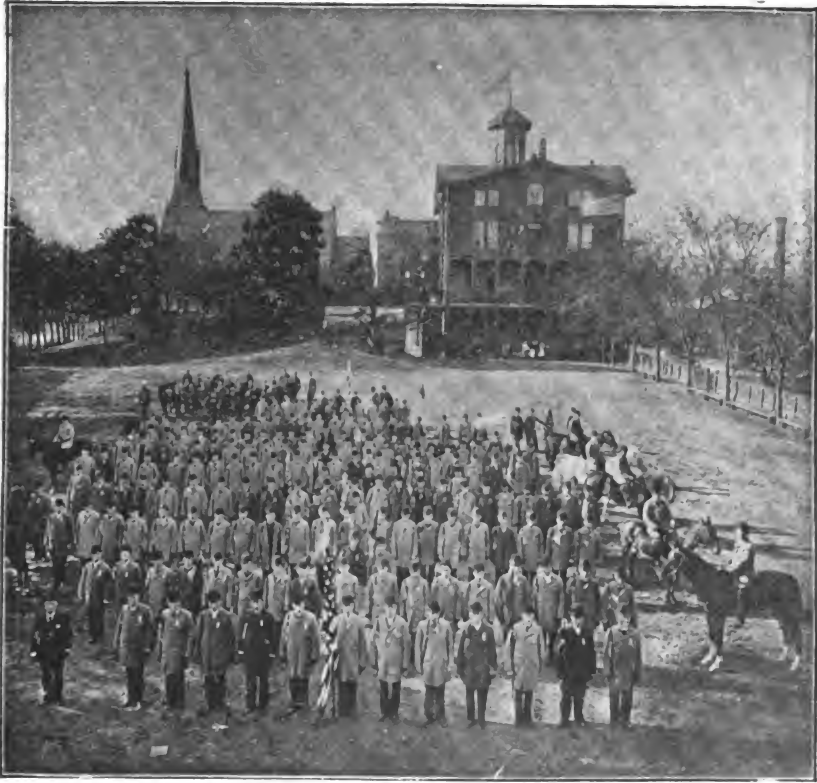
AS EDUCATORS THE BROTHERS HAVE ATTAINED THE FOREMOST RANK.

seemed banded against him and his salutary innovations. He had, also, to contend against years of ill health; but his faith in God, and in the future of his splendid educational system, upheld him through all adversity. For years before his death, in 1719, he had the gratification of receiving both royal and high ecclesiastical approval, and of seeing his schools in flourishing operation in many cities and towns of France. There they have ever since continued the systematic programme laid down by their illustrious founder; for even the demon-ridden tempest of the French Revolution was powerless against the Institute of the Brothers of the Christian Schools. A bull of approbation from Benedict XIII., in 1725, made the Institute a religious congregation, which is to-day conducted on



IN THE CURRICULUM OF THE BROTHERS' SCHOOLS SCIENTIFIC STUDIES HOLD A PROMINENT PLACE.

substantially the same lines as those established by De La Salle in 1684. In addition to over thirty primary schools, a normal school for the Brothers and four for other teachers, he had founded also three practice schools connected with the normal, two boarding-schools, two schools of technical instruc-



THE CAMPUS AT MANHATTAN COLLEGE.

tion, a reformatory, and a Sunday-school, teaching commercial branches as well as religion. Truly a master mind and a born educator! Such, in brief, is the history of this great teaching order.

Let us now consider the character of their work, as we find it in evidence around us to-day, more especially in this country, where there are ample opportunities for comparison with other educational systems. And, so doing, we will naturally find ourselves studying more in detail, as it were, the spirit which animated their illustrious founder, and which still inspires and directs the labors of the Brothers.

Jean Baptiste De La Salle had the ideal conception of education. A fervent Catholic, his firm faith caused him to make religion at once the foundation and the all-permeating influence of his system of instruction. Above all else to be considered, the pupil had a soul to be saved. But he was *in* the world, and to a certain extent must be *of* it in order to

properly fulfil his duties as a social unit. To hold his own in the battle of life, he must be mentally equipped with the best weapons for attack and defence, so to speak. To this end his education must be eminently practical; the merely ornate must yield first place to the strictly utilitarian. And it is easy to see what an immense stride in this direction was taken when De La Salle made Latin an optional subject in the curriculum of his primary schools, intended, as already said, principally for the "plain people," as another great and good man of towering mental stature, Abraham Lincoln, has happily expressed it. The use of the vernacular, as the chief vehicle for instruction, has completely changed the scope and character of education immeasurably for the better, opening up as it does domains of knowledge previously difficult of access to the children of the poor and working classes. Thus, to-day we find in the United States that the Brothers devote special attention to imparting a thorough working knowledge of the noble English tongue, probably the best of all languages for the general purposes of expression. The term "thorough" is here used advisedly; for thoroughness is the key-stone of the Brothers' system of instruction. Both fundamental principles and details are taught according to the rule of "line upon line, and precept upon precept," frequent revisions of study refreshing and strengthening the pupil's memory; while, in accordance with strictly modern methods, his reasoning powers are appealed to at every suitable opportunity. And, in justice to the memory of the saintly and far-seeing founder of the Institute, it should here be recorded that De La Salle himself was one of the first of European educators, if not indeed *the* first, to perceive the great importance of constantly applying ratiocination as well as memorizing to the ordinary subjects of study.

The schools of the Brothers now include not only the ordinary parochial day-school, but also the well-appointed technical, or "trade," school, the reformatory, and the full-fledged college, so to speak, with its staff of able, earnest, and sympathetic professors. In all these the instruction cannot be surpassed, on the chosen lines, by any association of teachers, lay or clerical. And as this is eminently a "business" age, and as we Americans are essentially a "business" people, the Brothers' schools, more particularly the ordinary day-schools, devote much attention to imparting a sound and thorough business education. The average graduate of these schools

can at least hold his own with him of any other similar school in the fundamental subjects of penmanship, commercial arithmetic, book-keeping, stenography, type-writing, and business correspondence; while his thorough knowledge of the manly, "all-round" English tongue enables him to easily shine on occasions when there is demand for something outside a mere business education. He derives much aid in reaching this latter phase of his scholastic status from the great literary ex-



THE BROTHERS ARE IN THEIR CHAPEL AT HALF-PAST FOUR IN THE MORNING.

cellence of the text-books so carefully prepared by his instructors. The writer, who has had extensive opportunities for observation on this and other educational points, ventures to say that in this matter of literary excellence there are but few series of school-books equal to those compiled by the Brothers of the Christian Schools; while in arrangement of details, and general presentation of the subjects taught, the excellence of the Institute's text-books is equally evident. To mention one instance in particular, probably no better series of "Readers" has ever been issued or used by any other educational agency.

To be a graduate of La Salle Institute is a strong recommendation in the eyes of many non-Catholic business men. Even the most rabid anti-Catholic—a type happily fast becoming extinct in this land of broad thought and general enlightenment—seldom fails to properly appreciate the fact that for association in business and daily life it would be well-nigh impossible to find young people with more integrity, general moral elevation of character, and “all-round” business or special technical ability, than are almost invariably possessed by the graduates of the Christian Schools. The logical mind of the American public, probably the most intelligent the world has ever seen, has long since concluded that only good results can accrue from the singleness of high and holy purpose, the self-abnegation, the earnestness, and the thoroughly trained teaching ability of the members of La Salle Institute.

From the foregoing it can be easily seen that the same excellence of results obtaining in the ordinary popular schools of the Brothers is to be found also in the colleges conducted by them.

As for the technical, or “trade,” schools of La Salle Institute, it is well known that they too are unsurpassed of their kind.

In all the schools of La Salle Institute the pupils are taught to be, first, and before all else, good Catholics, which insures their being good citizens; but although in theory, and essentially, the secular aspect of their education is properly subordinate to the religious, even the most exacting utilitarian, if but reasonable, must feel satisfied by the admirable system of instruction which in practical operation causes both religious and secular instruction to, as it were, intertwine and progress co-ordinately—each preserving its proper place and character in the harmonious and effective result.

It is unnecessary to say that the Brothers of the Christian Schools, ever adaptive and progressive, see to it that the “sound minds” of their young charges are enshrined in “sound bodies,” so far as a reasonable cultivation of “athletics” can insure such a *desideratum*.

The influence exercised on their contemporaries and posterity by such teachers and such pupils must be powerful and far-reaching; one might well say almost incalculable for good. Their lives and work preach, silently but eloquently, to not only the Catholic but also the un-Christian element of the community. Where at all unbiased, and probably with more or less bewilderment and some overturning of cherished idols, the



[PREPARATION FOR SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH.]

latter can see that a man may easily be at once, and primarily, a Christian, and also a man of the world, in the better sense of this much-abused term.

No wonder that La Salle Institute has had many imitators, even from its foundation. And these increase as the years roll on, wherever the Christian Schools are found. The march of these latter is ever onward and upward. From their small and humble beginning, of a little over two centuries ago, they have grown and flourished until to-day we find them with a grand total of 326,579 pupils in France, Belgium, Spain, England, the United States, Canada, Spanish America, and other countries, who are taught by 14,913 Brothers. In this country their pupils number 16,769, of whom 8,509 are in New York City, where also labor 239 Brothers.

Their most rapid increase in the United States has taken place since the Civil War; and they are now found, doing glorious work for God and the state, in nearly all our large centres of population.

And what of the daily lives of such men? Much of these is evident in the toil of the class-room, from nine o'clock until half-past three, with the usual intermissions. The Brothers themselves rise, the year round, at half past four. This early rising is necessitated by their many daily spiritual exercises, which occupy two hours in the morning and two hours in the evening. The rest of their time outside class-room duties is chiefly devoted to study and to preparation for and examination of pupils' work.

The daily life of a member of La Salle Institute is thus that of a teaching monk. As stated, he lives all his simple, hard-working life as a member, under strict community rules, and bound by the three vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience. He owns nothing, and must resign all ownership before entering the society; and is merely permitted the use of certain necessities. As to comforts and luxuries, these words are not found in his personal lexicon. The influence for good of such devoted men needs no comment.

In the foregoing brief *résumé* of the history, the work, the spirit, and the daily lives of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, the writer has placed their more personal aspect *last*, as well befitting these meek and humble subjects of his pen; but he has done this also because of a certain appropriateness in the application of this saying of Scripture, "The last shall be first, and the first shall be last." The Brothers of the Christian Schools in the United States, with whom this article is more particularly concerned, were among the last of organized societies to enter the field of educative effort here; but,

in a comparatively brief space of time, they have taken and hold a position as educators equal to the best; and this is the unbiased opinion of the community at large.


What of weal or woe for our race the coming century may hide is known to God alone; but in the light of the present and the past, this may be safely predicted: no educative influence, lay or clerical, will produce, in proportion to its opportunities, more beneficent and lasting results than those certain to accrue from the unselfish, untiring, God-directed efforts of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.



A SOUND MIND IN A SOUND BODY.

"THE NEW HUMANISM." *

BY REV. JOSEPH MCSORLEY, C.S.P.

ONTEMPORARY literature must always afford a fair indication of the thoughts uppermost in men's minds. If this be true, the religious question is surely most prominent among the vital issues at present under discussion throughout the world. It is really curious to note the amount of mental activity the topic calls forth. In constant succession, newspapers, books, lectures, controversies, and popular movements stir the public mind into ferment about this or that point of religion, and evoke unmistakable evidence of the present bent of human thought.

This value as an indicator attaches not merely to publications professedly religious in tone, but to any and all pronouncements which bear strongly on religious issues.

Of this class is the volume named below. It is significant as the declaration of a certain school of thinkers—humanistic or naturalistic they may be called—who have advanced a claim to be considered the legitimate product of humanity's progress to the high grade of culture and civilization which obtains to-day. Theirs is the philosophy of the human, the earthly, the natural. And it conceives of the universal scheme of things as practically independent of religious obligations, understood in the traditional sense. God, if God there be, causes little concern in the mind of the humanist, for devotion and worship have come to mean, in the main, the dedication of self to the betterment of the race and the faithful pursuit, through storm and stress, of that ideal which is ever leading the world onward and upward to fuller life.

As the world stands at present, this philosophy is the better of two commonly proposed as alternatives. Men have grown familiar with the spectacle of religion—such as they know it—disintegrating into lifeless elements after practically confessing failure. Church-going is falling into disfavor. Religious teachers grow first wavering, and then thoroughly sceptic.

* *The New Humanism*. By Edward Howard Griggs. New York, 1900. The American Society for the Extension of University Teaching, 111 South 15th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

tical. To many a mind the utter decline of vital religion is so imminent a danger that one may easily predict speedy dissolution to be the fate of Christianity. Earnest souls, it would seem, can find nothing to meet their deepest wants, and not unnaturally they are coming to look upon dogmatic religion as an old and worn-out sham well nigh deposed in the process of advance toward a new era, and destined to be supplanted by the more vigorous growth of the present or the future. To men thus repelled by the spectacle of decadent religion two alternatives lie open. One is to adopt the philosophy of sour and dogged pessimism, to contend that the chasm of degeneracy is yawning across our path, and to consider religion as but the first victim of a ruin soon to engulf the whole of our boasted civilization. The other alternative is the philosophy of hope, the religion of progress. Its look is upward, it is trustful in the future,

"That, somehow, good
Will be the final goal of ill."

Its adherents cast about for omens of coming dawn, and find them in abundance. Their buoyant faith in the constancy of the law of development is as the sweet prelude of approaching triumph. They are the Apostles of Culture, and their gospel may not ineptly be termed The New Humanism.

The book we are considering is a characteristic growth of the spirit just described. The uninterrupted evolution of lesser to greater is the first article of the writer's creed. It teaches him to discern in the history of mankind a progressive development toward fuller, higher, nobler existence, and he regards the coming age as the time when what was best in the Greek civilization will have been united to what is true in Christianity, and the perfected synthesis, free of the faults and weaknesses of its component parts, will be a religion worthy the acceptance of the new humanity. This is the general outline of an essay which concerns us doubly, as being at once a suggestion of the goal to which our age is tending, and a critical comment on the rôle that Catholicity is to play in the coming century.

The book is a pleasant one, with a variety of charms. From first to last the writer never loses his note of lofty and inspiring sentiment. His teaching is advanced with calm persuasiveness, his criticisms laid down in the spirit of quiet dignity that befits a just and broad-minded man. Certainly, his

words cannot remain quite fruitless, for they appeal to the noblest feelings in the human soul, and harmonize well with the cherished ambitions of our race's fairest types. One's heart leaps up at the invitation to consecrate self to the betterment of humanity; all that is best within us pronounces it a noble thing that men, unselfishly as coral insects, should devote themselves to the building up of the advancing wall, whose progress by law divine must never cease, while the race lasts on. Above the wonders revealed by physical science, more deeply mysterious than the objects of biological research, humanity itself is coming to the fore as the proper study of mankind; and we instinctively recognize the truth that here lie the things concerning us most nearly. The glory and dignity of human personality, the use of the vast inheritance of riches stored up during the whole history of the race, the outlook to new fields of growth and progress—the call to consider these things as subjects of investigation wins from us joyous and enthusiastic response.

Nor do we lack justification of our enthusiasm. They of the humanistic school have contributed no small share to the advancement of culture and science. Their places have been in the forward rank of the march toward better things. Already, and to a considerable extent through their efforts, the world has learned much, and has received, moreover, the promise of eternal inspiration and endless progress, on condition of earnest pursuit of the best revealed to it. It is of no little import to have discovered that our earth is but an insignificant atom in an obscure corner of the universe, that matter existed back in the untold ages before man was created, and that in all likelihood the globe will sweep along its destined course millions of years after he shall have ceased to exist in the body. Such reflection serves to balance our over-ambitious minds, helps to widen and deepen our sense of realities outside ourselves and beyond our grasp. So are we taught that there is no limit to the onward and upward trend of progress, that we stand on the shore of an infinite ocean, and that eye cannot measure nor mind conceive our possibilities. Exhaustless interest in life comes to us with this simultaneous discovery of human greatness that may be. The conscious freedom of will and the matchless dignity of individuality buoy us up with new sense of the potential glory in every being that comes from the hands of the Almighty. A great history lies behind us, and a greater—if we will—stretches away into the future. We

rise manfully to the work that lies before us, determined to quit ourselves as men should do.

Is it not inspiring to call the broad world our home, and every man our brother? May we not even now perceive omens of an approaching era when the old poet's cry of *Homo sum* will provoke the universal echo of *nil humani alienum*? What human heart, with tenderness and hopes and fears, is not stirred to its depths at the suggestion, is not already throbbing with eager anticipation of a federated world, of an epoch when the sun of universal peace having dawned, all nations will walk together in the brightness of its rising? And why may we not believe that even now race ideals are slowly being superseded by human ones, even as in the past nations have been substituted for families and tribes? If that event should come to pass, what pæan ever sung were worthy to greet it? Rather its poem shall be the grand joyous sweep of universal music ringing around the globe, as race calls unto race, and continent answers back to continent, in the glad harmony of humanity's united song that all men at last have been happily born into the kingdom of light and peace after many days of travail and storm.

If any man say these dreams lack beauty and the charm that inspires, he must be possessed of a soul strange to sympathy and enthusiasm. But still the humanistic ideal, despite claims to inspiring power, seems in some sense defective even as an ideal. It does not stand for the best and highest object of man's aspiration. Its attainment surely would leave a noble and generous soul still unsatisfied, still tormented by the unconquerable hope of a perfection surpassing all that human nature of itself ever can effect. In other words, it is our faith that the divine unrest in man's soul is caused by instinctive yearning for something above the order of merely physical, natural, or created excellence—that God has made us for himself and that we must ever be unquiet until we repose in him. The humanistic philosophy is a very beautiful one, but from our stand-point it is a philosophy essentially defective. It ignores certain elements which are indispensable to the perfecting of humanity, and aims at a success that, being won, would prove tasteless as the apples of Sodom. An appeal to history is not a conclusive argument against it, perhaps; for conditions have never yet permitted the experimental testing of its principles; but, on the other hand, neither does history afford secure ground for the belief that we are progressing

toward an ideal in accord with the conceptions of the humanistic creed. Individual examples of integrity, nobility, and happiness may be displayed by the advocates of Ethical Culture, but will these instances prove to be more than the first growth of a field rich only in its virgin strength? Let the drought come, or let a second crop be attempted, and the ground may betray the utter barrenness of land without subsoil. The philosophy of "sweetness and light" may feed some souls in peculiar conditions of natural virtue and personal nobility, but these souls are few, and they are not fed for long. One of that very type, who like a tired child crept into the church's bosom after years of wandering, declared: "Had faith not come I would have destroyed myself, for all the loftiness of naturalism left me in darkness and utter hunger."

This is from our point of view, of course. The humanist, let us understand, judges very differently. Still it is not to be supposed that his verdict on Christian truth is the result of careful study of Catholic teaching—*Catholic* teaching, be it noted; for it in nowise concerns us if any other religious creed be criticised and rejected. Catholicity, by common agreement, is always considered apart, as quite distinct from the sects, as a peculiar phenomenon, with its own proper claims and credentials, whatever they may be. For this reason the humanist, not unreasonably, may be required to give a special hearing to the spiritual philosophy of the Catholic Church before pronouncing final decision; in other words, let him honestly study the Catholic religion. And in so doing he must not fail to follow a method in accord with his own philosophy and the usual rules of scientific investigation.

First, be it remembered, the student of Catholicity must divest himself of all prejudice against the possibility of the supernatural as understood in the church—namely, of a divine order of being, utterly transcending all finite and created natures, and proper to an Infinite, Absolute, Personal God. This is not the place for an apologetic treatment of the point mentioned; but the humanist, an eclectic *par excellence*, and quickened by sympathy with all sorts and conditions of mind, must accept the Catholic ideal at its value as such, uninfluenced by narrower principles or personal prejudice.

The foundation of the Catholic ideal, then, is to be discovered in the relations existent between the human soul and the Divine Person who created it. The God in whom Catholics believe is one whose love and tender mercy are over all

the things that he has made. After having created the world, he did not retreat into his own eternal and infinite self-sufficing existence, careless of his creatures and their further history. Rather, with the tenderness of a parent, his affection goes out to every man, his providence cares for each created soul, and he draws his little ones to himself with the cords of a love infinite and divine. Through the devious wanderings of each human life that divine love haunts the soul, appealing to it, swaying it, winning it back at last to a free return of love, even as the mother's heart, never ceasing to pursue her son, finally leads him back to light and purity out of the dark slough of lust and hate and crime.

There is a fact not embraced in the philosophy of humanism, and yet attested by the universal consciousness of man through all ages and lands. That fact is sin. To the Christian, and in its proper sense, sin implies the turning away of the soul from God toward things of earth. It is rebellion against the Creator, contempt of divine love, a base yielding to the spell of glittering enchantments. It is a base alloy, from which no metal of earth is pure. It poisons the sweetest joys men know. Its serpent trail of slime has soiled and marred the beauty of every fairest gift entrusted to human keeping. It has a sting bitter enough to call forth deep curses on the dangerous prerogatives of intellect and will, and its blasting tongue has seared humanity to the very core. Even those gay-spirited Greeks that the humanists love to dream about felt its sting; and if their system seems all joyous and light-hearted, that is only because their hours of pain and bitterness were passed behind lowered curtains. Their philosophy attempted no ministry of relief it is true, but nevertheless the tooth of the serpent was embittering their lives, as surely as they were intelligent men and women, for the sickening consciousness of sin, the remorseful horror and despair which pursue the sinner, are absent from no human soul honest and unwarped. In the dark forest at midnight, or on the shores of a lonely ocean, men acknowledge this to themselves. At the moment of death the concentrated bitterness of the sentiment binds the heart and exhausts the breath of the man who all through life has boasted that he knew no law.

Now, in the Christian system as nowhere else, this sense of personal sin and utter helplessness is balanced by belief in the Incarnation, the most stupendous phenomenon creation ever did or ever could witness. The Christian's faith teaches him

that God Almighty, the Infinite One, came down from heaven to save a sinful race, assumed human nature, and, clothed therein, accomplished the redemption of sinful man, winning him back to God and showering upon him graces and favors of transcendent value; and now the children of men can truly be called Sons of the Most High, since in some true way they have been raised to a divine order of being, and participate in the very nature of God.

This, the doctrine of the Incarnation of God and the Redemption of man, is worthy of special note as the central point of the Christian faith, the foundation and the crowning glory of Christian idealism. Its truth is a matter of vital moment to every man born of woman, since it is put forward as the basic fact in the divine dispensation for human well-being. Its consideration must not be waived, as though belief in Christ's human virtue and wisdom could be an adequate homage; for if Jesus Christ be God, then he has God's claim to the supreme adoration of men, and every true man is willing and anxious to offer worship and receive love. And if he is not God, he is deceiving or deceived, and we may rightly expect that some day all men will recognize him to be merely a great teacher of the stamp of Moses and Plato and Paul. But his own claim is for an eternal and supreme reign, as the unique figure of the world's history, the God-man. "Jesus Christ yesterday and to-day, and the same for ever." And every truth uttered by his lips, every heart conquered by his love through these twenty centuries, every deed of mercy or kindness, every struggle with temptation, every prayer in his name—these are single notes in the great swelling chorus that echoes through the ever-living heart of humanity: "Unto us is born a Saviour who is Christ the Lord, and the love of him is life eternal."

Nor does all this say the last word upon the Christian ideal. There is an indwelling presence of God in the just man, whereby the latter is drawn to an ever closer and closer union with his Maker, and united to him in the bonds of the most affectionate and intimate intercourse. The Paraclete, or Comforter, the Divine Spirit, abiding in the sanctified soul, raises it beyond the sphere of ordinary mortality, causing it utterly to transcend the laws of created nature. This Divine Person, who is the Supreme Love, is united with the faithful disciple, as the soul of David was knit to the soul of Jonathan; yes, and in a far truer sense and a far closer union, not to be described

by any word but that of espousals. And the Christian's aspiration for this is not a mere fantastic wish, but the rational desire of a good clearly revealed as obtainable by well-ordered conduct. His assurance is based upon the Saviour's promise, the Church's warrant, and the records of thousands who have satisfied yearnings no less powerful than those that stir within himself. To a life of union with God the devout soul looks forward as a lover to the everlasting embrace of his beloved. Therein will be attained the acme of all conceivable joy, the perfect fulfilment of all human possibilities, the rounding out, expanding, and satisfying of all the noble cravings of which humanity is capable. That loving aspiration toward such an end may be crowned by its glorious attainment is the destined lot of every Christian, and is the purpose of the church's existence. Purely an efficacious means for the accomplishment of that aim, she attends man from the cradle to the grave, ever instructing, guiding, inspiring him in accord with the great end of his being; and in her the individual seeks and finds the divinely appointed assistance for forwarding his life-work.

Thus in definite, precise, and logical order the Christian ideal evolves by orderly and harmonious development from primary doctrines into the sublime, majestic teaching of Christian perfection. That it towers alone, as a magnificent cathedral spire above the surrounding roofs, is but the least of its glories. Within it is a perfect harmony of wonders. By contrast with this we are presented with other ideals built upon airy speculation, developed in theory alone, and crowning themselves only with the fanciful splendor of some philosopher's dream. No sure foundation, no historical justification, no record of results—such is the blank page of their story. What numbers of them already have had their day and ceased to be!

But in such an ideal as we have outlined the Christian reasonably believes. For such a destiny does he dare to hope. With a heart aspiring toward that mighty love, he daily expands his soul in wonderful growth toward higher life. The ideal and its influence are facts in the history of humanity. It is little to say that by them the world has been transformed. In truth, the world has failed of perfect transformation just when and where and in proportion as *that ideal* has been lost sight of and suffered to fail. This is a historical fact that must be recorded in every honest history, and accounted for in every honest philosophy of life. The man who is framing the ideal of the future must build upon the realities of the past.

Facts are his foundation, possibilities his superstructure. Let him search the ages, let him scan the achievements and gauge the spirit of the great ones gone; let him learn from the race that is and was the possibilities of the race to be. He must discover that in the history of the world there has been no phenomenon to compare with Christianity, there have been no deeds like those achieved by typical Christians. Ever onward and upward the mighty influence of Christian faith has moved us, bringing us to the possession of the best we know; and the personalities evolved under its inspiration remain without a rival. The martyr-monk Telemachus, after whose bloody death the amphitheatres opened no more, is of one faith and one spirit with the saint of Molokai. Each gave simple expression of the ideal to which new lives have been consecrated every day since the cross rose on Golgotha. Let the records of the Christian Church for the past two thousand years speak out an answer to the question, What has led the race ever upward to higher things? Let the student, honest and deep, declare to us the source of the inspiration which has given the world all the good it knows. Faith, not reason; God, not man; love of that Perfect One whom Christians long to imitate; it is in these words we spell out the infallible formula of progress.

Any fair summing up of world-culture, any prospective *Weltanschauung*, must reckon with the Catholic ideal in a way that has not yet been attempted. It is easy to dismiss with a flourish an argument that has not been considered. One may readily wave aside a claimant whose case has been already adjudged. But fair trial, and then rejection, this is an unusual experience for the Catholic ideal. Can the humanist mock at what to him is a mere shibboleth—the Catholic Creed? Shall he measure and pronounce upon, or seek to adapt, a type of spirituality of which, according to its own teaching, he is in no position to judge? The matter is one of importance. The church can appeal to the humanist standards in evidence of its worth and virility. It alone has survived among a thousand less fit passed by on the way. It has builded a civilization not matched in the history of the race. It has developed personalities the fairest and the strongest in human records. It points back, as it points forward, to One who, scorned, belittled, passed through the crucible of hostile criticism, yet maintains his place unrivalled. It sounds its demand for allegiance in the hearing of every intelligent man who pro-

fesses himself ready to believe what is truest, love what is most beautiful, and embrace what is best.

It is not critical study of the *Divina Commedia*, nor a yielding to the naïve charm of the *Fioretti*, which will enable the philosopher to appreciate Catholic ideals and gauge them objectively. The faith goes deeper than that. Scientific method demands of the religious student that he should imitate the thoroughgoing devotion of modern archæologist, philologist, or artist. These men bury themselves in the environment which will permit them perfectly to assimilate the spirit of their chosen study. So we suggest that no man should write critically and dogmatically on Christian ideals until he has put himself under the direction of a spiritual master whose life embodies these ideals. The student of composition spends his years in the *Quartier Latin*, perhaps. Let the curious humanist visit *La Trappe*, or some retreat-house of the Jesuit Fathers, and follow retreat rules for a week, as an aid to imbibing the real spirit of Catholic ascetics and mystics. Or if this be impracticable, why he may easily enough consult the nearest priest as to the best way of humbly learning all that can be learned by a willing inquirer concerning the inner realities of the spiritual life. One must instantly perceive this to be the course most in harmony with modern methods, and admit that most weight will attach to the opinions of such critics as have given this proof of honesty and thoroughness. It is utterly foreign to the spirit of contemporary criticism to study social phenomena *from the outside*, and then comment upon and proffer instruction to those to whom the environment in question has been from childhood as the breath of their nostrils. And it is a curious fact, worthy of note in future monographs on the subject, that conversion to the Catholic faith is the almost inevitable result of loving and sympathetic study of its ideals. They who dread this danger may stand aside, but their lips should be sealed in respectful silence as to the matters they dare not deeply investigate. All other students are welcome. It will be but an oft-told tale if for them, as they proceed, the voice of the Siren, the Gorgon face, and the dizzy whirl of the maelstrom change into the music of heaven, the Divine Presence, and the tender, comforting embrace of the Spirit of Love. Fair as the moon and bright as the sun, the Church stretches forth inviting hands of interest and affection to those who are treading the wilderness in search of truth.

Of this sort, beyond question, are some among the votaries

of humanism—Israelites without guile, indeed, to whom Christ most willingly would speak. There is an apostolate open among such souls, many of them crying for the bread of life that Catholic fingers alone can break unto them. The qualifications for that apostolate we perceive—broad culture, thorough learning, perfect honesty, a sympathy wide as the race of man, a love of truth in every shape and guise, and such a personal devotion to the progress of religion as no barrier can balk. These are the means Divine Providence would use for the revolution of the world. Let love of God and the zeal of His House be centred in men that are such as we have described, and the Kingdom of Christ will overspread the earth in mighty leaps. Working hopefully at our own little tasks until the shadows flee away and the day-star rise, we should be begging God to send these chosen laborers into the harvest white for their coming. Awaiting them, in sympathy with the spirit which will be theirs, we can beckon meanwhile to each honest passer-by with: "Friend, come and see: a wonder that never shall be duplicated upon earth—the Church of the Living God, the Pillar and Ground of the Truth. Enter, and look about."

THE PASS-WORD.

BY F. X. E.



BROKEN-HEARTED Peace! art thou no more?

Thy foes, alas! bend o'er thee gloatingly,

And bursting into maddening minstrelsy

Upraise thee on the gruesome cross of war!

Ah, why again the self-same scene of yore,

When thou, the scorn of proud humanity,

A truce abiding for its infamy

Didst of thy Father piteously implore?

O Sweetness Crucified, O Peace Divine!

Upon the fray one look of mercy deign,

High o'er the fleets thy radiant flag unfold,

That e'er the armored hosts of Earth's domain

May, thro' the new-begotten years, behold

In thee, Fair Love, their sacred countersign!

A SON OF ITALY.

BY ANNIE ELIZABETH O'HARE.



AINSLIE'S luck" was a byword in the office of the *World*.

As Jeffries confidentially remarked to Jarvis, the "new 'un" on the staff: "I have a deuce of a time with my big assignments. If it's an interview, nine of 'em positively refuse to see me, and the tenth closes his mouth tight when I venture a few leading questions. If it's one of those way-up-country railroad wrecks, the *Herald* man is sure to get at the single wire just a minute before I pant up with the force of a steam-engine. But with Ainslie things fairly mould themselves to his liking. Never saw such confounded luck!"

Perhaps it was not luck, but it pleased them better to call it so. A fellow-journalist's luck is much easier to bear than his ability. But the strangest part of it all was that no one envied him. "He's such a good fellow," they explained. So when it was announced that Ainslie was to have the special Italian correspondence, every one was as well pleased as it was possible for a man to be who wanted it for himself and had not got it. Of course, old Jack Bowden swore a little and railed against "the young 'uns getting everything."

But Jack grumbled at everybody and everything. He had been in the office twenty luckless years, and he was the leaven of the occasional enthusiasm of the staff.

Jarvis, who yet was very young and very humble, looked over his glasses wistfully as Ainslie locked his desk preparatory to his long absence from the office. In truth, it was not a thing to be thought lightly of—a year abroad and the increased salary and importance of a special correspondent. But the men smothered their sighs as they watched him go, and told him they would miss him in the office. What matter if the imps of the press-room found them a snarly set that night?

It was in the late sixties. The columns of the *World* had worn threadbare the tales of the war and its aftermath. The chief was a man of enterprise. He knew when the public had had a surfeit, so he looked the world over for another sensa-

tion and he bethought himself of Italy, just then in the throes of a mortal struggle. The Editor's news sense was on the alert in an instant.

"The very thing!" he murmured. "The tales of Papal misrule and priestly oppression will be nearly as good as the war. Popular sympathy will be at the boiling pitch at the pathetic pictures we can draw! Exclusive inside information about Italian affairs. . . . By Jove! I'll make it my special feature. Young Ainslie will be the best man. He's a clever chap, and he's ambitious. He'll do good work on his own account." And the Editor rubbed his hands with satisfaction.

With the Editor of the *World* to think was to act, and before the end of the week Robert Ainslie set out.

He had been told that he must find out just how affairs stood, that he must not be sparing in his denunciation of the present government, that he must give sensational individual instances. "In short," said his chief at parting, "you must excite people, give them something to talk about, keep up their interest."

When at last the great ship had broken from its moorings and Ainslie was alone, his first feeling was one of freedom—freedom in the great boundlessness of the stretching sea, freedom in the deep draughts of the fresh-blowing air. The consciousness that there was nothing to confine all his young energy, that the winds and the waves and the sky were breathing-places for his healthy vigor, impressed him more than the blue beauty at the heart of the billow, more than the filtering of the spring sunshine through the white and azure of the foam-crest. For he was just a blithe-hearted American, this Robert Ainslie, with all his national pride and all his national prejudices—just a generous, frank young fellow whose life-current had flown in smooth channels, without striking against any of the stony places that help us while they hinder. And as he thought of his errand there on the open sea, it was natural that his sympathies should be with the "Young Italy" movement—the movement that meant for Italy something of the liberty that was so dear to his American heart. Not that he felt any particular hostility to Catholicism or the Papacy. He believed that all men have a right to worship God how and when they please. For himself he had no very decided religious views, so he could afford to look with something like contemptuous patronage on all creeds.

Had you asked him his objections to Papal government, he would have told you that the Pope and his priests are all very well in their place so long as they remain in that place, but that they had no right and no mission in affairs of state. He would have told you that it is unjust to use religious authority over a superstitious people for the enforcement of tyrannical civil measures, for he never doubted that Papal rule is tyranny. He would have told you, finally, as his unanswerable argument, that the Italian people want a new government, and that no reasonable man could be in sympathy with the power that kept them enslaved.

It was with such thoughts in his mind, and something of the Southern fire in his heart, that he first saw the wooded hills of Italy rising out of the blue depths of the sea to the bluer vastness of the sky.

First of all he sought Rome, the centre of the smouldering strife. He had determined to make himself one with the Italian people, to live among them and to imbue his own mind with their spirit. And in those first few days he threw himself with all ardor into the "Young Italy" movement. He made himself perfectly familiar with Garibaldian and Mazzinian principles. The face of the eager young American was seen at every meeting of the Carbonari; he had long and enthusiastic talks with the leaders of the popular rebellion, and he sent to the *World* accounts so glowing, descriptions so graphic, incidents so fraught with interest, that the Editor chuckled again at his own good judgment and went so far as to raise the young man's salary.

But as the weeks passed into months Ainslie's early enthusiasm cooled. Sometimes he even caught himself wondering if there was not something more than he thought in the old government. He began vaguely to realize, in the chaos that came from the shattering of his early impressions, that the real people—the men that make up the life and sinew of the nation—were devoted to the Papacy, the more strongly because their devotion combines patriotism and religion. He saw that it was only the surface of the stream that was agitated and the deep under-currents of the national life flowed on as tranquilly as ever though the waters were dark with the shadow of coming ill.

For himself, he had studied so carefully into the whole situation that he saw destruction approaching with swifter strides than the old Roman States dreamed. He knew that the

danger came not from within but from a mighty power without, fast sweeping with the force of an avalanche to overwhelm all Italy.

Struggling with many conflicting thoughts, one day he sought relief from the portent-laden air of the city and wandered forth into the sweet open places of the country, where Nature has set her eternal seal of peace. From the near-by hills the whole of Rome spreads out before him, with its shadowed domes and stately ruins scattered on the Tiber's banks. How full of the old life it is! The purple veil of the sunset steeps it in no richer glory than the splendor of its traditions and its history had stamped upon it for ever. Even to this sceptical man who looks down upon it, the golden light clothes its old walls with a shining strength that makes his heart bow before the strange majesty within.

"Are you wondering, messer, what havoc the coming storm will work yonder?" said a deep voice at his elbow, and Ainslie turns sharply to find the speaker an old padre he had seen often in his walks through the hill-country, and whose face had interested him in spite of his prejudices against priests and priestcraft. It was one of those faces lined by life rather than by nature—a face whose eyes had looked into many a struggling life and had turned to the world with a fresh sympathy.

"I see the clouds gathering thick beyond the mountains," he went on, "and methinks the tempest will beat wildest on the great Dome"; and he pointed to St. Peter's. "But she will stand firm! She cannot fall!" Ainslie wondered what it was that made the old face lighten and the pale cheeks flush. And often as they talked—always of Italy, her past glory or her present danger—the padre's eyes would glow with a new light that puzzled his companion and set him to thinking that perhaps, after all, Italy's priests had her best good at heart.

"Ah, messer, you do not know," the padre was saying; "you have seen only the surface, but beneath, beneath—Come with me! I will take you to one who can tell you these things far better than I, one who loves Italy with a love beyond all telling and who burns for Italy's good. Ah, there is the Angelus! We must wait for the morrow. Meet me yonder at the head of the road, and we will go to San Bernardo. It lies thitherward, just beyond the Martian hill, and Fra Marco stays within the monastery after the vesper-time. Ad-dio, messer, and may God keep us all safe!"

As Ainslie made his way back to his lodgings he smiled a little to himself.

"A Papist priest!" he murmured. "And I'm taking pairs to meet another of them to-morrow. Jove! I rather enjoy the situation. That Fra Marco—I know I've heard of him before. Ah, I have it! He's the very man the Carbonari have so often railed against. They say he does untold harm to their cause. This is going to make good copy."

On the morrow, as Ainslie and his companion knocked at the great portal of San Bernardo, the young American looked with a feeling of curious interest at the old monastery, with its high gray walls and mountain-shaded sides. Fra Marco was in the hospice, the old porter told them. A poor man had been injured in the mountains that morning. Would they come in and wait for him?

The padre nodded, and they were led through the cool, dim court-yard and into a little stone-walled room beyond.

"A wall-painting of one of the masters!" cried Ainslie as he looked around.

"Yes, this room was once the cell of Fra Giovanni," the padre answered him. "He was of renowned skill with his brush. Only a boy he was, too. He had come hither from Florence, where he painted under Fra Angelico, weakened with overmuch fasting and study. One morning they found him here, this picture fresh upon the wall, and his wet brush held between cold fingers—for the soul had fled. The Madonna there was his life-work."

"The Father gave him not much to do in His vineyard," said a voice, low and clear, behind them. "Not many of us can paint a picture and die in peace."

"To few of us is given the power to paint a picture such as that, else we might die in peace," retorted Ainslie, turning quickly, for the fresco had stirred all the artist soul within him. But as he turned he stopped suddenly, startled by something in the eyes that met his.

Fra Marco always impressed people thus. The flame that burned in his deep eyes startled those who looked into them for the first time. Men said there was something unearthly in the power of those eyes. Under the stress of some great emotion their brilliancy was almost unbearable. They flashed forth strangely from the pallor of his face, as if their depths concentrated the fire of the whole man.

"Ah, but we have something greater to do than the work

of Fra Giovanni," he said, as he motioned them to be seated, while he stood, a tall, straight shadow, in the light of the deep window. "Italy has need of all her sons for sterner duties—though her true sons are few and weak against the hosts without. For they come"—his voice grew lower and clearer—"and God's children are to be tried with a great trial. And we—we must bow our necks while the father is fettered before us and the city of God is ruled by the hands of her enemies. O Italy! Italy! thy slavery they will call freedom—the while we are powerless, powerless!"

All were silent as he paused. The old padre's face was buried in his hands. Somehow, all Ainslie's arguments dropped away from him, and he felt himself weak before the strength in this stern, brown-clad figure. Afterwards, when they were talking more calmly, though he rallied some of his old confidence, the arguments came more slowly and seemed robbed of half their weight under the burning gaze of those piercing eyes. He was as a maker of platitudes who finds himself suddenly face to face with the fierce fires of life itself.

"You think you know the people," the monk said to him. "You cannot know—and you Americans never can understand—the great furnace of passion that burns in this sun-scorched soil of Italy. You pride yourself upon your foresight. You cannot help seeing yonder the gathered armies that are to sweep down upon Rome. Perhaps you think we do not care. Ah, messer, the eyes that have been blindfolded do not see! But the great passionate life-pulse throbs on, despite the blinded eye and the dogged step. You shall see for yourself, and I shall take you with me to get at the heart of the real Italy."

Many days since that first afternoon has Robert Ainslie spent with Fra Marco in the old monastery of San Bernardo. Many days has he wandered by the monk's side, up hill and down valley, into cottage and village. "The real Italy" does not make such good copy as he thought. The Editor of the *World* no longer chuckles gleefully over the Italian bulletins.

"What has come over Ainslie?" he mutters to himself; "I wonder if he thinks I pay him to go over there and take sides with the Papacy. 'The patriotic efforts of her priests,' indeed! I'll have to wire him that if he sends us any more of this trash, I'll send over a sane man in his place. That'll soon settle him." And he reached for his bell with a jerk that

brings the office-boy up three steps at a time. "This cablegram must be sent off at once"; and then he turned again to the copy with stern mouth and drawn brows.

Before the Editor's message reached Ainslie the great blow had fallen upon Italy. The Pope was declared a prisoner in his palace. The Carbonari and the friends of "Young Italy" carried lighted torches through the streets and floated their victorious banners from the house-tops. "Long live United Italy!" they cried. "Long live Victor Emmanuel!" The air of Rome seemed gay as for a festival.

But as Ainslie walked along the crowded streets he noticed many a drawn blind and closed shutter, and he knew that they hid faithful and devoted hearts. Meanwhile, his own heart was with Fra Marco at San Bernardo. For the first few days he left him alone with his grief. He felt that it was too deep for even friendly eyes to look upon. When at last he made his way over the quiet hills, it was to say good-by.

"I wonder if the Editor wishes to dispense with my services at home as well," he mused, as he came in sight of the gray towers of the monastery. In the exhaustion of his new emotions he hardly cared.

"Ah, is it you, Fra Marco?" as a figure emerges from the great portal.

"Yes, friend, it is I," said the monk, turning towards him. "I expected you. It has come at last. Italy's doom is spoken and her sons are indeed slaves." It was a new light that burned in the eyes that met the American's. Surely, there was something sacred in the burning, as if it were a flame of sacrifice.

"To-day," he went on, after they had stood long in silence, "the word has come that bids us leave San Bernardo. The king wishes to make a castle of it for one of his barons, and he thinks that already there are too many of us in Italy. So he bids us take off this"; and he touched the habit that he wore. "My brothers have just departed; sorrowing they have gone forth to do what is left for them in Italy, and I alone am left. But I too must depart—I too—"

"But where, frate—where?" interrupted Ainslie sharply. "What will you do?"

"I know not yet," answered the monk slowly; "but God will help me. Somewhere, even in Italy, there must be a place where I can still labor for Him and for the weal of souls."

There was no bitterness in his tone. The patient calmness of it irritated Ainslie.

"But you are not safe here!" he exclaimed. "Why don't you come to America with me? I'm going at once—to-morrow. There you can remain a monk, at least, and there you will find rich fields for your labor. Why, in New York alone, frate, there are thousands of your own countrymen—the poorest and the meanest of them. These people need you and many like you. Come with me; there is nothing here. Come where the work lies ready for your hands!"

"And leave Italy?" Fra Marco's question was like the cry the wounded utter when the wound is mortal. "And leave Italy?" Up and down he paced the silent cloister, up and down. The fierce light in his eyes died out, leaving them like spent fires. Ainslie leaned against the wall and waited silently. It was no time for further words, and in his own heart there were strange forces working.

"You say they have need of me there; that I can do God's work?" said the low voice at last. Another pause, and then—"Son, I will go with you!"

II.

That Italian correspondence of Ainslie's is almost forgotten in the office of the *World*.

"It wasn't such a great piece of luck for Ainslie, after all," said old Jack Bowden. "He came pretty near getting the worst of it altogether. If he had n't been such a clever chap, we'd have another 'sub' to-day. The Editor knew his business, and if he has one or two more strokes like the one he had the other night, it isn't hard to tell who'll be editor-in-chief. Then won't things spin around here!" And Jack rubbed his head in gleeful anticipation till he came to the spot that was getting bald, when he stopped suddenly. "Always these young fellows!" he added, not quite so amiably.

Ainslie's return had created no little excitement on the staff, for he had brought with him, of all things on earth, an Italian monk! A tall, grave man, with wonderful eyes, who had stepped quietly aside when they were shaking hands with Ainslie. They had not seen him again until Ainslie said: "Excuse me, boys, I'll see you later and answer all your questions. But my friend here is a stranger and I must attend to him first. Yes, of course, I'll be around to-night."

Then they had driven off, and from that day to this—and that had been three years ago—the staff had never seen the strange, brown-robed figure. Though Ainslie was the same good fellow as of old, he was with them less as the days went on, and it was vaguely whispered that Ainslie was a Catholic. But the staff shook their heads at this and smiled incredulously. Meantime, they watched him a little more closely as he went in and out amongst them.

Although Fra Marco was not known in the offices of the *World*, there was a place in New York where he was so well known that crowds of dirty children followed him in the street; so well known that rough men and women smiled gently as he passed them, and burly policemen looked after the straight, stern figure with something like amazement in their stolid faces. He had taken up his abode at the poor little church in the Italian quarter, and during three years he had labored there. Often his great, Italy-loving heart was very sore. The people among whom he worked were the lowest and the vilest of Italy's children, and he must claim kindred with them! He must remember that these, too, were sons of Italy, born on the soil that was dearer to him than life. But none of this inward shrinking showed itself in his intercourse with them. Day by day he did his work with infinite patience, striving to lift them higher, and thinking, when his thoughts were not with God, of Italy's blue sky and Italy's dear hills; the gray walls of San Bernardo, and the rolling of the Tiber past St. Peter's. Whenever Ainslie spoke to him of Italy a depth of wistful tenderness shone in the pale face, though the lips said no word of longing or complaint.

These two—the monk and the man of the world—had grown very near to each other in three years. Just two years ago, in the little, dark Italian church, Ainslie had been baptized. Since then he had thought of Italy with a changed heart, and he had dreamed that some day he and Fra Marco should go back together. They would tread the streets of Rome with reverent feet, and kneel together in the great nave of St. Peter's. He had heard that San Bernardo was once more a monastery; the king had been obliged to concede it to his indignant people. Together they would enter the familiar portal and Fra Marco should remain where his heart had always been.

He had planned it all out, and the time for it came at last. One day Ainslie set out for the Italian quarter with light step

and blithe heart. The end of the frate's exile was at hand. How his great eyes would shine with gladness!

Joyously he knocked at the door of the little room where Fra Marco was wont to sit in prayer and meditation when the long day's work was done.

"Enter, son," he heard the clear voice say, and he rushed in with all the ardor of a school-boy with his first prize.

"I have such good news for you, frate," he cried, "such good news! I must out with it at once. I came near shouting it along the streets on my way here. What would you say if we could go back to Italy—in a week! Think of it—in a week!"

The light of a great joy brightened the pale features and a glad brilliancy shone out of the deep-set eyes. But just for a moment. Then he looked out of the window, over the high, dark buildings, down into the street with its swarthy, jostling crowds, at last at his crucifix on the wall before him.

"Son," he said after many silent minutes, and the low voice was very clear—"son, the work of God still waits me here, and I must stay."

"But, frate, your place is with your brothers at San Bernardo. This was all very well so long as they were scattered and the monastery dismantled; and you have done brave work. Now Italy calls her son again—your place is there."

"Fra Marco!" wails a childish voice up the narrow stair—"O Fra Marco! the madre is dying and she calls for you, always for you! And Giuseppe is getting bad again, Fra Marco. Come to us! What ever shall we do?"

Fra Marco shook his head smiling. "My work is here," he said. "I am coming, cara mia; wait till I get the medicine for the madre. God wills it, and he has shown me his will. You must go to bear my messages to the padre and the frati, and to look for me on San Bernardo. But I—I must stay. Addio, addio, my son! God bless thee on thy way!"

The eyes blaze with something not of earth as he gathers his brown cloak about him and leads the child out into the darkening street. It is Saturday night and muttered curses fall upon his ear from the open doors of the grog-shops. Coarse voices swear by Italy's loved shores and Italy's far hills. But he does not turn. And Robert Ainslie utters no word to stay him.



"ROME INVITES YOU LOVINGLY TO HER BOSOM."

"THE WORLD'S MODERN PILGRIMAGE."

(The Holy Year in Rome.)

BY SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

THE attention of the whole Catholic world is turned lovingly in these early days of the Jubilee Year to the City of Peter, to Eternal Rome, where the Keeper of the Keys unlocks the Church's treasures to the faithful, to mark the close of a dying century and the dawning vigil of a new. Many are the pilgrims from every land who will swell the ranks of the world's modern pilgrimage to the Apostle's Tomb.

It was with doubt and apprehension of the Holy Father's living to proclaim it that the Universal Jubilee of 1900 was first spoken of in the spring of 1899, when Leo XIII., to all human seeming, appeared to lie at the point of death. But

the venerable Pontiff weathered the storm, and made, in spite of the weight of years, an almost miraculous recovery. According to his own words, the Pope, "through the prayers of his children, fervently hopes to be spared to *open* and to *shut* the Holy Door of Jubilee," thereby ushering in a new era of peace and pardon to the latter-day world, by this act of homage to the Redeemer, who has redeemed us through twenty centuries of mercy.

The Universal Jubilee was instituted in the ages of faith, when all that was Christian in the world owned the dominion of the See of Peter, and sovereign and subject alike knelt side by side, in humility, at the feet of the successor of the Apostles. It is a long retrospect of history from 1300 to 1900, from Boniface VIII., in the beginning of the fourteenth century, to Leo XIII., in the end of the nineteenth; but the aim and end, the form and ceremonies, of the Jubilee which was inaugurated this Christmas Eve of 1899 are the same as that of the first jubilees.

The idea of a jubilee, like almost all the celebrations of the church, derived not only its origin but its name from Biblical institution, when, according to the law of Moses, a "jubilee," or festival of sacrifice, expiation, and penance, was celebrated by the people every fifty years, called in Hebrew "Jöbel." So in the church of the new law the Sovereign Pontiffs followed out the ancient custom, modifying and rendering it suitable to the times, deeming it advisable and timely thus to renew in the hearts of the faithful the contrition, love, and homage to God, and devotion to the Tomb of the Apostles, which from the earliest ages of Christianity had been the purpose of the favorite pilgrimage of the faithful.

The *first* Jubilee was proclaimed by a mediæval pontiff, who was one of the most remarkable figures of his age, Boniface VIII.; and the twenty-second Jubilee can claim the same distinction in the person of Leo XIII. The grand old mediæval Lateran palace, then the residence of the popes, was the scene of its publication, and the "Mother and Head of all the churches in the world" first re-echoed the stirring sentences of the jubilee bull of promulgation on a day in February, 1300, a bull which was to be repeated, in subsequent centuries, by various pontiffs of the long line of St. Peter's successors, in vastly differing circumstances and in widely differing times. A fresco of the jubilee proclamation of Pope Boniface VIII., executed by the great mediæval painter Giotto (who was present

in Rome for the jubilee), is still extant in the basilica of St. John Lateran. It was painted originally on the walls of an open loggia of the Lateran palace, from whence the first jubilee was proclaimed, and now is carefully preserved in a frame covered with glass, on the wall of the basilica, still glowing and fresh in its delicate coloring.

The first of Italian artists has handed the portrait of a mediæval Pontiff faithfully down to us for all time, as Dante, the first of Italian poets, has framed for us a pen picture of the Eternal City in those far-off days. Dante's lines describe the crowds of pilgrims going and coming over the Bridge of St. Angelo—a picture which, in many of its details (if we except a considerably less amount of law and order), might almost serve for the scene of the present day; for in 1900 as in 1300



GIOTTO'S POPE BONIFACE VIII. OPENING THE FIRST JUBILEE.

the crowds throng yet ceaselessly over the bridge, spanning the brown, sullen river, and pass beneath the shadow of the triumphant angel who guards now, as then, the citadel of the Tomb of the Apostles. For gladly and willingly had Christendom responded to the appeal of Pope Boniface VIII., and it is said that no fewer than two millions of strangers visited Rome during the course of the year; among the illustrious visitors being Charles Martel and Charles of Valois, brother of Philip IV. of

France, who came, together with his wife and child, to lay his homage at St. Peter's feet.

The jubilee was then intended to take place only once in a century, but in the pontificate of Clement VI., who proclaimed the next jubilee, the period was changed to fifty years, and successive pontiffs reduced it to thirty-three years, until the pontificate of Pope Paul II. In 1470 the recurrence of the jubilee became finally reduced to a period of every twenty-five years, a custom which has been followed down to the present day, except in times of trouble and disturbance for the church, as was the case during the pontificate of Pope Pius IX. The second Universal Jubilee took place in 1350, at that saddest of periods when the head of the church was absent from the City of the Apostles, in exile at fair Avignon, and Petrarch and Rienzi were the ambassadors chosen to beg the pope to proclaim a jubilee. This jubilee, despite the absence of the Sovereign Pontiff, was attended by vast multitudes of people, who thronged the narrow byways of the mediæval city almost to overflowing on their way to the basilicas.

But for magnificence and splendor of pomp and ritual the jubilee under Pope Alexander VI. stands out pre-eminent. In this jubilee, for the first time, the proclamation was made from the Vatican, and the solemn ritual of reserving a special Holy Door at the basilicas, walled up and only publicly opened on the occasion of a jubilee, was instituted; for though a holy door had been used in one of the previous jubilees, it had been lost sight of in the lapse of time. As one reads the accounts of the solemn opening ritual of those early jubilees, they are found almost identical with that which we witnessed in the St. Peter's of to-day—solemn, impressive, scriptural, in their deep symbolic meaning, from the very ceremony of opening to the beautiful Mosaic prayer (written by Alexander VI.) and uttered by the Sovereign Pontiff before entering the holy threshold. The tenth "Holy Year," under the pontificate of Pope Julius III., was splendid also in its solemnities, when many a saintly and noble personality, afterwards to be raised to the highest honors of the altar, came as humble suppliants to St. Peter's feet.

There were St. Ignatius of Loyola, St. Francis Borgia (then a courtly Spanish knight), St. Philip Neri, who, true to his instincts of philanthropy, noticing with the keen-eyed vision of the "saint of human nature" the crying need of "hospices"

for the weary, travel-worn pilgrims, established therewith these pious institutions in the Eternal City, which have endured even to the present day. For though St. Philip's "Trinità dei Pellegrini," which has sheltered pious wayfarers from many lands, throughout long centuries of jubilees, no longer opens its hospitable doors, Leo XIII. receives his poor pilgrim guests in the Hospice of Santa Marta, at the Vatican, close under the protecting shadow of St. Peter's, where they are waited upon and cared for by the young men of the "Circolo di San Pietro," descendants of the young Romans St. Philip gathered around him to help in his good work.

After this jubilee succeeded jubilee, at regular intervals of fifty years, till it came down to 1775; after which stormy days succeeded the times of peace, and not until 1825, under the pontificate of Pope Leo XII., was the universal jubilee celebrated again with solemn pomp and ceremony. Pope Pius IX., it is true, proclaimed a jubilee in 1875, but it was bereft by the condition of the times of all the gorgeous solemnity of ritual; so it was left to Leo XIII., the Pontiff grown old with the century, and bearing the burden of ninety years on his venerable shoulders, to open the Holy Portals closed by his namesake in the Papacy on the Christmas Eve of 1826. It is useless here to revert to the memories of the jubilee of Pope Leo XII., when, in his papal bull of proclamation, our present Pontiff has drawn with a masterly hand the striking picture of the Jubilee Rome he knew as a boy. In the audience given



MOTHER AND HEAD OF ALL THE CHURCHES OF THE WORLD.

to cardinals and prelates on the feast of his patron, St. Joachim, the Holy Father lovingly recalled the early memories of his first jubilee, the preaching in the open squares, the crowds of faithful, and the great Pontiff who called the little scholars of the Roman College around him in the Vatican to give them a special blessing, especially praising the young Joachim Pecci, who, as the head of his class, was called upon to thank the Pope for the honor bestowed on his school. It must seem truly marvellous to the aged Pontiff to look back upon it all now; and one wonders if there could have come to the clever boy with the sensitive face, as he watched the closing ceremony of the jubilee in St. Peter's, even a slight premonition of how *he himself, seventy-five years afterwards, on that very spot*, would reopen the Holy Door as *Sovereign Pontiff of the Universal Church*.

The jubilee bull of 1900 was looked forward to with interest, not only on account of the solemnity it proclaimed, but doubly solemn coming so recently after the severe illness of the Sovereign Pontiff.

Nor were the faithful disappointed; for in scholarly majesty, beauty of language and sentiment, and above all in the deep, heartfelt devotion which breathes through every line, the jubilee bull of Leo XIII. will go down to posterity as a record of one of the greatest pontiffs ever given to the church. Well may the inspired utterances, expressing the deep pathos of the sentiments of the aged heart, so near eternity, with its apostolic yearning for the return of the wanderers to the fold of Peter, be graven on the gold hammer with which Leo XIII.'s Jubilee will live in the archives of future history. Few modern speeches or letters contain a more memorable address than that of Leo XIII. (even to those who miss the spiritual meaning) to the faithful, "Rome, then, invites you lovingly to her bosom, O beloved children, wherever you may be, who are able to visit her"; or the concluding sentences on the effect and grandeur of Eternal Rome on the Christian soul, in which the graceful fancy of the pontifical poet reveals itself in flowing, eloquent language.

According to ancient usage, the papal bull was publicly proclaimed for the first time on Ascension day, May 12, 1899, by the Papal Abreviator di Curia, in the portico of St. Peter, after having been received direct from the hands of the Holy Father in the Vatican. Monsignor Dell' Aquila Visconti, the Papal Abreviator di Curia, made the publication from a pulpit

erected in the centre of the portico, in the presence of the Prefect of Pontifical Ceremonies, the Pontifical Precursors, and the Chapter of St. Peter's, to the sound of the joy-bells of every church in the Eternal City, which rang out their welcome to the approach of the Jubilee Year. The Pontifical Precursor then carried the bull to the other major basilicas, where it was solemnly read in the same manner and affixed to the portals; the next proclamation not being made till the fourth Sunday of Advent, a week before the opening of the Holy Door. Despite the long interval between the first and last proclamation of the jubilee, minds were by no means idle in the preparations for the Jubilee Year. The work of the "Committees for the Homage to our Saviour," by means of religious acts, practical charities, erection of memorials, and arrangements for the reception of pilgrims of every kind and of every class, proceeded apace. Retreats for the clergy began with the spiritual exercises at the Vatican, in which the aged Pontiff himself took part. It was a worthy preparation, and when the long-expected Christmas Eve came at last, it found Rome ready and waiting for the Papal summons to usher in the new year and century with praise and prayer. The last public proclamation of the bull took place on the fourth Sunday of Advent, in the portico of St. Peter's, where it was read aloud, in both Latin and Italian, by the Prelates Auditors of the Rote.

Already, in the consistory of December 14, the Sovereign Pontiff had appointed the Cardinal Legates "*ad latere*" who have the privilege of opening the "Holy Doors" at the three other patriarchal basilicas of Rome, and it was arranged that at each basilica the doors should be opened simultaneously with that of St. Peter's on Christmas Eve; three well-known cardinals, the archpriests of the basilicas, performing the ceremony. The splendid presentation hammers with which the ceremony of opening was to be performed by the Pope and the Cardinal Legates were all in readiness for the ceremony, and a few days before Christmas the hammer for the Papal ceremony was presented to His Holiness by the Committee of Homage to the Saviour, under the presidency of his Eminence Cardinal Jacobini, the new Cardinal Vicar of Rome. It was a touching sight, say all those present, to watch the venerable Pontiff as he took the symbolic implement in his hand and pressed it to his heart. It is a gift in its richness and beauty worthy of the episcopate of the Shepherd of Souls, and symbolic of the occasion it represents with its rich gold hammer



The
GOLDEN HAMMER
 with which the
PORTA SANTA
 was opened by
LEO XIII.

- inlaid with gems, and bearing the words "Aperite mihi portas justitiæ," while the ivory handle is embossed with gold ornamentation. The dedication by the episcopate is engraved upon a medal attached by gold chains to the handle, which also bears the memorable words already quoted from the bull: "Rome, then, invites you lovingly to her bosom," etc. As he handled it for the first time Leo XIII. repeated the words aloud to the bystanders; expressing his satisfaction at the gift of those "who deigned to call themselves his brethren in the apostolic charge," and his hope that this opening of the church's treasures would bring profit to many souls. Three nations were represented in the three hammers with which the

Cardinal Legates "ad latere" opened the doors of the major basilicas to the faithful. Catholic France had the honor of presenting the offering of the costly hammer, with its rich traceries, to his Eminence Cardinal Satolli, Archpriest of St. John Lateran, who threw open the doors of pardon of Mother and Head of the Churches in the world. Catholic Italy gave the hammer to Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli for the opening of Santa Maria Maggiore, and Cardinal Oreglia di San Stefano, Dean of the Sacred College, opened the holy gates of St. Paul's-outside-the-walls with the jubilee gift of Catholic Germany.

Only one more interesting ceremony remained to be accomplished before the inauguration of the Jubilee; that of examining and verifying the contents of the holy doors of the four basilicas. For weeks the "Sanpietrini," or workmen of Saint Peter's, had been preparing the portico of Charlemagne, enclosing it in wood and glass, to minimize the risk incurred by the venerable Pontiff in exposing himself to the chill of a draughty portico. At last, however, the arrangements were complete, and the workmen turned their attention to the work of knocking in the "Porta Santa" and putting it lightly together again, so that on the light touch of the Sovereign Pontiff with the hammer it would fall inward, and be carried away from inside. Seen from the portico outside, the walled-up Porta Santa, with its severe metal cross in the centre, and its inscriptions of Popes Pius VI., Gregory XIII., and Leo XII., is simplicity itself; simpler even than the other great portals of bronze which give access to the basilica of the Apostles, but it recalls a world of pontifical memories, of jubilees proclaimed on this holy spot. The work of demolition began from the inside on Tuesday, December 14, in the presence of Monsignor Della Volpe, major-domo of His Holiness, attended by the secretary of the Prefect of the Apostolic Palace, the "Economo" of the fabric of St. Peter, Monsignor De Neckar, and the architects of the basilica, as witnesses. The Papal major-domo began the ceremony by kissing the cross in the centre of the door, then gave the sign to the Sanpietrini to level the wall. The inside bricks revealed various initials, the papal arms, the arms of the Vatican basilica, and the initials of a tile-maker whose descendants still ply their trade near St. Peter's. Under the central stone, as the picks and hammers do their work, the hidden memorials of the jubilee of 1825 come to light, after seventy-five years: A marble casket

with the inscription: "Leo XII. P. M. Anno 1825, in the IIIrd year of his pontificate"; a receptacle for coins of the period; a leaden box, and three blocks of marble, bearing the names of the economo of St. Peter's and the superintendent of the Sanpietrini in 1825. In the presence of Monsignor Della Volpe the caskets were opened and examined in the sacristy of St. Peter's. They contained respectively a copper casket inside the marble, sealed with the seals of the major-domo of Leo XII., "Francesco Marazini, prefect of the pontifi-



THE POPE RESTING WITH MONSIGNOR DELLA VOLPE ON HIS RIGHT.

cal household," and containing about one hundred and fourteen medals of the epoch of Leo XII. in bronze, silver, and gold, with a parchment describing them. The leaden casket contained a curious souvenir—two rosaries in gold and white enamel, bearing a medal coined in Paris on the birth of the Duke of Bordeaux, and a cross presented by the Duke of Rochefoucauld to his godson, M. Millet, who deposited these things in the holy door. The coins, medals, and other records found in the holy door were conveyed to the Holy Father for his immediate inspection, and the Sovereign Pontiff found much to interest him in these souvenirs of the jubilee he wit-

nessed in his youth. The same examination of the interior of the holy doors took place in the three other basilicas, coins and memorials of a like nature being found walled up in each.

The Porta Santa in St. Peter's, by an ingenious engineering arrangement on the part of the superintendent of the Sanpietrini, was put lightly together with a thin coating of lath and plaster, so that from outside it presented its ordinary appearance; while inside the door was attached to cranes and pulleys which, on a signal given by an electric bell, would fall inwards without the slightest hitch.

All was ready in St. Peter's on December 23. From every nook and cranny of the portico the keen winter air was rigidly excluded, and braziers in all available places regulated the atmosphere throughout the night. As the joy-bells of every church in Rome rang out their summons to the morrow's ceremony, pilgrims and Romans knew that the long-expected Jubilee was on the eve of fulfilment. Early on the morning of Christmas Eve, though the air was chill and rain had fallen on the glistening streets, all Rome turned its face to the Vatican, and St. Peter's was the magnet and loadstar for all. As it was considered the most suitable hour for the venerable Pontiff, the opening ceremony was fixed for mid-day, though by ancient usage it should take place just before Vespers. But time was as nothing to the patient pilgrims who had come from far and near to hear the Vicar of Christ proclaim the Jubilee, and eight o'clock found them waiting at the bronze door which gave entrance to the portico. By special privilege (the space within the portico being limited) tickets were also distributed to receive the Apostolic benediction from Leo XIII. in St. Peter's, after he entered the Holy Door. In the ritual for the opening of a jubilee the basilica should remain *closed* and *empty* until the Sovereign Pontiff passes through, all the public following him, but on this occasion, as admittance was by ticket and thousands, unable to be present at the opening ceremony, would thereby have missed all chance of seeing His Holiness, the rubric was relaxed; and while the Papal ceremony proceeded in the portico, St. Peter's was slowly filling by the sacristy entrances with great crowds of people. Troops were drawn up in cordon across the square of St. Peter's, only allowing those with tickets of admission to pass; but law and order were perfect, and to the credit of Romans and foreigners be it said, that in all the cosmopolitan crowds which crushed through the Holy Doors of Rome's

Basilica on Christmas Eve *not a single accident occurred* to mar the religious solēmnity of the Jubilee of Peace—a modern contrast this of our less excitable age to the jubilees of mediæval times, and even those of later date, when people were crushed to death in numbers in the confusion. Even on the last jubilee, in 1825, it is said that as many as eight persons were killed, as the result of accidents in the crush of the holy doors. So, if we have lost much of the picturesqueness of olden times, we have gained in prudence and common sense. But as for picturesqueness, it still survives and crops out in Rome unexpectedly. Few contrasts could have been more startling, and yet more Roman, than the bright decorations—many-colored cloths and brocades hanging from the windows of the tall old houses in the Borgo and Piazza of St. Peter's, and the close stream of electric tramcars, jostling each other in close file as they deposited the modern Jubilee pilgrim at St. Peter's gate.

Once inside the bronze door of the Vatican, however, where the Papal flag floats over the entrance, and, pike in hand, stand the sturdy Swiss, drawn up across the barrier, Rome changes with one of her lightning transformations from modern utilitarianism to mediæval picturesqueness. The portico of Charlemagne is the throne-room of the Papal sovereignty, in surroundings beautiful and picturesque as the ancient ritual to which they form the background. We entered the portico from the side door of the Scala Regia; its vast expanse was carpeted, the walls hung with crimson and gold draperies, and raised galleries or tribunes ran half way around it, and across the further end. No trace of its colonnades remained, for they were completely boarded up and covered with brocade, and lighted in the upper portion by glass—a colossal work of preparation, for which the Sanpietrini deserve much credit. Close by the Porta Santa was erected the Papal throne—a symphony in white and gold, of cloth of silver with raised gold fleur-de-lis, and a crimson canopy bearing the papal arms, while great tapestry paintings flanked the holy door, on a background of rich velvet. All the five entrances were closed, and festooned with graceful drapery of silk and velvet.

The space around the throne in the centre was reserved for the cardinals, bishops, and the Papal court, the rest of the portico being occupied by the public with special tickets of admission; while the ambassadors accredited to the Holy See, the Roman patriciate, and the Knights of Malta took their

places in raised galleries facing the throne. The royal tribune (destined for members of royal reigning houses) had for occupants the Duchess of Trani (the widowed Duchess Matilda of Bavaria) and the Duke d'Alençon, who was the object of so much sympathy in 1897 on the terrible death of his wife in the ill-fated Charity Bazaar in Paris.

During the time of waiting the scene was one of ever-changing motion, every figure in the portico appearing suitable to its surroundings. The first arrivals were the general public of distinguished strangers and Romans, the men in evening dress and the ladies in black, with lace veils on their heads, who poured ceaselessly in till after 11 o'clock, when one began to doubt if the portico really only held one thousand, as had been just stated, or three thousand or four thousand, at least.

Almost as if by magic, the crimson-covered galleries of the ambassadors were brilliant with color in the uniforms of the diplomats of various courts, glittering with stars and official decorations, while the ladies of the Roman patriciate glided by to their places with a rustle of silken trains, the soft folds of their Spanish lace veils forming a pleasing contrast to the sombre black of the court dress, relieved by flashing family jewels. The Papal chamberlains of the Cape and Sword in their Van Dyke costume did the honors of the tribunes, while the Swiss and Pontifical gendarmes formed the picket of the guard. The cynosure of all eyes was the "Porta Santa," which presented to the observer, not near enough to perceive its covering of paper and plaster, its ordinary appearance, save that on the sides there hung long gold cords with tassels, in connection with the electric bell inside St. Peter's, which was to give the signal for the withdrawal of the doors. A huge silver basin containing the holy water for the washing of the threshold stood near the throne, and all was in readiness for the Papal ceremony as the clock struck 11:30.

Simultaneously the peal of joy-bells clanged sonorously over Rome, to call on all the churches to re-echo the note of rejoicing, bidding every heart in the Eternal City turn, at least in spirit, to the Papal ceremonial under St. Peter's dome; for at the moment the bells began to ring the Pope, having assumed the Papal vestments, was kneeling at the foot of the altar in the Sistine Chapel, intoning the "Veni Creator," the signal for the formation of the procession. They were moments of keenest anticipation, as we waited for the great doors to be opened; but the storm of the joy-bells continued in every

note, in every key, as if Rome had gone wild in the riot of rejoicing. At last, high above it all, arose clear and sweet the distant chant of the choir in the strophes of the "Veni Creator"; coming nearer and nearer, note by note, as the procession slowly descended the stairs from the Sistine. As it swelled louder the bells ceased, and silence reigned over the vast assembly, broken only by the chanting, plainly audible through the now open doorway. Finally the gold cross marking the beginning of the procession headed the defile of the religious orders of the church, walking two by two, giving place in their turn to the College of Parish Priests, the prelates, the pontifical chaplains, the consistorial advocates, the chapter of the Vatican Basilica—a conglomeration of vivid color, white, scarlet, violet, purple. Then came the long line of bishops, archbishops, patriarchs, and cardinals, in white vestments glittering with gold embroidery, white mitres on their heads and lighted candles in their hands—a moving vista of radiant splendor, as they slowly, almost interminably, filed into the portico, and took their places around the throne. It seemed as though no sight could have been more impressive than this march of the hierarchy of the church, but a picture still more striking was in store as, from the shadows of the archway, a crimson chair with its white-clad occupant appeared high in sight under a golden canopy, the feather screens waving behind it in billows of undulating whiteness. Simultaneously the silver trumpets pealed out the triumphal march, and Leo XIII., in vestments of cloth of silver, with a white mitre on his head, arose in the "sedia gestatoria" and blessed the crowds, as he was slowly borne along—the white radiance around him reflected on the brilliant uniforms of the princes, prelates, soldiers of his noble court. Almost before we had time to realize the exquisite picture it had passed and the Pope had ascended the throne, and, surrounded by cardinals and bishops, read the opening collect of the ceremony. Another moment, and with the rapid movements so characteristic of him, His Holiness had left the throne and stood before the Porta Santa, when the Cardinal Penitentiary (Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli) proffered the symbolic hammer. A silence, if possible more unbroken than before, reigned at that solemn moment, and each one in the dense crowd felt as if he were alone with the Pontiff at the opening ceremony. The first loud knock of the hammer on the door resounded through the length and breadth of the portico, and the voice of the venerable Vicar of Christ intoned



THE CRIMSON CHAIR WITH ITS WHITE-CLAD OCCUPANT.

in unfaltering accents, slow but unutterably distinct, "Aperite mihi portas justitiæ," the choir responding "ingressus in ea confitebor Domino." A moment's pause, the double knocks resounded again, and the ringing voice rose once more on the stillness, this time in louder and clearer tone, "Introibo in domum tuam Domino," with its corresponding response by the choir. Then again, and for the last time, the knocking of the

gold hammer fell on the holy portals, while the Sovereign Pontiff intoned, in a tone still higher, "Aperite portas quoniam nobiscum Deus," "and, with a slight vibration and rending, the 'Porta Santa' fell back and disappeared instantaneously from sight, leaving the long walled-up portals opened wide to all the world." The Holy Father then returned to the throne, where he recited the prayer "Actiones nostras," after which the six penitentiaries of the basilica washed the threshold and sides of the doorway with sponges of holy water, to the strains of the Psalm "Jubilare Deo," set to Palestrina's music, never produced in Rome since the last jubilee of 1825.

It was a strange coincidence that the music of the great Italian composer Palestrina should be produced for the second time in the century under the direction of the greatest living composer of church music in the present day, the Abbé Perosi, whose boyish face and figure look younger than the boy choristers of his able choir. A tranquil smile was noticed on the face of Leo XIII. as he leaned back on the throne for an instant's repose, listening to the music of the choir—a smile which seemed to denote that the Holy Father was well pleased with the labor accomplished, the successful opening of the Holy Door. At the end of the psalm the Sovereign Pontiff arose and read the beautiful prayer for the opening of a jubilee, "Deus qui per Moïsen famulum tuum," each word rendered *slowly, clearly, distinctly*, in that wonderful voice of his, which seems to gain in sympathetic "timbre" and vibrating pathos as the Pope grows older. He then descended from the throne and took off his mitre, each cardinal, patriarch, archbishop, and bishop lifting his mitre simultaneously with that of His Holiness. With venerable white head uncovered, carrying a cross in one hand and a lighted candle in the other, the Vicar of Christ, intoning the "Te Deum," crossed the holy threshold under whose portals he had passed for the last time seventy-five years ago.

It was a sight which might have inspired an artist, under the title "In hoc signo vinces" or "At the century's close." And yet people tell us that religion is out of date; but the unbelieving generation are wrong, as they were in the days when the standard of the first Christian emperor floated in the sky. "In hoc signo vinces" is true now as then, and until the end of time Christ's Vicar will bear the standard of the Crucified King.

Following the Pope into St. Peter's came the train of

cardinals, patriarchs, archbishops, and prelates, each carrying a lighted candle and chanting the hymn of praise. Then the great doorways were thrown open and throngs who had assisted at the ceremony poured into the basilica, emptying the portico in an instant. It had been arranged that the Holy Father would give the Apostolic benediction from a raised platform before the tomb of St. Peter. So he passed with his cortège up the right nave, which had been completely barricaded from the rest of the church, so that His Holiness was enabled to pay a visit to the Blessed Sacrament Chapel and take a short rest and restorative before appearing amidst the people, who filled the two lateral naves, and the lower part of the church opposite the statue of St. Peter. More striking,



CARDINAL VINCENZO VANNUTELLI PROFFERED THE SYMBOLIC HAMMER.

perhaps, than the scene in the portico was this Papal function in St. Peter's, for the vast spaces, the grand architecture, and the waiting thousands under St. Peter's dome, are the suitable environment and background of a Papal procession. The Italian pilgrims and Rome's "Catholic Associations" were grouped together in one spot, ready to join in the Papal cortège, and form a guard of honor around the Sovereign Pontiff's chair, and the radiant sunshine streamed on their brilliant colored banners, glinting also on the gold and marble of the Apostle's tomb. It was long that we waited, but after all one does not wait for a pope in St. Peter's every day; and besides taking a much needed rest in the interval, the Holy Father received the religious confraternities of Rome, assigning them their charge as custodians of the holy doors of the basilicas throughout the Jubilee Year.

Once more the chanting of the choir was heard, the long procession moved slowly forward, and the *sedia gestatoria* under the white canopy appeared suddenly in sight of the people. A burst of enthusiasm arose from every side of the great church, drowning choir and silver trumpets alike. It was the one touch of nature which stirred the hearts of the multitude, in seeing the venerable man before them; so old, so apparently feeble, yet full of the mighty spirit which sustains the frail body; for though weary with the strain of the morning, Leo XIII. would not give in till his duty was done and he had blessed the faithful in St. Peter's. The *sedia gestatoria* was placed on a platform before the confessional, and here, standing before the people with arms outstretched over them, in all the majesty of the pontificate, the successor of St. Peter gave the Apostolic benediction and plenary indulgence from St. Peter's tomb. It was over all too quickly, and the gorgeous procession faded from our sight; but the inauguration of the Jubilee of 1900 by Leo XIII. was a day not soon to be forgotten by those present.

From that moment Rome's holy doors were open for the whole Jubilee Year, and ever since crowds of the faithful have been ceaselessly surging through them to gain the indulgences held out by the church. And they will continue to do so till the first year of the new century ends and the Holy Father closes the door once more on the Christmas Eve of 1900 when, with the same ceremonial of the opening, His Holiness will throw mortar on the sides of the door with a golden trowel, and the Sanpietrini will finish the work of walling it up.

From every land pilgrimages are coming to the Eternal City. Italy holds the day in January, February, and March; and no fewer than nineteen pilgrimages in all will arrive before April, every diocese, from the snow-clad Alps to the fair southern island of Sicily, sending its contingent to Jubilee Rome. In April come the Portuguese, the Swiss, and the Irish (in Holy Week), while the month of May will see the colossal pilgrimage of the "Eldest Daughter of the Church" to assist at the Tertiaries' Congress and the double canonization of Blessed John Baptist La Salle and Blessed Rita of Cascia. After them, also in May, will come the Austrian, Polish, Dutch, and Bavarian (the latter to assist at the beatification of a Bavarian saint). This, however, is only a short forecast of one-half of the Jubilee Year, and Catholic America will not be behind-hand with the nations in offering her homage of devotion at St. Peter's feet.

A truly modern feature of our Jubilee Year are the workmen's pilgrimages organized in various countries, which will be a great success, taking the French pilgrimages under M. Louis Harmel as a precedent. It is surely only right and just that the workman of the present day—the greatest factor for good or evil in the fortunes of a nation—should, if he professes the Catholic religion, see in person the Vicar of Christ, and the centre and abiding-place of his faith. The workmen are well to the fore in the Jubilee proclaimed by the Workmen's Pope; and on New Year's Eve, "when the Mass of the two centuries" was celebrated by the Sovereign Pontiff in the midnight stillness of the Vatican, the golden and jewelled chalice he raised aloft represented the offerings of thousands of artisans. Wishing to show their devotion to the Vicar of Christ, they chose this most appropriate of offerings, that in raising it the Father of the faithful may daily remember the workmen at the Offertory of the Mass. Inexpressibly solemn in its devotion was the vigil of homage to the Lord of the Centuries all over Rome, from the Pope's quiet Mass in his private chapel to the splendid High Mass, sung in presence of the Blessed Sacrament, in St. Peter's and nearly every other church in the Eternal City—an event unique throughout the ages and attended by crowds of people.

The Holy Father's Jubilee wish was more than abundantly fulfilled, that the greatest number of Catholics throughout the world should ring out the old year and century and ring in the new, not by mirth and feasting but before the altar in

silent prayer, to bring down a blessing on the century so well begun. It should be a "holy year" indeed, not only of prayer but of works, for nowadays, in this hard-cornered world, we Catholics must forge ahead even in old-world Rome, to keep our "separated brethren" from getting the upper hand in practical works of charity.

The International Committee of Homage to the Redeemer



AFTER THE FATIGUES OF THE CEREMONY.

is doing a right royal work, and besides the special religious services, the erection of nineteen monuments and statues to the Redeemer on Italy's mountain heights, there will be works of charity, corporal and spiritual, to the people. There will be the opening of deserted chapels in the Roman Campagna, soup kitchens for the poor, popular lectures to the working-folk on the Jubilee Year, and the sacred oratorios of Perosi, so specially suitable to this holy time.

If modern Rome is not the Rome of other days; if the preachers no longer declaim in the public squares, nor popes, nor emperors visit barefooted the jubilee shrines, still the old Catholic spirit is there, deep in the hearts of the people, even though they live in the midst of a generation of unbelief.

The words of a Padre Zocchi or a Radini Tedeschi are none the less eloquent and convincing if spoken from the pulpit instead of the public square, and pilgrims none the less devout who visit the basilicas in electric cars. Those who come to the Eternal City in this Jubilee Year "to listen to the voice of Rome's monuments," will not fail to find in it the Holy City of yore—Christian Rome, the heritage of the ages, which no earthly power can take away.

THE NUPTIALS OF SORROW.

I.

From the dark of the desert of saints,
In the night of my loss,
Came a soul-haunting echo of plaints
And the shade of a Face on a Cross.
Forth I went, as a little one led by the hand,
'Mid the death-smelling sand.

II.

As one pales at the clanging of steel,
And is sickened with dread
At the blood dripping loud its appeal,
My poor heart lieth still as the dead;
And my soul is aswoon with a weak woman fear
Of a scourge hissing near.

III.

Hath He hidden there joy far above
All this menace of pain,
That He thus might entice to a love
Unalloyed by the vision of gain?
Hath He made Him an Altar for wedding a Bride
Of the Cross where He died?

J. O. AUSTIN.

THE "CONSENT OF THE GOVERNED" AND THE FILIPINOS.

BY E. B. BRIGGS, D.C.L.



HE Declaration of Independence, being an American state paper, can be properly construed and interpreted only in the light of American jurisprudence. This is a truth which is "self-evident"; and it is the purpose in this paper to give, in the language of American publicists and of the American courts, such construction and such interpretation.

Should it appear that such construction and interpretation correspond with the best and highest expression of Catholic opinion, so much the greater our appreciation of the institutions of our country.

The Declaration begins in these words, viz.: "When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one People to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another"; and goes on to state certain "self-evident" truths, among them being the much-abused phrase that "all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed."

That particular phrase is now being construed by the anti-social press, as well as by honest ignorance, in the sense that the Fathers of the Republic proclaimed by it to the civilized world the astounding and essentially anarchistic doctrine that civilized states are inhibited from imposing upon savage and barbarous man civilized government, without his own "consent," albeit to rescue civilization from anarchy and disorder!

It is earnestly submitted to the candid judgment of our fellow-Catholics that, if any such *a priori* assertion were true, the Declaration of Independence would deserve the reprobation of all decent men, as being the Bible of anarchy, instead of being, as it was, a plain and concrete statement of what its authors conceived to be the rights of man living in organized political society.

As opposed to all *a priori* assertions as to the meaning of the Declaration of Independence, the writer proposes to prove, in the concrete, the following thesis, viz.:

The "consent of the governed" spoken of in the Declaration of Independence as essential to the just powers of government means only the consent of organized political societies or peoples. But the inhabitants of the Philippine Islands in their present state do not constitute an organized political society or people.

Therefore, the "consent of the governed" spoken of in the Declaration of Independence does not apply to the inhabitants of the Philippine Islands.

In jurisprudence the term, "The People," is synonymous with civil and political society; "and does not include forms of society inferior to the nation or state."

"When a number of persons (whom we may style subjects) are supposed to be in the habit of paying obedience to a person, or an assemblage of persons of known and certain description (whom they style governor or governors), such persons altogether (subjects and governors) are said to be in a state of political society." (Bentham, *Fragment on Gov.*, ch. i., par. 10-11.)

"The state is defined by Aristotle (*Politics*, III. ix. 14), 'the union of septs and villages in a complete and self-sufficient life.' The first and most elementary community is the family. A knot of families associating together, claiming blood-relationship and descent, real or fictitious, from a common ancestor, whose name they bear, constitute a *yévos*, called in Ireland a *sept*, in Scotland a *clan*, in England nameless. When the sept comes to cluster their habitations or encampments in one or more spots, and to admit strangers in blood to dwell among them, these hamlets or camps gradually reach the magnitude of a *village*. When a number of these *villages*, belonging to different *septs*, come to be contiguous to one another, this mere juxtaposition does not make of them a state. Nor does exchange of commodities, nor intermarriage, nor an offensive and defensive alliance; these are the mutual relations of a *confederacy*, but all of them and more are needed for a state. To be a state it is necessary that the *septs* and *villages* should agree to regulate the conduct of their individual members by a *common standard of social virtue*, sufficient for their well-being as one community. This common standard is fixed by common consent, or by the decision of some power competent to act for all and to punish delinquents. The name of this common standard is *law*. The community thus formed leads a life complete and self-sufficient, not being a

member of another but a body of itself, not part of an ulterior community, but complete in the fulness of social good and social authority." . . . "This self-sufficient and perfect community, which is not part of any higher community, is the state." . . . "A community that is to any extent governed from without, like British India or London, is not a state, but a part of a state, for it is not a perfect community." (Rev. Joseph Rickaby, *Ethics and Natural Law*, ch. viii. pt. 3.)

"The right of government to govern, or political authority, is derived by the collective people or society from God through the law of nature." . . . "Here it suffices to say that supposing a political people or nation, the sovereignty rests in the community, not supernaturally, or by an external supernatural appointment, as the clergy hold their authority, but by the natural law, or law by which God governs the whole moral creation." . . . "Under this law, whose prescriptions are promulgated through reason and embodied in universal jurisprudence, nations are providentially constituted, and invested with political sovereignty." . . . "The political sovereignty, under the law of nature, attaches to the people, not individually but collectively, as civil or political society. It is vested in the political community or nation." . . . "Under the patriarchal, the tribal, and the Asiatic monarchical systems there is, properly speaking, no state, no citizens, and the organization is economical rather than political." . . . (Brownson, *American Republic*, ch. iii.; Zigliara, *Summa*, III. 228-249; Liberatore, *Summa*, III. 209-213; 240-285.)

"Society may be distinguished into two kinds, natural and civil. This distinction has not been marked with the accuracy which it merits. Indeed, some writers have given little attention to the latter kind; others have expressly denied it, and said there can be no civil society without civil government. But this is certainly not the case. A state of civil society must have existed, and such a state, in all our reasonings on this subject, must be supposed before civil government could be regularly formed or established. Nay, 'tis for the security and improvement of such a state that the adventitious one of civil government has been instituted. To civil society, indeed, without including in its description the idea of civil government, the name of State may be assigned by way of excellence." (James Wilson, signer of Declaration of Independence, *Lectures on Law*, i. 270-271.)

"The people, in its organic unity, constitutes the nation.

It is not a sum or aggregation of men, a chance collection accumulated as a heap of fragments; it is not a mob but a people, not a *vulgus* but a *populus*." "Hence, ye fragments!" (Mulford, *The Nation*, p. 61.)

"Sovereignty resides in the society or body politic; in the corporate unit resulting from the organization of many into one, and not in the individuals constituting such unit, nor in any number of them as such, nor even in all of them, except as organized into a body politic and acting as such." (Jamieson, *Constitutional Convention*, pp. 19-20; 5 Pet., i. 52.)

People is defined as: "The entire body of the inhabitants of a state or nation, taken collectively in their capacity of sovereign." (*Am. and Eng. Ency. Law*, vol. xviii. p. 696.)

People: "A state, as the people of the State of New York. A nation in its collective and political capacity." (Black, *Law Dict.*)

"The word People means the supreme power of a country." (Nesbitt v. Lushington, 4 Term Rep., 785, Hilary Term, 1792.)

"When the term 'the people' is made use of in constitutional law or discussion, it is often the case that those only are intended who have a share in the government through being clothed with the elective franchise." . . . "But in all the commentaries and guaranties of rights the whole people are included, because the rights of all are equal, and are meant to be equally protected. In all of the States the power to amend their constitutions resides in the great body of the people as an organized body politic." (Cooley, *Prin. Const. Law*, secs. 295, 383.)

"The word people may have various significations according to the connection in which it is used. When we speak of the rights of the people, or of the government of the people by law, or of the people as a non-political aggregate, we mean all the inhabitants of the state or nation, without distinction as to sex, age, or otherwise. But when reference is made to the people as the repository of sovereignty or as the source of governmental power, or to popular government, we are in fact speaking of that selected and limited class of citizens to whom the constitution accords the elective franchise and the right of participating in government. The people, in this narrow sense, are the 'collegiate sovereign' of the state and the nation. But the sovereign can exercise his powers only in the mode pointed out by the organic law which he has himself ordained." (Black, *Const. Law*, p. 25.)

"A distinction was taken at the bar between a state and the people of the state. It is a distinction I am not capable of comprehending. By a state forming a republic I do not mean the legislature of the state, the executive of the state, or the judiciary of the state, but all the citizens which compose the state, and are, if I may so express myself, integral parts of it." (*Penhallow v. Doane*, 3 Dall., 93.)

It would thus *seem* that, neither in Political Science, nor in Jurisprudence, does a *vulgus*, composed of disintegrated tribesmen reinforced by an aggregate of half-breed Chinamen, constitute a "People."

In what manner does a "People" give the "consent of the governed," according to the interpretation placed by American jurisprudence upon the American Declaration of Independence?

"Government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed." . . . "Whence does one-fourth of the population get its right to govern the other three-fourths?"

"Certain it is that the alleged social compact has in it no social or civil element. It does not and cannot create society. It can give only an aggregation of individuals, and society is not an aggregation, nor even an organization of individuals. It is an organism, and individuals live in its life as well as it in theirs. There is a real, living solidarity which makes individuals members of the social body, and members one of another. There is no society without individuals and no individuals without society; but in society there is that which is not individual, and is more than all individuals." . . .

"The constitution is two-fold: the constitution of the state or nation, and the constitution of the government. The constitution of the government is, or is held to be, the work of the nation itself; the constitution of the state, or of the people of the state, is, in its origin at least, providential, given by God himself, operating through historical events, or natural causes. The one originates in law, the other in historical fact. The nation must exist, and exist as a political community, before it can give itself a constitution; and no state, any more than an individual, can exist without a constitution of some sort." (Brownson, *American Republic*, 22-74; Zigliara, iii. 228-233, 240-249; Liberatore, iii. 244-247, 264-267, 270-275.)

"All tribes and nations in which the patriarchal system remains, or is developed without transformation, are barbaric, and really so regarded by all Christendom. In civilized nations the patriarchal authority is transformed into that of the city

or state, that is, of the republic; but in all barbarous nations it retains its private and personal character. The nation is only the family or tribe, and is called by the name of its ancestor, founder, or chief, not by a geographical denomination." . . . "Even when the barbaric nations have ceased to be nomadic, pastoral, or predatory nations," . . . "they have still no state, no country." (Brownson, *American Republic*, ch. 3.)

"The political maxim that government rests upon the consent of the governed appears, therefore, to be practically subject to many exceptions; and when we say the sovereignty of the state is vested in the people, the question very naturally presents itself, What are we to understand by *the People* as used in this connection? What *should* be the correct rule upon this subject does not fall within our province to determine. Upon this men will theorize; but the practical question precedes the formation of the constitution and is addressed to the people themselves. As a practical fact the sovereignty is vested in those persons who are permitted by the constitution of the state to exercise the elective franchise.

"The voice of the people, acting in their sovereign capacity, can be of legal force only when expressed at the times and under the conditions which they themselves have prescribed and pointed out by the constitution, or which, consistently with the constitution, have been prescribed and pointed out for them by law; and if by any portion of the people, however large, an attempt should be made to interfere with the regular working of the agencies of government at any other time or in any other manner than as allowed by existing law, either constitutional or otherwise, it would be revolutionary in character, and must be resisted and repressed by the officers who, for the time being, represent legitimate government." (Cooley, *Constitutional Limitations*, pp. 37, 598.)

"The maxim which lies at the foundation of our government is that all political power originates with the people. But since the organization of government it cannot be claimed that either the legislative, executive, or judicial powers, either wholly or in part, can be exercised by them directly. By the institution of government the people surrender the exercise of their sovereign functions of government to agents chosen by themselves, who at least theoretically represent the supreme will of their constituents. Thus all power possessed by the

people themselves is given and centred in their chosen representatives." (*Gibson v. Mason*, 5 Nev., 283.)

The phrase that "all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed," as interpreted by American jurisprudence, means, therefore, that in organic political society the people, the society itself, consents to the enactment of the laws through the representative system, a system which does not exist, and never has existed, in any human society of an organization or constitution lower than the civil and political organization! (*Blair v. Ridgely*; *Luther v. Borden*.)

All *a priori* theories, fulminations, and assertions to the contrary notwithstanding, this is the construction placed upon the principle of the Declaration, in an unbroken current of decisions of the courts, as well as in the commentaries of the publicists. The fathers themselves, as is shown in the opening sentence of the Declaration itself, had in mind a state of political society, and none other. Were the contrary the truth, it might not be amiss to remind our readers that, not the Declaration of Independence, not the "Farewell Letter" of George Washington, but the Constitution of the United States, is the "supreme law of the land"; but this is unnecessary. Contemporaneous history amply supports the interpretation placed upon the language of the Declaration. The Declaration itself, the Revolution of which it was but one link in the chain, were brought about because of the denial by the mother country of the *political* right of representation, an institution solely appertaining to political society; and the Revolution itself was successful because the colonists had, prior to the Declaration, and with the organization of the "people" in the Continental Congress, awakened to the self-consciousness of the fact that they were already a self-sufficient political community, a "people," a nation, a sovereign state. The Declaration proclaimed to the civilized world an accomplished fact. (*Burgess, Pol. Science and Comp. Const. Law*, i. 100.)

Our major premiss would *seem* to stand proved. To get to a valid expression of the "consent of the governed" you must have representative political government, itself based upon political society.

As to the minor premiss: Are the "Filipinos" (not a name self-consciously chosen, but imposed, in derision, by the Spaniards, the "insurgents" being of the "hyphenated" order, Tagalogs.Chinese-half-breeds) a political society or "people," with a providential or natural constitution?

"The Filipinos are not a nation, but a variegated assemblage of different types and peoples, and their loyalty is still of the tribal type.

"Should our power by any fatality be withdrawn, the commission believe that the government of the Philippines would speedily lapse into anarchy, which would incite, if it did not necessitate, the intervention of other powers and the eventual division of the islands among them.

"Only through American occupation, therefore, is the idea of a free, self-governing and united Philippine commonwealth at all conceivable." (Report U. S. Philippine Commission, Nov. 2, 1899.)

The conclusion follows.

Catholic University of America.

De Profundis.


BY MARY GRANT O'SHERIDAN.



AS that Despair who passed me by but now,
Or was it vigil-keeping Grief gone mad?
Affrighted eyes beneath a death-white brow,
And clinging, clammy locks. A broken vow:
Naught else could make those trembling lips
so sad.

And, oh, what agony the hands betray!
Thin hands clinched downward, as if knowing not
Love ever lives and ever holdeth sway,
And only those are happy who obey,
Humbly accepting what Love doth allot.
And though she called me as she passed along,
Brushing me with her sombre robe, wind-blown
And damp, I answered only with a song,
Singing of right, victorious o'er wrong,
And the sweet joy Love giveth to His own.

SHOULD THE REGENTS HAVE MORE POWER?

INCE the Catholic Summer-School of America was located at Cliff Haven, N. Y., on the shore of Lake Champlain, it obtained legal existence as a corporation by an absolute charter from the Regents of the University of the State of New York, and is now classified within the system of public instruction devoted to University Extension. By this charter from the Board of Regents many advantages are secured for students preparing for examinations, besides the legal privileges which could be obtained in no other way. In the official documents relating to the charter ample guarantees were given that the object for which the Catholic Summer-School was organized shall be steadily kept in view, and the good work continued according to the plans approved by its founders and trustees. The practical results have justified the wisdom of the plan adopted. Further discussion has shown that Catholic Educational Institutions have a reliable guarantee of official protection and recognition through the Charter of the Regents.

The object of the Catholic Summer-School has been to co-operate with professional educators by increasing the facilities for busy people as well as for those of leisure to pursue lines of study in various departments of knowledge by providing opportunities of getting instruction from eminent specialists. It is not intended to have the scope of the work limited to any class, but rather to establish an intellectual centre where any one with serious purpose may come and find new incentives to efforts for self-improvement. During a summer vacation, without great expense, one may listen to the best thought of the world, condensed and presented by unselfish masters of study.

At a reception tendered last August to the Hon. John T. McDonough, Secretary of State and ex-officio member of the Board of Regents, the presiding officer, Rev. Thomas McMillan, C.S.P., spoke on behalf of the Summer-School as follows:

"We are gathered together to pay our respects to a very honorable body of the State of New York known as the Board of Regents, from whom we hold our charter for University Extension work. That charter represents great advantages to

the Champlain Summer-School. Our friends in New England have appreciated its value, and were willing to have the Summer-School located in the State of New York by preference to any other State, chiefly on account of this charter. We are able to get recognition for our work in this way which is of professional value, so that we can take rank as leaders in educational work. It has been our aim from the very beginning not to attempt to teach every subject of interest to educated people, but to teach a few and in a way to command respect; and our Syllabus has been welcomed in many educational institutions. It has been a surprise to many non-Catholics in the way of talent displayed. Some of them were not able to realize, from any previous document, that we had so much talent at our command, in our colleges, universities, and academies under Catholic control."

From the address delivered at the Champlain Summer-School by Regent McDonough the following abstract is taken with a view to show the historical bearings of the present discussion on Educational Unification. He claimed that the State of New York is liberal to her educational institutions, as she is in everything else. Politicians could tell you of contests so close that the change of one vote in each school district would change the political complexion of the State. That was true in the last election. The successful candidate had only 17,000 majority, and the change of one vote in each school district would have elected the other candidate. In these school districts the people elect a trustee, a clerk, and a collector; and these are the big men of the district. The trustees select the teachers; they do not examine them.

We have in the State of New York outside the cities—School Commissioners, in the rural districts; and there are 112 of these elected by the people, for a term of three years. They have charge of the district schools. They distribute State money, and look after the trustees and the teachers. They are supposed to examine the teachers, or preside at the examination; but as a matter of fact the questions are all prepared in Albany, by the Board of Examiners, and the question determined there whether the candidates are qualified.

A Union Free School District in the country means that several of these district schools may unite and form one school, for higher education.

In cities and in villages of 5,000 inhabitants and upwards they have Boards of Education. The enormous extent

of our schools in this State may be seen by the statement that we have 1,500,000 people of school age—the school age is from five to twenty-one—and the number, of school age, who attended the schools of the State last year was 1,168,000, and there was an average attendance of 827,000 every day.

The teachers constitute a great army. There are 29,330 teachers in the public schools and high schools of the State; this year they earned over fifteen millions—viz.: \$15,156,000. In addition to that there were paid for new buildings in this State over \$8,000,000; and the total expenditures of the schools, as reported to the Superintendent of Public Instruction, were twenty-nine million five hundred thousand dollars, in one year.

These schools are all under the supervision and direction of an officer called the Superintendent of Public Instruction. He receives a salary of \$5,000 a year. He is elected by the Legislature of the State, in joint ballot, just as a United States Senator is elected. He has very large powers. Through his department people qualify as teachers; he looks after the examinations. He has charge of distributing the school moneys raised by taxation, amounting to over four million dollars a year. This is distributed through the State. He has the power, also, to hear appeals. Any school question that arises in any of these school districts may be referred to him. If a party is dissatisfied, he may appeal to the Superintendent of Public Instruction. That superintendent hears the appeal, just as a law case is heard, and he decides the case; and from his decision there is no appeal to any court. He is absolute; his authority is final. Sometimes this works great injustice; sometimes it is for our good. There was a case some time ago, where an appeal was made to the superintendent as to the question of whether a hat was a ballot-box. At a school meeting they put the ballots in a hat and some party was beaten for trustee, and he appealed to the superintendent, claiming that the law required that a ballot-box should be used, and that a hat was not a ballot-box. The superintendent decided that the election was legal and valid. In school questions he is all-powerful. In addition to the public schools he has charge of eleven Normal Colleges. These are supported by the State for the purpose of educating teachers.

Now we come to the question of higher education. Very little was done in this State, in the early days, for higher edu-

cation. When the Dutch had the New Netherlands they are said to have originated a very good school system. When the English took the colony, they did little or nothing; and the first effort that resulted in any great good for higher education was as late as 1746, when the Legislature passed an act to provide for the founding of a college, and the foundation for that college was to be twenty-two hundred and fifty pounds, to be raised by lottery in the colony of New York. We have changed so much since then that our constitution forbids all lotteries. That was followed by the chartering, in 1754, of King's College. That charter came from King George II., and the institution was aided by that king and some of the noblemen of his reign. That King's College was the foundation of Columbia College. King's College was broken up during the Revolution; became defunct, virtually, and nothing was done for higher education until after the Revolution. The very first Latin School was established in New York in 1688, by the Jesuits, and it was one of the first schools of that time. That school was established when Thomas Dongan, a genuine Catholic gentleman, was governor of this colony; and he gave protection to everybody. He gave a charter of liberties to this college, in which he granted freedom of worship, and the Jesuits were free to have their schools. After the Revolution, in 1783, the population of the whole State of New York was a little more than one-half the population of the present City of Buffalo—two hundred and fifty thousand people. The great City of New York, the Borough of Manhattan, had at that time 25,000, and Long Island 30,000. The Hudson Valley, up through to Lake Champlain and west to Schenectady, had the remainder. Schenectady was the only town of importance west of Albany, only seventeen miles distant.

In 1784 Governor Clinton thought that a great effort ought to be made to revive and encourage seminaries of learning, and sent a message to the Legislature asking them to do something for this purpose. This was considered an opportune time to revive King's College, and provide means for higher education of young men. The governors or trustees of Old King's College then saw their opportunity. They came to Albany in great force—Hamilton, and Jay and Duane, and others—and made an effort to obtain control of the university which was about to be established. Duane introduced the bill. He was one of the friends of King's College. The majority of the

committee were afterwards governors of the college. They had the principal offices of the Legislature, and they took to what we call "lobbying," and they actually got the bill through, reviving King's College under the name of Columbia, and giving it control of the whole education of the State of New York. That caused a good deal of dissatisfaction among the people in the country districts. The Board of Regents, as organized under that law, was not pleasing to them. The result was the agitation went on. Clinton, Livingston, Lansing, and L'Hommedieu took the side of the people; and Hamilton, Jay and Duane, and others were for Columbia. Finally the matter was compromised by the passage of an act in 1787, which act is substantially the law of to-day under which the operations of the Board of Regents are authorized, and which has continued in force for over a hundred years. The Board of Regents, or University of the State of New York, as it is called, is not an educating body; it is a governing body. It has charge of all the colleges, and it has the academies, and it has the high schools; and it consists of the State Library, the State Museum, and all the other libraries in the State and all museums and institutions of higher education chartered by the Regents.

There were last year, in the University, 21 colleges of arts and sciences for men, 8 colleges of arts and sciences for women; 5 colleges of arts and sciences for men and women; 7 law schools; 12 theological schools; 523 high schools; 131 academies, and 50 other institutions, making a total of 760 institutions under the Regents. The number of students attending these colleges was 29,800. The number attending the high schools and academies was 66,340.

The net property of the colleges of this State amounted to \$70,251,000; and the annual expenditure of the schools amounted to \$7,738,000; showing an increase of two hundred per cent. in ten years.

There are nineteen elective Regents, and four ex-officio Regents: the Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, Secretary of State, and Superintendent of Public Instruction. In case of vacancy the office is filled by the Legislature, and the Regent is elected for life. They have power to confer honorary degrees; to establish examinations, to grant diplomas; to maintain lectures connected with higher education; to apportion public moneys to academies and to high schools. No student can now become a lawyer or a doctor without passing a

Regents' examination, unless he is a graduate of a college. They have the power to examine the conditions and operations of every institution in the University, and require annual reports.

During the past thirty years that I have been interested in this work, it has been surprising to me to note the great advancement made in the schools under the Regents, and to watch the increase in the number of Catholic academies established under them. They have made it very easy to incorporate an academy. Formerly it was required that persons desiring to incorporate an academy must own five thousand dollars worth of property, and have apparatus, etc. In order to induce Catholic academies to come in under the Regents, they have modified that rule very much. They do not require absolute ownership; they take a lease of fifty years as equivalent to ownership of property. So we have been in the habit, around Albany, of simply leasing a school to five trustees, who are, chiefly, the bishop, vicar-general, a chancellor and two other clergymen, to be selected by them. It is permitted also in case the trustees cease to use the building for school purposes, or allow it to be used for any other purpose, that the property revert to the church. So that it is perfectly safe to make such a lease, and we find that it has been very popular and very beneficial. We have three or four academies incorporated under the Regents in Albany, and others in Troy, Cohoes, Catskill, Amsterdam, Utica, Syracuse, Rochester, and other parts of the State. Examination papers are sent out every quarter, and the schools take these examinations. There is no provision whatever in regard to teaching religion in these academies; they can teach what they like. The Regents look to the work in secular studies, and they judge what is done by the examinations. Catholic academies have already petitioned for money for credentials earned, under that section of the constitution which provides for the expenses of examinations and inspections. The Legislature is free to appropriate just as much money as it sees fit for the examinations in the State of New York.

During the session of 1899 the School Revision Bill, introduced by Senator White, aroused intense opposition. That bill contained over eight hundred sections, one hundred and eight of which were absolutely new, in the principles introduced. An effort was made to bring in the Deaf Schools, and the Blind Schools, and the Dumb Schools, as Public Schools—

make them common Public Schools. This was objected to by a great many people. It meant taking the blind children away from where their parents wanted them, and it meant that there should be no religious instruction whatever in these schools for the deaf, dumb, and blind; and the Catholics of New York, Buffalo, and elsewhere were opposed to it. The Catholic people did great work in that direction. They sent Judge Daly and other very able men from New York. Buffalo sent down Judge Lewis, and Rochester sent also some able representatives. They came to Albany in great force, and worked strenuously to prevent the enactment of the last mentioned objectionable features of the bill. These efforts were rewarded by having all those clauses stricken out of the bill. Pending this result, another question came up; the question of Unification. The Superintendent of Public Instruction desired to have the absolute control of the high schools—the five hundred high schools—and take them away from the Regents. The Regents were determined he should not take them. The fight went on, and is not ended yet. The men who are most interested in education do not object to putting all these institutions under one body, but they are not in favor of putting them under one man who has absolute power. They are not in favor of putting them all under the Superintendent of Public Instruction. That is the stand I took in the matter—that I am in favor of putting the whole school system of the State under the Regents, who have been fair and just and honorable; who are men of experience, and who discuss all these questions with due deliberation, and decide by a majority vote. I believe it is our duty to do all that we can for Unification, under the Regents of the University.

After examining this condensed statement of the facts of the case the impartial reader will answer the question given at the head of this article in the affirmative. To continue the good work already begun, and to extend it all along the line of educational progress, from the Kindergarten to the University, the Regents should have more power conceded by an act of the present Legislature. It is time to abolish the central despotism exercised by the State Superintendent of Public Instruction, and to subordinate his office to the general welfare of the people in the city as well as the country districts, thus securing the greatest good for the largest number of citizens.



MR. AUGUSTIN DALY, THE GIFTED PLAYWRIGHT.

THE STORY OF "THE DALY BIBLE."

BY LIDA ROSE McCABE.

I.



HE keystone to the remarkable book collection of the late Mr. Augustin Daly is the Douai Bible.

The story of how the gifted playwright and master stage-manager extended, at a cost of eighteen thousand dollars, the original edition of one volume to forty-two folio volumes by the insertion of more than eight thousand rare prints, engravings, etchings, water-colors, and mezzotints, recalls the munificence of the Medicis, and is refreshing evidence of the deep religious feeling of the man

whose life-work has left indelible impression not only upon the artistic growth of New York but upon the entire country. It is less than a year since Augustin Daly passed to his reward, and the public has yet to waken to a true estimate of what he effected through his plays and his theatres for art and morals. It was his ambition to make the playhouse the handmaid of the pulpit. For more than thirty years Mr. Daly's playhouse was, in the homes of conservative culture, the synonyme of all that is clean, wholesome, and uplifting in the world of entertainment. In bringing about his reforms in the dramatic profession Mr. Daly is credited with the first wholly successful attempt to give the actor, as a member of the artistic brotherhood, his proper place in society. Before his time even stars were wont to seek the playhouse carrying their wardrobes across their backs, after the manner of the early emigrant. By paying the actor a salary sufficient to meet his needs he tended to transform him into a staid citizen of the commonwealth.

No green-room in the world had decorum like the Daly Theatre. The same deportment was obligatory on the members of his companies when they went abroad in the public streets, the railroads, or ocean steamers. While he was ever a hard task-master, his actors realized, while they often chafed under his discipline, that his was unselfish service to high ideals. The reforms he wrought are to-day the accepted order of things. Theatres are upon the whole respectable and safe. The play, carping pessimists to the contrary notwithstanding, is for the most part clean and splendidly mounted. Actors in good parts are now largely persons of character, laborers worthy of their hire. The stage, through Mr. Daly's precept and practice, has risen to a position of vital influence as regards art and society. He was the pioneer in bringing the American manager and the American player to the serious attention of Great Britain. Against fearful odds, and at a financial loss that would have intimidated a less courageous, a less valiant spirit, he softened prejudice, and established in the heart of London a Daly Theatre which commanded the respect and the applause of an exacting British public. He not only opened the door to the American actor and manager in London, but paved their way to future hearing in the French and German capitals. Such distinctive and far-reaching achievement was possible only to gifts of a rare order.

In a day when privacy has ceased to be a virtue, few men of such wide-reaching influence succeeded so effectively



CELEBRATED PORTRAIT OF SHAKSPERE IN THE DALY COLLECTION.

as did the incomparable manager in concealing his inner self from the prying eyes of the multitude. The wall round ancient Troy was scarcely less impregnable than the reserve with which he is said to have warded off the intrusion of the business and the social, no less than the chance acquaintance. He was a man of few words and fewer intimacies. How much this reserve was due to natural shyness, how much to consciousness of weakness which, prudence dictated, reserve alone would protect from imposition, it is left to his biographer to elucidate. The fact remains, that of the hundreds of columns his passing evoked in the public press, while there is much of Daly the playwright and the stage-manager, there is little or nothing of Daly the man. In gathering his rare and costly library of fourteen thousand volumes, which covers the last twenty years of his life, Mr. Daly unconsciously wrote his own autobiography. On margin or interpolated in the text in his own fine script are marked passages, references, quotations, and remarks that, to one with the gift to read aright, are assuredly "the foot-prints and the hand-prints" which, to quote the Sage of Concord, "give the whole man."

II.

As early as 1869, when after six years of experimental theatrical work—undertaken while he pursued the exacting labors of a journalist—he had fairly begun his public career as a theatre manager, he was known among print dealers as a man who rarely turned from a scriptural illustration. Mr. Daly was a book-lover in the truest sense. He knew his books from the inside. He was a born collector. His fondness for the pictorial waxed with the years, until his collection became rich in volumes extended, by the insertion of rare prints, engravings, and etchings, to veritable libraries within themselves. He rarely spoke of his books, and never boastfully.

When a collector asserted in his presence that he possessed the finest group of a subject which Mr. Daly had not touched upon, the latter immediately began gathering in that line until his collection equalled if it did not excel that of the boaster. To this idiosyncrasy is attributed the myriad ramifications of his library, which detract somewhat from its value in the estimation of the collector and the dealer. That a man absorbed by such exacting and harassing responsibilities and varied interests should have had the disposition, aside from the time, to devote to so unfashionable a work as the Bible, has not ceased to pique a public to whom the real man was as a sealed book. His was essentially a religious temperament. Had he not been born in the Faith, his artistic sense, in all probability, would have led him into the church. It appealed to and satisfied his every impulse and yearning for the beautiful and the artistic. More than three-fourths of his collection were naturally dramatic, or works pertaining to the drama. Aside from Faith, where in the whole gamut of literature is there a work so profoundly dramatic as the Book of Books?

Wherever he went, for more than twenty years, evidently the Bible, pictorially considered, was in his thoughts. No print-shop of the Old or the New World escaped his vigilant search. It was his purpose to make it a compendium of every nation's artistic conception of the Old and New Testaments. In this, as in all his undertakings in the service of art, expense was not considered. His extravagance was the marvel of employees and business associates. Often Bibles of rare and costly edition were bought, then torn apart solely to secure one or more prints that he desired in order to illustrate a certain passage,

proverb, or canticle. In this manner the Doré Bible, for example, was utilized by this modern Renaissance prince. The Books of Ruth and Job, exquisitely illustrated by a celebrated German etcher, were destroyed for a single picture. As the prints accumulated they were sent, from time to time, to Augustus Toedteberg, the bibliophile and print expert. Mr. Daly kept him in his employ for many years, and between them there was a sympathy and an understanding as refreshing as they were rare. In the studio of the quaint old Hollander the prints were cleaned, trimmed, and inlaid to folio size. The texts of various editions were used as foundation before it was finally decided, in 1888, to take the Douai Bible. Toedteberg had made considerable headway with the Mechlin edition, when he was instructed to destroy it. Mr. Daly decided to use the Douai Bible—

"Translated from the Latin Vulgate; diligently compared with the Hebrew, Greek, and other editions in divers languages: the Old Testament, first published by the English College at Douai, A.D. 1609, and the New Testament, first published by the English College at Rheims, A.D. 1582"—since this was the accepted English version of the Church.

March 20/91

My Dear Mr. Lister

*I have decided
not to do anything just
now with the plates &
books I sent you recently
will you return them
all by means of Adams & Co*

*Respectfully
Yours*

*When may I expect the
Records. I wish you to take
my Bible in hand at once.*

MR. DALY ARRANGES FOR HIS BIBLE.

True appreciation of the art and of the labor involved in the inlaying of the texts and plates is possible only to one skilled in its technicalities. Of the eight thousand prints there were

scarcely more than a hundred of the folio size to which the original text was extended. Each print had to be trimmed and inserted in paper of weight in keeping with the print, and cut to a size uniform with that to which the text was enlarged. In delicacy and exactness it is an art not unlike that of the worker in mosaics. Where text or print begins and margin leaves off is not to be discerned by the naked eye.

When the greater part of the plates were inlaid they represented the work of fifteen years. They were given to Mr. Henry Blackwell, to whom was entrusted the inlaying of the text, the reading in of the plates, and the binding of the whole. Two editions of the Douai Bible (1794) were used. As every page had to be inserted by itself, one side of each leaf was lost. The pages were so dirty—had they not the usage of a hundred years?—Mr. Blackwell was forced to wash and boil them as does the washer-woman soiled linen. For many weeks this was his Sunday morning's recreation at his Long Island home. Each page, as it was taken out of the tub, was pinned to the clothes-line in the back yard. Seated on the back stoop, the quasi-laundryman smoked his pipe, as he watched the pages dry in the sun, much to the mystery and the horror of the neighbors, when they learned the usage to which Holy Writ was being put. When partly dried each page was taken down and carefully ironed. Then the edges were trimmed preparatory to the inlaying on white vellum paper, especially prepared and cut to folio size. More than two thousand hours were spent in arranging the plates and inlaying the text, before the volumes passed to the binder.

"I read the Bible through four times," said Mr. Blackwell, recalling the work. "I had concordances, dictionaries, and every authority pertaining to the Scriptures that was available. When I got through reading in the plates I felt that I could stand examination for orders."

To read in the plates—that is, insert them where they best illustrate the text—exacts not only minute and extensive knowledge of Scripture but artistic discrimination and fine sense of fitness. How largely these requirements are fulfilled in Mr. Daly's wonderful Bible is without the province of this paper to discuss. It took three months to bind the forty-two volumes in half white levant, with red morocco labels and fine gold tooling. Each book of the Old and New Testaments, save in a few instances, was extended to one or more imperial volumes, while the Gospel of St. Matthew and the Book of Kings each

covers four volumes. To each volume is a title-page, the text enclosed in a cross, decorated in exquisite luminous water-color sketches by the well-known French aquarellist, Eugène Grivaz. The frontispiece of the first volume of Genesis is a valuable portrait print of Raphael, and on the opposite page is the only drawing by the painter of Urbino in the United States. It is a red wash-drawing, apparently a study of hands and feet, and on one side, when held to the light, is discernible a nude figure, probably Adam. The whole is well preserved, but as frail and delicate in texture as the skin of a babe. It bears the mark of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and was once a part of his collection.

Original etchings of Rembrandt, Albert Dürer, Holbein, and many engravers of world renown are scattered profusely throughout the volumes, together with not a little to offend the connoisseur. It is replete in Madonna, Annunciations, Crucifixions, every phase in the life of Christ and his Blessed Mother, as conceived by each nation since "art's spring-time." The Sermon on the Mount is illustrated by the Lord's Prayer in one hundred and fifty different languages.

The forty-second volume is given to a History of the Bible. The text, an American publication, is inlaid and illustrated in keeping with the Douai edition. The frontispiece is a picture of Pope Leo XIII., kneeling on a prie-dieu before a statue of the Blessed Virgin. Beneath the picture, written in French, is Augustin Daly's supplication to the Holy Father for the Apostolic Blessing and Plenary Indulgence upon his work. This volume also contains an autograph letter of Pius IX., written

My Dear Toedteberg
I expect to have my
(extended) Bible home from
The binder Easter week, and
I shall be glad to have you
look at it - if you will
give me the pleasure of a
call on Thursday April
21st - between 3 and 6
Very sincerely
Augustine Daly
1892.

FAC-SIMILE OF MR. DALY'S LETTER TO MR. TOEDTEBERG ANNOUNCING THE HOME-COMING OF THE BIBLE.

in Italian, dated 1842, and addressed to a citizen of Rome apropos of a biblical subject. A Catholic Dictionary adapted to the Douai Bible fittingly closes the last volume. The Bible was completed Easter, 1892.

Preparatory to its home-coming, Mr. Daly had made for it, in harmony with the furnishing of his beautiful library, a solid mahogany case of rare workmanship. On the three upper shelves, fourteen volumes to a shelf, the famous Bible was enshrined, to confront, through the mullioned glass doors, the garnered literary treasures of the ages: first four folios of Shakspeare, first editions of "Paradise Lost" (1667), Spenser's "Faerie Queene" (1692), Molière, Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, etc., which, clothed in the varied skill of the modern binder, flanked the walls of the library proper, that covered the entire rear of the second floor in his spacious residence in West Fiftieth Street.

Characteristic of the retiring simplicity of the man is the note in the illustration, asking his old friend Toedteberg to drop in and see the completion of the work he had begun twenty-one years before. Notes of equal simplicity found their way to the highest dignitaries of the church, the judiciary, and the various arts and professions, and on the afternoon of April 12, 1892, following Shakspeare's birth-day, the home-coming of the Bible was formally celebrated.

III.

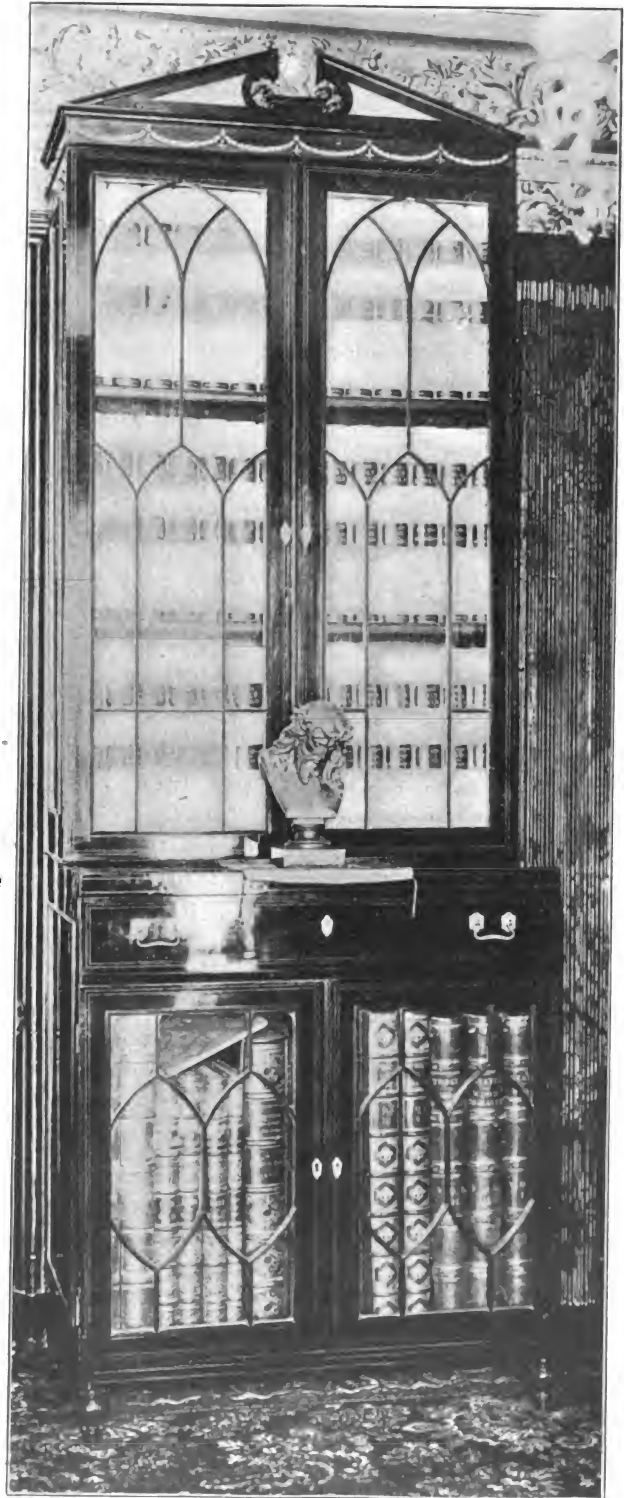
"In case of the death of my wife, Mary P. Daly, before mine," reads Mr. Daly's will, "I bequeath my extended Bible (42 volumes) to the Library of St. Francis Xavier's College; the History of London (37 volumes) and the Illustrated History of New York (15 volumes) to the Catholic Club, and all newspapers and magazines of my collection to the Cathedral Library."

Since his sudden death in Paris last June, which leaves by the provisions of the will his entire library to his widow, the final disposition of the Bible has been the subject of varied conjecture among ecclesiastics, scholars, and laity. It has been suggested that if the American Catholic Historical Society of Philadelphia and the United States Catholic Historical Society of New York should petition the metropolis for a department in the new Public Library for the deposit of Catholic historical documents, the petition, in all probability, would be granted. Collectors throughout the country,

1900.]

now at a loss how to dispose of their collections of Catholic historical data in case of death, would be relieved to learn of so safe a receptacle, while for reference such a department would be invaluable. What more fitting place or more splendid nucleus for a Catholic collection than the extended Douai Bible in the new Public Library? To the biblical student it would, of course, be only a curiosity, but its worth to the artist and writer would be incalculable. Department in the Public Library assured, two ways remain by which the Douai Bible might be secured: either through the generosity of an individual, or by the formation

VOL. LXX.—52



A OLID MAHOGANY CASE OF RARE WORKMANSHIP FOR THE BIBLE.

of a syndicate willing to donate, at the sacrifice of personal recognition perhaps, money for its purchase. Either way would thwart the rumored purpose of two booksellers bent on buying the Bible to tear it apart for the prints to reproduce in cheap form as a commercial speculation.

A rumor that Mr. Daly intended to leave the Douai Bible as a memorial to his two young sons gained wide credence. Their untimely death in 1885—both died the same day of diphtheria—was a sorrow from which he is said never to have fully recovered. The loss, undoubtedly, quickened his interest in the Bible, for it was with renewed vigor he set about, after their death, to hasten its completion. Mr. Daly was a practical Christian in the fullest sense of the word. Sundays, after early service at the Cathedral, he was wont to shut himself up in his favorite "den" in the basement of his home, where he indulged with his books the taste and leisure the cares and duties of the working week denied. Replete was this "den" in all that savored of art, letters, and good fellowship. There he kept much of the working tools of his profession. From the book-lined walls portraits of Shakespeare and "Rare Ben Jonson," Macready, Kean, and the elder Wallack looked down. Here he dipped into his favorite first editions of Lamb—the rarest group collected by an individual in America—or polished the manuscript of one of his own dramas, or readjusted to the needs of his theatre a Shaksperian drama. Every room in his house was filled with books. It was his dream to erect a home on the Riverside Drive with a separate fire-proof building on an adjoining lot in which to preserve his treasures. The land was bought, but before the dream materialized financial reverses overtook him. Each room of his house had a clock and a desk; likewise had the seven offices of his theatre. It was his self-imposed task to wind the clocks at his home every Sunday morning. When engrossed in writing, if interrupted, he could not pick up the broken thread unless he changed his environment. It was to humor this peculiarity that every room and office had a desk. He knew what he wanted, and was quick to decide. His memory was prodigious; his capacity for work seemingly unlimited.

Every detail of his collection was at his command. Evidence of his lively faith and practical devotion was on every side. In the drawers of desks, or in ready reach on shelf or table, were devotional books. His bed-room and his libraries were rich in statues of the Madonna, the Sacred Heart, and devo-



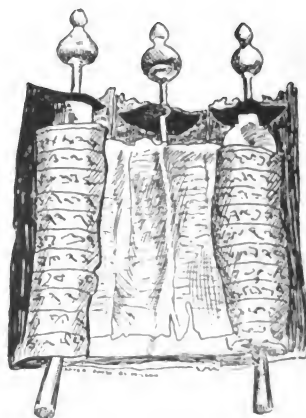
THE ORIGINAL OF "RARE BEN JONSON" FROM WHICH ALL KNOWN PRINTS
HAVE BEEN TAKEN.

tional pictures of rare and curious art ; asperges, censors, collection baskets, and ecclesiastical curios gathered in foreign lands.

He was not unmindful of little things that make for joy. Throughout his busy life he never failed Sunday afternoons to pay a visit to his aged mother. Once a week he entertained at dinner. Covers were generally laid for twelve in a dining-room sumptuous in carvings as the banqueting hall of a mediæval knight. At the theatre or on the road he never

failed to telegraph his wife the size of the audience before the curtain rose on a performance. Thoughtful of the entertainment of his domestics, he had an organ in the kitchen of his home, and parrots and pets of various kind. He was the friend of the friendless, as his annual benefit, covering a quarter of a century, to the Catholic Orphan Asylum, and various charitable institutions irrespective of creed, attest. The memorial altar in St. Patrick's Cathedral, the bell in its chimes, the baptistery in the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, are among the visible proofs of his spirit; but hidden for ever in the hearts of men and women of the dramatic profession and numerous artistic guilds are countless beneficent deeds, for it was his way not to let the "right hand know what the left hand doeth."

He was appreciative and grateful for true service cheerfully rendered. In public or private he never failed to pay eloquent tribute to the gifted, winsome woman whose talent he so signally developed, and who, in turn, loyally assisted him to round out a career of distinctive and enduring achievement—a career which was given him to voice the epilogue: "If I fall asleep, do not waken me."



THE CHURCH IN THE EARLY YEARS OF HENRY VIII.

BY REV. GEORGE McDERMOT, C.S.P.



FATHER GASQUET in a recent work* tries to present the position held by the church in the mind of the English people just before the new doctrines broke out in Germany. His aim is to collect the information on the subject from the best sources without more than implying his own opinion on the attitude of the public. He acknowledges the difficulty in satisfying men that such a change could have taken place unless causes had been long at work leading to it. The evidence he adduces points to the conclusion that the change was sudden and startling. The book will amply repay any reader who desires to ascertain for himself the character of the change. We cannot call it a movement, for this word suggests the gathering of intellectual and moral forces, guided in a particular direction; we can as yet only call it a change, the explanation of which is to be attempted. We shall, for the greater part of this paper, part company with Father Gasquet. His work has suggested it, but we shall proceed in our own way to determine the character of the change as a revolt against authority, without the conditions which even pagan morality would demand as a justification for rebellion in a state.

PERSONAL RESENTMENT THE FIRST MOTIVE OF THE REFORMATION.

An important consideration in dealing with the attitude of the English people in the beginning of Henry's reign is that we have no proof of disaffection against the Papal authority. Another is, that Henry when he quarrelled with the Holy See intended only the withdrawal of obedience, while preserving intact fidelity to the doctrines of the church. He was actuated by personal resentment; his position when he assumed the supremacy was closer to the church than that taken thirty years ago by Dr. Döllinger. If Dr. Döllinger had been followed by a large secession, his disobedience would be looked upon as the intellectual and moral act of a conscientious

* *The Eve of the Reformation.* By Dom Gasquet, O.S.B. New York : G. P. Putnam's Sons.

thinker to whom a tyrannical majority had left no alternative. He was used for awhile and flung aside as a broken tool.

Henry himself not only believed every doctrine of the church—except that of the supremacy—but he insisted on his subjects believing as he did.* It is arguable that his subjects saw in the setting up of his supremacy nothing more than the assertion of temporal sovereignty in matters that ought to have been left to the secular jurisdiction. We are by no means clear that a separation from the centre of unity would have commended itself to the people; but it happened that the question on which he took his stand—that of the marriage—was one which in many of its relations necessarily lay within the secular domain. It might be thought that it was one of the class of mixed questions concerning which the ecclesiastical and “common” lawyers had been so long waging war; and we know that in a conflict of jurisdiction between the secular and ecclesiastical courts popular sympathy, or at least the sympathy of the landed proprietors and the burghers, would be with the home tribunal. To persons not accustomed to precise habits of thought a question of the validity of a marriage might appear one for the courts of law, when all questions concerning settlements on marriage and the devolution of title, in which every step must be proved by a marriage, were determined by these courts. To persons, legal or lay, inclined to give the law courts exclusive jurisdiction in mixed questions—questions savoring both of the temporality and spirituality—the king’s declaration of headship might mean no more than the freedom of his own courts from foreign jurisdiction in matters which ought to belong to them. That it meant no breach in the unity of Christendom for the mass of the people is certain. It meant nothing more than a right royal-minded way of ruling his own household on the part of their king, and a toleration on their part for the fickleness that carried him from his rather aged and unattractive-looking queen to the youth, beauty, and vivacity of “Mistress Anne.”†

NO EVIDENCE OF DISAFFECTION AGAINST THE CHURCH.

This view explains why the majority of the people went

* We are inclined to think the denial of the supremacy was merely a temporary thorn to plague the pope, but events were too strong for him.

† This disreputable woman seems to have been popular on account of her showy qualities, and perhaps the use made of her by the Reformers helps to strengthen the idea that she was virtuous. Henry’s pride made him so suspicious, the unhappy creature could not escape. He was a sultan in temper.

with him. It is the only explanation; for no learned or capable man saw the coming of the change, saw the signs of the tempest; and therefore there could have been no deep-seated and wide-spread hatred of the church, such as we are told in the literature of three centuries had been sapping her authority from the time of Wycliffe. We must recognize the forces which were concentrated and directed in France in the last century. That a change was certain, men of all conditions had been seeing for a long time; and men belonging to the cultivated classes, particularly the nobility of the provincial robe, were deliberately working to bring it about. The great nobility about the court were not blind to the waves approaching from the horizon, as they fiddled with a solitaire or talked blasphemy—which they called philosophy—with a languid dogmatism. They would do nothing. It was the business of Providence to look after persons of quality—if there were a Providence; but an earthquake or the crash of worlds must be awaited calmly.

Where is there a scintilla of evidence of the disaffection of the English people towards the church? Lollardism was a thing of the past; and even if there were a religious element in it, it would have proved nothing. The hold it took was purely social. The disaffection was not because the church had become corrupt, or that the religious houses were rich, the monks vicious, or that the Bible was in Latin, but because there were statutes of laborers, revocations of manumissions, efforts to extinguish the copyholds and other tenures conferred on the partly emancipated bondsmen, or the wholly enfranchised villeins; because serfs enfranchised by city or borough custom were reclaimed by the lords of the lands on which they were born. Now, when these persons were told that the Bible proved them the equals of their oppressors; not only that, but that they were of the same stock and had the same rights to the common inheritance, the point of doctrine would draw other principles to it as to a centre, and thus a social movement become a demand for reform in the teaching of the church.

THE CHURCH WAS MADE A SCAPEGOAT FOR SOCIAL CRIMES.

The most common of all the kinds of misrepresentation of the action of the church on social welfare, on moral and intellectual progress, is charging her with causing the state of feeling which so often broke out into violence, so often into terrible excesses of lust and fury, simply because the insurgents employed as shibboleths some isolated maxim of the Gos-

pel, some passage of the Old Testament divorced from the context, and from all practical relations, more completely than if it belonged as parallel or sentiment to the realm of Nowhere.* There were epidemics of outbreak of this kind all over Europe during the Middle Ages; but the supreme system of religious authority was unshaken. Now, in speaking of this incomparable system with regard to spiritual jurisdiction in England, Professor Maitland, cited by Father Gasquet, tells us "the whole of Western Europe was subject to the jurisdiction of one tribunal of last resort—the Roman Curia. Appeals to it were encouraged by all manner of means—appeals at almost every stage of almost every proceeding. But the pope was far more than the president of a court of appeal. Very frequently the courts Christian which did justice in England were courts which were acting under his supervision and carrying out his instructions. A very large, and by far the most permanently important part of the ecclesiastical litigation that went on in this country, came before English prelates who were sitting, not as English prelates, not as 'judges ordinary,' but as mere delegates of the pope, commissioned to hear this or that particular case." This was true of England up to the divorce proceedings, and the statement is consistent with the absence of all traces of speculative dissent.

THE SUPREME SYSTEM OF THE CHURCH IGNORED.

The formative power of the church from the sixth century to the fourteenth is the most marvellous instance of the triumph of ideas over force. It is well-nigh impossible to measure the comprehensiveness and difficulty of the work; to understand how a system of authority and law, without a single soldier behind it, could have risen from the fragments of a broken order and the passions of untamed minds. And yet we are met with puerilities such as: the system went down before the Revival of Learning; Greek culture, flying from the Moslems, opened the intelligence of Europe to the defects of an institution which held it in a swoon. Algebra from Moorish Spain, Plato from Adrianople, were in the luminous clouds that led the world out of the bondage of the Papacy. It is quite immaterial that Luther hated the New Learning as the devil hates holy water, the Greek classics prepared men to pull down all in the old religion which had no authority from the questionable example of Olympian deities.

* The reader will know we mean no slight to the wonderful tract of Sir Thomas More. We shall have to say a little about its incomparable foresight by and by.

The truth is, there was a dissipation of forces breaking the cohesion of the European commonwealth in the era from the fourteenth century to the sixteenth. The Moslems had their toils round Europe on the east, from Africa, from Spain. The dream of universal conquest had been but for a moment clouded by the Crusades. It must have been known to the policy of the German and Western sovereigns that their interest should have bound them together against that enemy. Recollections of jealousy from the Crusades and their inherited rivalries at home as independent princes blossomed into the evil fruit of a selfishness which sought the humiliation of a neighbor as its foreign policy and the destruction of liberty as its domestic.

AS RACHEL WEeping FOR HER CHILDREN.

It was a time of paganism in Italy, and of all social and political crimes. In the north and west it was the age of despots. The popes were no longer umpires in the disputes of kings; wars and rumors of war were on the nations from end to end of the Continent. Mercenary soldiers, skilled in the science of ferocity, sold themselves from camp to camp. Anarchy, misery, plague, famine scourged the peoples, and the church was as Rachel weeping for her children.

England escaped these calamities to a great extent—even the desolating wars of the Roses had at least the merit of a chivalrous inspiration—and perhaps because she escaped these calamities her relations to the church afford a better means of estimating the true inwardness of the Reformation than we have in the history of the other Reformed nations. If we take as a guide the merits claimed for the Reformation, England possessed the mental form most fitted for their reception. She enjoyed greater liberty, at least it is said constitutional principles were better understood there than elsewhere.* It is pointed out that questions between the secular and ecclesiastical jurisdiction were debated there with a boldness not found elsewhere.†

NO INTELLECTUAL DIFFICULTIES.

Assuming, then, that the scholarship from across the seas awoke men's minds to a sense of abuses arising from the wealth of the church, the luxury of the clergy, and the encroachment on the secular power, we can understand that a people whose representatives would express themselves boldly in parliament

* We doubt that they were better understood than in the Spanish monarchies that were consolidated by Ferdinand and Isabella.

† In Spain and Naples only purely ecclesiastical questions went before the ecclesiastical courts. We think the smallest temporal element ousted the spiritual jurisdiction.

must have demanded somewhat drastic legislation. If doctrinal errors were discovered through newly printed editions of the Greek dramatists—or, as Mr. Green would say, if the human virtues which had been crushed by the church were recalled by Greek culture, there would be some traces in the journals of the Commons during the reigns of Henry VII. and Henry VIII. There are none; but we find in the end of the latter reign proclamations of the king and proceedings of the bishops against heretical books from Germany and English works by those “evangelical divines” who were described by the name of “pot-wallopers” at the time, as even in the next reign they were laughed at as “hot gospellers,” and later still pilloried as “round-headed rascals” and “crog-eared curs.”

There was really no question of doctrine and morals in England, and this must be true for Germany and Switzerland. There were abuses—the church was for twelve centuries in contact with the world. The friendship of kings and great men has been always a peril; the miseries of the poor are never absent, and the poor are sharp, carping and unjust too often, unmindful of many good offices on their behalf; they are ready to regard with jealousy intimacies between priests and persons highly placed, too ready to exaggerate its importance; nay, more, some of them will not stop at imagining and then inculcating as gospel truth charges fatal to character. Somewhat in this way the idea must have gone abroad immediately before the dissolution of the religious houses that they were abodes of wickedness. We think no fair-minded man can accept the report of the Commissioners on the lesser houses; they were far from wealthy, their inmates had no temptation to sloth or any other kind of sensuality. The wealthy foundations were reported as being distinguished by the purity of those who dwelt in them. What is the difference? The scheme of suppression, as at first contemplated, only embraced houses the annual income of which did not exceed £200 a year. It was a report to justify cruelty which one dare not think of. Men ignorant of the world as children were turned out to beg, to steal, or die upon the highways.

ORIGIN OF THE DEFAMATION OF THE MONKS.

The infamy, like every incident of the Reformation, is sustained if not on one ground then upon another. As the scurrilous scribes, the playwrights, and the buffoons of Elizabeth, of James I., and Charles I. made this hideous spoliation the

cleansing of an Augean stable, a summoning to England of airs of Arcady in the suggestions issuing from minds tainted by the madness of their licentious lives; as the wild ranters who roamed through Wales and the desert places of the east and south in the last years of Henry, all through the reigns of Edward and Mary and Elizabeth, heaped upon the banished monks their scorn that a reproach and an ignominy had come upon their old age, and led their youth from the cities of strength in which they had prided in their carnal wisdom, and made them a hissing and a byword; as the smug minister of some conventicle raved over the wickedness so sternly visited by the Lord when he sent forth righteous ones to the high places of idolatry; as the picnic cicerone of to-day, leading his London shepherds and shepherdesses beneath arches of rare beauty and along groves of columns richer in association and form than any that ever stood beneath a Grecian sky, points with awed face of holiday deportment to secret places and gasps, "An if they would," "then these stones could tell"; so we have our men of history with their theories of advancement, our political economists with their dicta concerning indiscriminate benevolence, to pronounce the king pious and intelligent in driving out the monks; his ministers, agents, courtiers humane, disinterested, far-seeing, patriotic in taking possession of their lands.

JEALOUSY OF THE LEGAL PROFESSION.

We think much has been suggested to show there was nothing against the doctrine of the church in England and elsewhere before the very breaking out of Luther's opposition and the display of Henry's high-handed resentment. There certainly was nothing in common between the fiery monk and the equally fiery king when the former first took the field against the wisdom and authority of sixteen centuries.* We have from the writings of Saint-German, both directly and indirectly, the strongest case which could be made against the church. More replied to a good deal of Saint-German's attack; there are some points we must note, familiar to their contemporaries indeed, but of which people now are not aware—matters that are needful for fairly estimating the controversy.

We think it very plain Saint-German must have had the full measure of a lawyer's prejudices against the clergy generally, but above all against the clerical legists. The English lawyers

* This Luther is a clever man, said Leo X. with a smile, when informed of the nailing up of the theses and of the handsome epithets applied to himself. Leo must have thought him mad.

had been for a long time jealous of a body of men who divided the field of knowledge with themselves, and who had an exclusive right of audience in the ecclesiastical courts. In his *Dialogue* he lays down the principle that the state is entitled, and in cases bound, to enact sumptuary laws for funerals, to fix the dues payable to the clergy, and to inquire into sums claimed or gifts in kind through prescription as mortuary benefits. That he was a Catholic in principle is plain notwithstanding these views and what he intended as severe attacks upon the religious. He bases the state's right to interfere in those mortuary matters in the interest of executors and heirs. Without laying too much stress on his hostility to privileges and exemptions belonging to the clergy in what may be looked upon as purely temporal interests, we think there can be nothing more unjust than his attack upon the privilege of sanctuary. If he argues, on the ground of public policy, that it is an interference with the administration of law, we answer it was not in its origin or the use of it a corrupt instrument to maintain influence. It sprang not only from a public policy higher than that involved in a conflict of jurisdiction; it was at one time the only security for justice. It had the sanction of the Old Dispensation and the usage of the New. We cannot think the fair mind, no matter in what school it has been formed, will consider these were titles the clergy should readily surrender to the objections of innovators. Possibly it was abused; but who shall tell the murders it prevented, the oppressions it arrested. By means of it in countless instances—in the wars of Stephen, in the lawless reign of John, in every period of civil tumult—the virtue of women was secured from violence, the succession of property preserved where the defenceless would have been compelled to execute conveyances to powerful relatives or unscrupulous neighbors. Now, this right is one of the difficulties of Henry's reign; that is to say, it is alleged as an instance of the ambition of the clergy; like all the rest it vanishes before examination.

GROUNDLESS ACCUSATIONS AGAINST THE CLERGY.

All along we have no impeachment of the doctrines of the church; on the best evidence the lives of the clergy were worthy of their position. As to the latter, except in some ribald ballads, we find nothing. Chaucer, though plainly influenced by Italian literature, to which the priestly life was the game to be hunted by the satirist, gives a picture notwithstanding which is the very ideal of a parish priest, and this at a

time when Lollardism, if ever, was a power. It can hardly be matched in the severest demands of the modern standard. Indeed we doubt does the overflowing benevolence of a pure conscience and simple heart united to a solid understanding, such as Chaucer's priest possessed, range themselves among the gifts of the modern pastor so pronouncedly as knowledge of politics or social science. It is true we have no other picture, for the best reason, because there is no other poet; but we have side lights from the influence of the clergy on the laity, and the respect paid to their counsels by men impatient of any other counsel. The schools built upon estates during the reign of Henry VII., and up to the dawn of Henry VIII.'s quarrel, could have scarcely proceeded from the inner promptings of great land-holders bent on clearing them of their tenants. It is conceivable that the parish sermons arrested depopulation now and then, when the preachers fulminated God's punishment on those who took away ancient landmarks and added field to field. That this evil increased under Edward VI. and Elizabeth and James I., and was only attempted to be checked in that of Charles I. by a state prosecution before the Star Chamber, affords a presumption in favor of the popish parish priests.*

GREED AND AMBITION THE MOTIVE OF PERSECUTION.

We have already suggested some reasons for holding that the members of the religious orders were, upon the whole, faithful to their sacred character and the obligations of their profession. The outcry in England came from Germany, and only obtained an echo when the policy of the court was clearly formulated for dissolution of the religious houses and the diversion of the funds to other purposes. Saint-German completely fails on the branch of his case against the monks which comes under the head of laxity of conduct. That there was a falling off from primitive rigor is possible, we admit within certain restrictions. We are not permitted by our space to examine the allegations of Saint-German representing the policy of the court and the expectations of the cloud of obscene birds of prey behind it. Every politician who maintained his giddy place, or who aspired to the royal favor, or the Cardinal's, or Cromwell's, to dismount the man then upon the ladder,

* There is a remarkable case under the statute of Henry VII., in which the attorney-general of Charles I. prosecuted to conviction a great proprietor for depopulating his estates. This enactment of Catholic policy ought to be known in this time of sociology in lieu of religion. Religion still holds the field as a system of social amelioration.

wanted money to recoup himself for his expenditure on gracious ladies who had access, or on his gifts to the clients who enjoyed their patron's ear. The ruffler of the tilt-yard, the waiter-on of the ante-chamber, brave in unpaid silks and velvets, must have a grant of lands if he is to remain about the court. With this impoverished and high-born crowd pushing on the scheme, a far-sighted, selfish, and sinister ambition calculating the possibilities it contained, the dissolution of the monasteries and the appropriation of their endowments was a foregone result.

THE MONASTERIES A SOCIAL AID AND BLESSING.

But there must be a pretence of some kind of virtue when a violent or an unjust act is to be done. The monks consisted broadly of the two divisions into which mankind is ordinarily but rather inexactly divided—the deceiver, the dupe, the saint, the sinner, the knave, the fool—that is, the monks were slothful and indolent men free from gross vices and harmless on the whole, or crafty, unscrupulous, wicked men for whom religion was a cloak, and to whom their order and its emoluments were the supreme interest of life. As drones or scoundrels they had no claim on the wealth which should be directed to its original destination of charity and learning and prayer. Yet they fed the poor with a large-hearted liberality and a benevolent patience which no secular eleemosynary institution since has imitated. At the present moment the efforts of social benevolence bringing help to the homes of the needy are distrusted by the persons upon whom they are employed. If received, they are accepted thanklessly; if some temporary increase of work rouses a fleeting spirit of independence, they are rejected with contempt. The history of the Poor Laws is an exceptional record of official insolence and hardness, and of mental, moral, and physical degradation produced in the victims of official insolence and hardness. We have accounts of the crowds at the doors of the religious houses everywhere over England, the laborer and small farmer not ashamed of seeking temporary help side by side with the maimed, the aged or the feeble, who necessarily were beggars; we have the picture of a lord chancellor of England having to ride back from the crowds before a monastery door and turn down another street to make his way.

CLERGY RESTRICTED AND LAITY EXEMPT.

Saint-Germain, we presume, must be right in laying stress on "mortified lives," as one charge against the monks is they led

unmortified lives—we have dealt with that of their giving no alms he must be right in laying stress if such lives were demanded by the ideal of his day. He surely would not take the view of the good, stolid German who said to More “Fare to sould te laye men fasten? let the prester fasten,” when that great lawyer and saintly man suggested that the laity had obligations as well as the clergy; we might add that the laity ought to have some kind of reverence towards, and observance on account of, the infinite holiness of God, even though the display of these things is not nominated in the bond. But with regard to the fasting, it is obvious if there were a relaxation it must have come from different conditions and possibly characteristics. It was said on occasion of such objections at that time in England, before then, and in other lands then and before then, that it was better to abate the rigor of a rule so that it might be observed by all than to maintain a rule which could not possibly be observed by all.

THE STANDARD FOR THE RELIGIOUS VERY HIGH.

The passionate devotion and almost superhuman energy of the old founders raised them above the average of their fellow-men to a height that in a manner constituted them of a different order, as we say Shakspeare is from a poor Bosjesman. Their contemporaries and the next few generations of their brethren possessed the same quality of devotion and zeal, but with time the flood was subsiding and eventually it flowed along the ordinary levels. This is what we find in England in the sixteenth century and over Europe. We are not quite clear how far the hostility of the monks was carried to the New Learning. By it they possibly lost useful friends in England; their distrust of it was more than intelligible; it was not more to be censured than the judgment which would not permit certain of the Greek and Latin classics to be read by school-boys and university students in England,* which more than a century ago caused the issue of expurgated editions of the classics;† which at the present moment expurgates the plays of Shakspeare and proposed expurgating the classical novels of the last century. But when it was plain what was the real policy of those who aimed at the destruction of the religious houses, then it became manifest that the New Learning had no inveterate antagonism to them, such as it entertained towards the half-educated and wholly vulgar apologists and preachers of the

* How much of them would be left by a severe hand?

† This led to a singular result in the case of one editor.

new doctrines. Saint-Germain's complaint, that the monks had given up the wearing of the hair shirt, is, we think, only useful as showing the temper of their opponents and the very trivial nature of the charges against them. If their enormities could only be adequately dealt with by a punishment like that which has made the Dead Sea a perpetual monument of the justice of God, it is very immaterial indeed whether the hair shirt was worn, alms given, or whether the fast was observed according to the stern temper of the ancient rule, or modified to suit a weaker generation. These are the only objections the most astute and able of their enemies can bring against them—we do not take account of the *ex post facto* charges invented when the crime of spoliation was accomplished, any more than of the sarcasms of Erasmus before the dissolution, which meant about as much seriousness as the riding of a hobby-horse in the mock tournament of a court festival.

THE PEOPLE AS A CLASS WERE FOR THE MONKS.

We can, in answer to the case made at any time against the religious, offer the following as a fair judgment on the charges and replies, on the evidence from authoritative sources, and on the conduct of considerable lay interests, altogether forming the materials available for the purpose. The monks as large land-owners administered their estates more liberally than others, took smaller rents than the lay landlords, and never disturbed their tenants. There may have been a carelessness concerning the religious objects of their trusts here and there; there probably was a degree of wastefulness in the management of their estates; but all this we think inseparable from the existence of institutions not incorporated for trade and profit, nay, for the very opposite, namely, the effacement of individual interest and the surrender of the corporate interest to the use of others—that is to say, employing the activities of the brain and the powers of the body for the poor and the stranger, to whom nothing is due except as it is the will of the Lord Christ.

The fact is, up to the last, we have proof that the monks were on good terms with the country gentry, and had school-rooms for their children in the monasteries. So far from a universal desire for their suppression being entertained, the bill for their dissolution was the first check received by Cromwell. It was the first on any subject he had met with, for he ruled the Commons with the iron strength and pitiless resource of a Borgia or a Medici; it was the only check he sustained

for some time, as though the Commons were alarmed at their temerity. It is wonderful, with his spies in every house, he could not have obtained more against the monks—he who “tortured into treason” the murmurs of a petulant abbot or the ravings of a silly nun, as men said passionately at his trial, writhing as they were under the recollection of a spy-system which made them feel as though a scorpion slept under every stone.

THE COST AT WHICH THE REFORMATION WON.

We shall conclude with the statement that the people were Catholics up to the Act of Supremacy, Catholics in attachment and belief, and they remained so in secret where they understood its force, smothering conscience as men will in the hope of change. But there were men who could not compromise, who expected “no change” “until we fight for it,” as Lord Hussey exclaimed. Fury at the dissolution of the smaller abbeys stirred a revolt of the northern nobles, with thirty thousand men under the Banner of the Five Wounds. The insurrection would have been successful, but the Reformation, illuminated, guided, inspired by the ineffable perfidy of Cromwell, won.

There need be no more said. In 1533 there were few heretics, though their “policy,” says More, was “to make their number larger than it is.” We admit the Reformation gained the day. Cromwell slaughtered the men whose demands for the old faith he and the king had granted when they had all England from Berwick to the Don in their hands; the land was covered with gibbets from which hung the bodies of men who had been induced to return home on the faith of royal promises. The Reformation won. What was the immediate gain to the country? Within sixty years twelve acts were passed to relieve distress, the necessity for the passing of which Thorold Rogers tells us “can be traced distinctly back to the crimes of rulers and their agents.”

The Reformation won, and we find a change of religion against the will of the people; vast numbers reduced to beggary, the gallows staring at one wherever he turns, robberies by beggared peasants not checked by the Terror that stalked from village to village, and the spy that listened at every eave; the Reformation won, and all provision for religious instruction was destroyed; the Reformation won, and England bent to a despotism under which parliamentary government could only offer adulation to the king and make his wishes law.

SCHOOL LAWS IN NEW YORK STATE.

BY REV. THOMAS McMILLAN, C.S.P.



THE teachers of Manhattan Borough, New York City, have within a few years developed the power of organization which forced the Legislature to consider their just claims. Now that they have a substantial victory to encourage the diffident, they should continue their efforts to foster the strength that can be obtained only by a union of forces. Individually, however great may be the personal qualifications, the teacher is at a disadvantage in dealing with theorists who are ever trying to introduce new fads, and to cram the minds of children in opposition to the law of normal development which requires that the curriculum of the college and the university should not be made compulsory in the kindergarten and the elementary schools. Neither has the average teacher the time, nor the requisite amount of patience, to refute the carping criticism originating from small coteries representing some historic families whose social prominence enables them to rush into print easily.

It seems obvious that those who are earnestly seeking to improve the school laws of New York State should give more attention to the suggestions that can be elicited from teachers of recognized professional standing. The best text-books are produced by the men and women who have had the supreme test of actual experience in the management of children. It may be hoped that our law-makers will seek to borrow wisdom from the rulers of the class-room. Some of the educational journals have already presented very able statements of the evidence in favor of proposed changes for the codification of school laws. The editor of *The New Education*, published at Tremont, is alarmed by the thought that politics should rule, and proceeds to ask :

Are our officers, from the State Superintendent down to the cross-roads trustee, elected because of fitness or because of pull? Each city, village, and district will have to answer this question according to its own experience. Where fitness governs there is little danger for that place ; but if political pull is the requisite which will outstrip other qualifications, the

walls are already crumbling and tottering, and must be shored up until they can be relaid by a master-hand.

That brings us to a vital question, one in which all who are interested in any department of education must be deeply interested, namely, the pending efforts to reorganize and unify our state system of educational supervision. Shall we rescue from the dangers noted our entire system of public education, or must those of our public schools, our high schools, which hitherto have been kept well outside of the pale of political domination, be exposed to its corrupting influence?

Quite recently the Rev. Washington Gladden directed public attention to the grave peril threatening the public schools of the United States, in the ruin that is wrought to the highest interests of the children and youth of the nation, therefore to the nation itself, by allowing politics to dominate educational interests. He says that formerly only men of a broad public spirit accepted places on school boards, seeing there a grand opportunity to serve human interests. They had an eye single to the public good; they had the disposition and the training which fitted them for the serious work of supervision and direction in the educational field. But, he says, when politicians discovered that through the public schools there was money and patronage to be levied for the purpose of strengthening political machines by the appointment of teachers, the sale of school sites, the award of school contracts, a wholly different type of men came up as candidates for election or appointment on School Boards, and a sharp deterioration in the work done in the schools naturally followed. With corruption possible in the purchase of sites, the building of school-houses, the selection of text-books, the appointment and dismissal of superintendents and teachers, with political pull predominating throughout the entire system, he sees that pretenders and charlatans are promoted over the heads of conscientious teachers; that the tenure of the teacher is so precarious that many men and women of the highest type fail to see sufficient encouragement for entrance upon the work.

In a recent number of the *Boston Journal* it is stated that Dr. Gladden does not exaggerate the extent of the evil, and it says: "Locally there is ample corroboration of his view," and calls attention to the scandals of the proceedings of that board, adding: "A deterioration like this has been going on very generally in cities, large and small; and it is time that a healthful public sentiment were aroused to check it!"

Many fairly well educated men and women do not seem to know that our State educational system in New York comprises two distinct departments, the one controlled by the Board of Regents, the other by the State Superintendent. The Regents are men such as Dr. Gladden describes as having belonged to a previous period, men of prominence, attained because they are high-minded and capable; men who are in close touch with educational matters, questions, and people; men who were selected because of peculiar fitness, and who have always served without pay, laboring constantly in the field of education, gaining expert experience, which can only come with years of service and from contact with just these conditions. This Board is entirely free from harmful influences and from the corrupting touch of the politician.

Receiving no compensation, seeking no personal gain, the board is thoroughly independent of politics and men, and works solely for the upbuilding and uplifting of our educational interests. Let what its members have done during the past hundred years—and more—give promise of what they might accomplish in the years to come. On the Regents' roll are names illustrious in history, in education, in finance, and in letters. They have been and are men from the leading walks of life.

The other department, that of Public Instruction, has charge of elementary schools and work, and is presided over by a single head, the State Superintendent, who is entrusted with almost autocratic powers, and unfortunately is not always selected because of eminent fitness, gained by education and experience, but too often for political reasons. And the method of his choice, coupled with the tenure of his office, makes it extremely difficult for a superintendent to free himself from political constraints during any portion of his term of service, which, being for only three years, almost from the day of his advent into office, impresses upon him the necessity of continued active political scheming if he would succeed himself. He easily comprehends that official efficiency will count less in promoting his re-election than will the multiplication of grateful partisan friends. The present Superintendent has been quoted as recently saying: "*I have seen superintendents stand up and resist political pressure which never yet appeared at the door of the Regents of the University.*"

The Superintendent of Public Instruction is the victim of his surrounding conditions, as the Regents of the University

are protected by the conditions of their life tenure and other incidents of their organization. The case might safely be submitted here without further argument and upon the Superintendent's testimony alone. No intelligent jury, mindful of the welfare of our schools, would hesitate to render a verdict in favor of the unification of our State educational system under the supervision of the Regents of the University. But there are other reasons for such a change in our system as will bring the execution of the educational functions now vested in the Superintendent under protecting supervision of the Regents—at least to the extent of making them responsible for the choice and retention in office of the official who shall execute such functions. Their importance and the advantage of such change in our educational system will appear upon a slight review of the Superintendent's varied duties, which are too great in aggregate to be safely committed to any one person's unaided judgment or unrestrained discretion. The time is opportune for the change, and all valid reasons and worthy influences make for its accomplishment. Educational unification, under well tested, capable, and trustworthy supervision, is the desideratum. The Regents of the University meet all the requirements for the needed supervising body. Their board has become an institution—the ripened fruit of a century's experience. What has been thus evolved and has so conspicuously proven its almost ideal usefulness, may not be lightly set aside. To bring the Superintendent of Public Instruction into harmony with and under supervision of the Regents of the University, little more legislation is needful than to give them the power to elect and remove such officer. His responsibility to them, and their responsibility for him, will be thus simultaneously established. He will then recognize the Regents as his natural and helpful advisers, and will gladly accept their potent protection. Harmony will be established in our educational household, and all, animated by a common purpose, can work together for the common good.

The *School Bulletin*, published at Syracuse, reported at length the proceedings of the State Teachers' Association held last July in Utica. Supervisor Daniels, of Buffalo, was very emphatic in his declaration that there should be a unification of the educational work of the two departments at Albany under the control of the Regents. It is important to remember also that many professional teachers share the same conviction, but for prudential reasons would not make any

public declaration. In certain cases there seems to be a sort of intimidation displayed by superior officers which checks the spontaneous expression of opinion among teachers. The annual address of the State Superintendent, Charles R. Skinner, contained a summary of the progress claimed for his administration during the past five years. According to the report given in the *School Bulletin* Mr. Skinner did not stop with his demonstration of the advance that New York has made. "Unfortunately he thought it necessary to discuss the question of unification, and his best friends regretted the most to see him descend to the undignified plane of personal altercation. 'I am suffering more than you are,' he said to some of the teachers who were retiring, and the audience could well believe it was true. Some of his notes were misplaced, he felt that he did not have the sympathy of the audience, he was struggling against odds, but he continued with dogged persistency to finish all that he had prepared to say. He attacked by name Regents Sexton, McKelway, and Reid; and referring to the statement in the *New York Sun* that at the convocation the Superintendent of Public Instruction and his deputies were worsted in a fight of their own choosing, said that the speakers at the convocation were manifestly packed in the interest of the Regents. It is a curious fact that before the meeting some of the Regents thought the speakers were packed on the other side, and expressed dissatisfaction thereat.

"The impression Mr. Skinner made was a good deal more of his annoyance at the turn opinion is taking than of the strength of the arguments he presented. He declared that the election of the superintendent by the Regents would be unwise, unpatriotic, undemocratic, and unrepugnant; and yet a few moments before he had said that the department itself had proposed that the superintendent be elected by the Regents on condition that the care of the high schools be transferred to the department. He declared there was not one of the Regents who would not consider it a punishment to be called upon to pass a Regents' examination, which caused some laughter; but a principal near us whispered that if Mr. Skinner were called upon to pass one of his own uniform examinations in drawing he would discover a new cure for obesity. He declared that not only was he himself in favor of high schools, but he would make them absolutely free; and instead of allowing schools like the Utica Free Academy to charge tuition for outside pupils, would require them to take

all country pupils who applied, and make the tuition a charge upon the State."

On a recent occasion, in Brooklyn, Mr. Skinner again took the attitude of supreme critic of the Regents, and gave utterance to many offensive personal statements regarding honorable men who have given long and faithful service to education without any financial compensation. His dominant ambition seems to run in the line of enlarging his own power and increasing the "charge upon the State." Concerning his own department he is an optimist, and a pessimist in all that relates to other departments. The tax-payers of Utica undoubtedly have very good reasons for the policy approved for their academy, and they may safely claim exemption from censorious dictation.

By an act of legislature Mr. Skinner was authorized, at great expense, to assume the responsibility of taking a biennial school census, chiefly on his own recommendation of competency for such a difficult task. The results of his work will not bear critical inspection or a "uniform examination," in the words of his own pet phrase. No gain can be shown proportionate to the money expended. The boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx in New York City were commanded, against the decision of the local commissioners, to pay for the honor of this census about thirty-eight thousand dollars. By a peculiar juggling of the figures there was no distinct mention of the large number of volunteer workers in the cause of education, representing hundreds of prominent families, philanthropic and religious organizations. A census that misrepresents the work done by the people of New York State for education, or which presents only in a partial way the evidence of their generous zeal, deserves severe condemnation. This consideration may be taken by those in charge of the figures to be prepared for the Paris Exposition, which should be arranged according to a reliable standard. It is to the glory of the Empire State that so many of its citizens do not need any compulsory law. They take the initiative in educating their children, and cheerfully pay the cost of their religious training. By an unjust discrimination, fostered by the bigotry of the past, they are also obliged to assume the whole burden of providing instruction in the secular branches required for intelligent citizenship.

For all whom it should concern, and to comply with the request of public officials seeking accurate information, the fol-

lowing exhibit of the parish schools of New York State has been prepared from the Catholic Directory for the year 1899. To remove a widespread misconception, it is necessary to state that the children in these schools have homes supported by their parents, who are entitled to all the civic honor that belongs to tax-payers. From their contributions have been paid the salaries of two thousand, six hundred and twenty teachers. The number of pupils is indicated according to the dioceses, representing all the counties of New York State:

Diocese of New York,	47,109
" " Brooklyn,	27,785
" " Buffalo,	21,324
" " Albany,	13,000
" " Rochester,	12,777
" " Syracuse,	4,840
" " Ogdensburg,	3,500
<hr/>	
Total,	130,335

A Memory.

BY REV. WILLIAM P. CANTWELL.

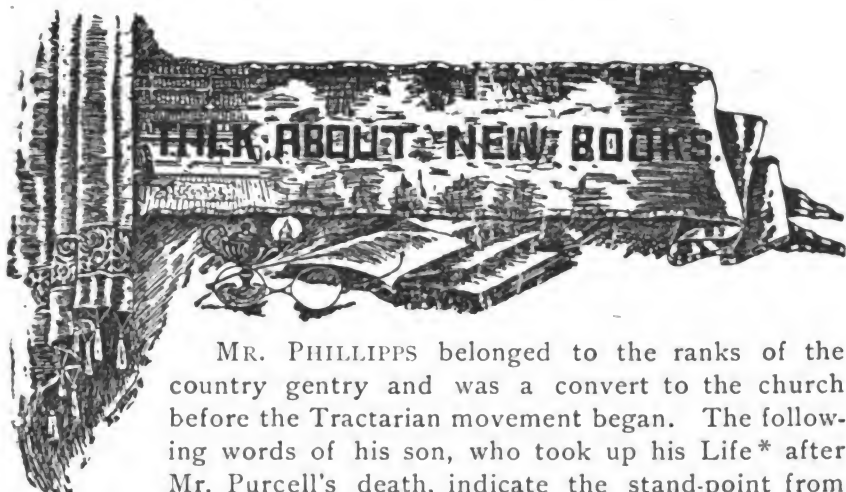
I.



HE day is dull with sullen cloud,
And fog-wraiths haunt the sea;
The fretful waves cry out aloud
In angry prophecy.

II.

The ebon wing of night afar—
Speeds o'er the seething foam—
When lo! amidst the gloom, a star
That leads the sailor home.



MR. PHILLIPPS belonged to the ranks of the country gentry and was a convert to the church before the Tractarian movement began. The following words of his son, who took up his Life* after Mr. Purcell's death, indicate the stand-point from which the life is written: "My object has been to vindicate the Wiseman-De Lisle ecclesiastical policy; to establish my father's reputation as a man possessed of the 'perfection of Catholicity,' and of the love of his country and her constitution; and as a man who laid down, in conjunction with his friend, Father Ignatius Spencer, the only lines upon which the conversion of England is, humanly speaking, possible; not by raising a new church on the ruins of the old one already established, but by laboring to root out all heresy and hatred from the existing churches of Canterbury and York, together with the kindred dissenting bodies, and finally to restore all Christ-worshipping Englishmen to their former ancient Catholic condition of union with the churches of the Continent and the Holy See of Rome—the privilege of the actual Church of Westminster—so that the Scripture may be fulfilled on earth as it is in heaven: *And there shall be one fold and one Shepherd* (John x. 16)."

Mr. Phillipps was associated with the Association for the Promotion of the Unity of Christendom, the methods of which were condemned by the Holy See. A full and particular account of the whole matter is given in these volumes. He was also in intimate relations with Father Spencer, Mr. Gladstone, Cardinal Newman, Aubrey de Vere, the last Catholic Earl of Shrewsbury, Count de Montalembert, and other distinguished men.

Many letters, unpublished before, from Cardinal Newman and Mr. Gladstone add greatly to the interest of this work.

* *Life and Letters of Ambrose Phillipps de Lisle.* By Edmund Sheriden Purcell. Edited and finished by Edwin de Lisle. London: Macmillan & Co., limited; New York: The Macmillan Company.

He brought the Trappists into England, giving them land and building for them a monastery. He was deeply interested not only in religious matters but also in public affairs, although he was unwilling himself to take part in them. Of all these things and many others these volumes give particulars. It is a work of the highest interest and importance, presenting the often told history of the Catholic revival from a distinctly new point of view.

We have received these volumes too late to give of them the extended and careful notice they deserve, and which next month we propose giving. All we can say now is, that they are a most valuable and important contribution to the religious history of our times. Taken along with Mr. Wilfrid Ward's two volumes on his father's life and his Biography of Cardinal Wiseman, together with Mr. Purcell's Life of Cardinal Manning, they serve to set forth that history in great completeness. What is chiefly wanted now is the long-expected life of Cardinal Newman.

Straining for effect and laboring under the burden of a conscious style, the new pastor of Plymouth Church seems less at ease in his recent volume* than might be expected from one trained in the deep-souled spontaneity of pulpit appeal, warm from the heart. On the other hand, one may surmise that sermonizing must, to a great extent, tend to dull one's sensitiveness to the niceties of language; making no great difficulty about careless phrasing, questionable syntax, sudden digression, and curious figures. In the eloquent fervor of discourse, no doubt, the speaker would ignore and the hearer pardon such minor shortcomings.

It would be unfair to end our comment here. Several of the studies presented by the author, notably the first and second, are lovely and full of inspiration. Though they be on themes much exploited nowadays—"Progress" and "Honest Living"—the treatment is clever and even winning. It is a style of teaching which can do much good, and may possibly influence many who have been stolid hitherto into wakening to better life. But a little of it goes a far way, and it cannot be that the older method of appeal through supernatural motives is quite out of date.

It is a great good fortune to the reading public that Miss

* *Great Books as Life Teachers*. By Newell Dwight Hillis. New York: Fleming H. Revell.

Katherine Conway is not unacquainted with the principle of moral theology that declares the nullity of a vow not made *pro bono meliori*. It were a pity had the present delightful volume of reminiscences of travel* been lost to us, simply because of a mistaken "pledge not to write a new book" on her recent European trip. We assure the author, with all theological certainty, that she need be troubled by no scruples as to the legality of her dispensation from that pledge, for it is most undoubtedly a *bonum melius* to have written such a book as *New Footsteps in Well-Trodden Ways*, than to have left it unwritten.

These reminiscences are so interesting in themselves, and the telling of them is so happily managed, as almost to compel the reading of every line of their 252 pages at one sitting.

The quasi-apology contained in the title is hardly necessary, for though the "ways" Miss Conway has taken are "well-trodden" indeed, they yet become new and fresh under her pleasant treatment; so that those who have themselves trodden therein will be grateful for being reminded of happy experiences, and those who have never yet partaken of the privilege of a European tour will, for the time at least, gladly accept such delightful narrative as Miss Conway's as the next best thing.

For Catholic readers, especially, the volume in hand must be enjoyable, for the author has in her journeyings taken the very route that every Catholic would like to follow when in the old countries, and she writes of all her experiences with an exquisite Catholic sympathy. Her enthusiastic admiration, by preference, for persons and places and practices connected with the life of the church is most refreshing, as indicative of a loving Catholic instinct. Yet Miss Conway is Catholic as well in the other and broader sense of the term: she shows a kindly sympathy for all classes with whom she comes in contact. Her short chapter on "Jerusalem in Rome" makes manifest her rather novel yet altogether praiseworthy feeling of interest and concern in the unfortunate religious condition of the Jews. We wish there were more of such *Catholicity*.

The grouping together in one chapter of remarks and incidents illustrating Italian devotion to the Blessed Virgin is particularly felicitous. The author, almost unconsciously and with perfect unostentation, champions the cause of such warm-hearted

* *New Footsteps in Well-Trodden Ways*. By Katherine E. Conway. Boston: The Pilot Publishing Company.

and ingenuous piety towards the Blessed Mother of God as is peculiarly Italian; and she does not fail to make her point that such devotion is, in all reason, natural, and cannot be offensive to any one but the hypercritical.

There is many a bit of anecdote and comment and criticism and historical narrative to enliven these pages of Miss Conway's, and prevent them from becoming a mere guide-book or a record of sights and facts. In fact, it is the constant insertion of these snatches of history, and these touch-and-go comments on literature and art, that fastens the reader's attention and makes him hurry along from page to page with that continuous interest that is generally given only to the best of novels.

Outside of Rome, and its multitude of churches great and obscure, England and Oxford seem most to have stirred our writer's emotions. And truly those who have read much of the story of Catholicism in England must feel, with Miss Conway, that there is nothing like Oxford "to make the Catholic heart prouder and sadder, aught more abounding in wild contradictions, more moving to heart-sinking and to hope." But we must feel that hope shall predominate, the "new spring" of Catholic life in England shall merge into glorious summer, and the true faith again be found throned in her ancient citadel, the great English University. It were pleasant to speak at length of these and many other hopes and memories aroused by the words of a true Catholic enthusiast, but in lieu of this we must content ourselves with thanking "The Bostonian" for her delightful little work and again recommending it as an extraordinarily successful and interesting volume.

This is a number of tales,* partly allegorical, in which the opinions of the author, Selma Lagerlöf, on facts of the moral consciousness are offered to the public in a translation by Pauline Bancroft Flach.

The shell of the teaching, the outer covering, is attractive, as it ought to be in writing of the kind, while the strong sympathy with the loveliness and grandeur of external nature imparts the principal charm to the characters that are associated with the scenes. In some way these men and women are born from the scenes; they are as the atmosphere in which they live and move and have their being. The terrible outlaw in the story called "The Outlaws" is the embodied spirit of the

* *Invisible Links*. By Selma Lagerlöf. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

wild, fierce as the torrent, black and shaggy as the mountain, strong, daring, invincible, an incarnation of the forces of nature; and yet in all the fury of his spirit, amid the storm wrack that clouds it, and despite its tumult and disorder, there emerges from the chaos the sense of the great truth that justice is the foundation of the world. He himself is at war with human justice; he had committed a crime, the murder of a monk, more shocking to the public conscience than an ordinary murder, and in consequence he fled to the mountains. His companion—one who accidentally joins him—is a very young fisherman, a mere boy, who had stolen fishing nets. Now there began a war of thought and feeling in the young fisherman when he learned the nature of his companion's crime. His mind, though undeveloped, was naturally clear and strong, his affections were generous and manly. He rejected offers of reward to betray the murderer; but from the moment he heard that justice was the foundation of the world, and heard it from the murderer's lips, influences internal and external worked upon him, tortured him, wrung him, appalled him, until at length he could find no peace except by satisfying external justice through its representative, human justice. This was by surrendering the murderer to its power, or, as it may appear to the unsophisticated mind, by the betrayal of his friend. He justified himself for his treachery by the dread of the spirits that haunted him, and in the opportunity for repentance afforded to the murderer. So far as this "link" has a purpose in accounting for the motives which influence conduct in a crisis, it is, doubtless, in this that a comparatively untainted mind will see the enormity of a crime to which the criminal himself is blind, and the latter may realize it by the anguish which the thought of it causes to a beloved soul. It is a very roundabout way of reaching a fundamental principle of human nature, that the esteem of one loved is valued.

"The King's Grave" is a sketch intended to illustrate the growth of the mind in primitive conditions and the way in which the untutored imagination confers power and intelligence on natural objects having some resemblance to the human face and form. The suggestion is that fetichism is the religion of nature, and the first religion. The conception is wrought out without much verisimilitude, but the purely literary part of the task is performed with ability; that is to say, the descriptions of scenery and the portraiture are animated. This is also an allegory; but the philosophy which underlies the fiction leads

to the same goal as fatalism or determinism of a theistic kind. Why grieve for what you have done, compelled by the immortal gods?

There are several other sketches, and in all a search is carried on for the links which form the chain of life; that is, for the circumstances and moods which use the raw material of character, and the relation of the will to these, which is the loom for ever active until the character is made. But in hardly any instance can we discover the reality of the process. It is like nothing we are acquainted with: and yet we are inclined to think the reader of "A Fallen King" will judge that he has had experience himself, and others have had the same, of a conversion effected with like violence and tearing asunder of the soul as that portrayed in Matto Wik's rising out of despair and degradation, under the singing and praying, the charitable deeds, and more charitable sympathy, of the Salvation Army captain and her two companions. Extraordinary effects, either of good or evil, were produced in the early "revivals" in England and Ireland; but these we can some way understand, as the product of great excitement in minds hardly developed but devotional. The act of Wik, which is presented as a sacrifice of himself to secure the happiness of his young wife is either an act of insanity or else the result of an ill-conditioned and unmanly jealousy. The wonderful power of moving audiences as long as he carried his grief locked in his heart, and the loss of the power when by his wife's confession he regained his good name, are a bad blending of a natural fact and a supernatural result into the implication of one single miraculous effect of Salvation Army missionary labor. There is, indeed, one admirable sketch—in which, as the silver lining of the cloud when the moon is about to issue renders the black pall beautiful, so the high thoughts which are sanctified by death make death beautiful as they made life noble—and this is the fanciful vision of the ghosts which Frederika Bremer saw before she closed her eyes in death to open them in life.

In his retirement at the Catholic University Professor Stoddard is displaying a most commendable literary activity. Catholic writers of his stamp are too few, and universal thanks must be awarded his publisher, his friends, his students, or whoever is responsible for his steadiness at the pen. The present volume,* indeed, is a reprint from the pages of the

* *Over the Rocky Mountains to Alaska.* By Charles Warren Stoddard. St. Louis: B. Herder.

Ave Maria, but its advent gives us hope that we shall soon have in book-form the other very charming series of sketches now appearing in that clever and well-edited magazine.

Hail-storms of the Rockies, Pueblo and its infernal heat, streams brawling through lovely vales, the quiet inland sea, the steamboat-deck at 10 P. M.—these are some of the varied visions framed in the cheery, familiar style now so popular with thousands of readers, and said by able critics to be quite beyond rivalry. A lagoon amid mountain-steeps like a watery way in a giant Venice, a ball by the ladies of Juneau, Sitka, the jumping-off place, and the towering rock of Katalan—all these are among the new slides of our friend's marvellously furnished stereopticon, and you may be thankful to sit by attentive as he describes. His old charm is still his own. We can voice no better comment on his latest work.

In the February issue we commended strongly M. Sepet's admirable life of Saint Louis. The present volume,* being of the same series, is to some extent in rather disappointing contrast. Perhaps this is felt all the more because we have expected much from the new series and have cherished hopes of well-nigh faultless perfection. Strict criticism of defects, it seems to us, has been invited by the prospectus of these new "Lives," and by the choice of eminent men for their composition. Yet the present volume gives evidence of many shortcomings, some not remediable, except by a change in plan and tone. We mention them, however, in the hope and the expectation of deterring no one from procuring this new *Life of St. Ambrose*, for it is worth purchasing both for its own sake and for the sake of the series to which it belongs.

To speak first of the larger and more fundamental matters of general conception and treatment. The whole work manifests a lack of what we may call, for want of a better word, "sympathy"; that is, such a real appreciation in the writer's mind of the peculiar grandeur and heroic qualities in the character of the saint as would influence the writing of every page and make itself felt on the reader's mind. This quality, we say, is, to our thinking, absent from the biography, because in the reading of it our former conception (we believe a true one) of the outstanding nobility of the figure of the great bishop of Milan is neither enlarged nor accentuated. The failure to produce this effect is perhaps due to a failure on the author's

* *The Saints*: "St. Ambrose," by the Duc de Broglie. Translated by Margaret Maitland. New York: Benziger Brothers.

part to present the romantic and dramatic events of his hero's life in striking, picturesque narration, even where this could have been done without violence to historical accuracy. For example, the celebrated incident of the humiliation of Theodosius after the massacre of Thessalonica is told with unnecessary diffuseness, with too much attention to Ambrose's motives for severity, too much explanation of what the author seems to consider the bishop's delay in confronting the emperor. A blow was struck by Theodosius against the church and against God; Ambrose braved the imperial sinner, and struck a return blow that brought him to his knees to beg pardon of the church and of God. That is the story. Let it be told quickly and briefly; then, if necessary, let Ambrose's letters be brought forward to explain his emotions and motives. Other instances might be given, but the fault we speak of is a general one, noticeable rather in the *tout ensemble* of the work than in any particular part.

Furthermore, one might well ask, what is the author's opinion of the miracles that attested the finding of the bones of the saints, Gervasius and Protasius? He seems only reluctantly to admit that "cures were said to have taken place," and is there not an apparent discountenancing of these cures in the manner of the statement that "greater are the miracles grace effects in the soul than are such miracles as these"? (p. 84). The miraculous events accompanying the discovery of the bones of these martyred brothers are mentioned by St. Ambrose himself and recounted by St. Augustine, and it would take little space to declare the fact. Indeed, we confess a dislike of the apparent desire to exclude miracles from this book. No other is mentioned, if we except the heavenly phenomena which surrounded the death of St. Ambrose; we hope that the omission of the account of the divine witnesses to sanctity that followed his demise is made from carelessness rather than from design.

We have hinted that the book is not faultlessly written. Sometimes the author, sometimes the translator, sometimes we know not who, is to blame. For example, "inconsequent" (p. 30) is good French, but not the best English for "inconsistent"; "directly" (pp. 28, 98, 100) cannot mean "as soon as"; "not now shall lead our armies the military eagles" (p. 23), and "is it likely that him whom alive the soldiers deserted, they will defend now he is dead?" are Latin, not English constructions; "fish for compliments" (p. 45) has almost too colloquial a

sound for a literary work; "no one thought it incumbent on *them* to tell him" (p. 58) is hugely ungrammatical, and to translate "*Invitum nolitis colere quod nolit*" into "Force no one to practise a religion *they*," etc. (p. 59), is to do the Latin an injustice, and to disgrace the English; "tore down their standards *floating* over the capitol" (p. 60) leaves room for doubt as to the final disposition of the standards. "Protaeus" for "Protasius" (p. 83) may be allowable, but is hardly familiar; to say (p. 96) that Domnin showed a puerile inability as a diplomat, and then aver that "it did not take the astuteness of a Domnin," etc., is a trifle inconsistent; "Valeus" for "Valens" on two successive pages would reflect on any proof-reader; and—to come back to our syntax—"the mob, having personally insulted the emperor, repressive measures naturally followed," is decidedly poor; and so the errors accumulate. It is a pity they are so numerous, but we repeat that, despite its faults, the book contains much that is worthy, and will repay its price to the buyer.

Mr. Keightley shares the feeling which draws so many writers of fiction at this moment to the life of the eighteenth century for the materials of their work. We are not quite sure that obedience to the demand, the fashion, or the craze is the wisest course; at least, if a novelist intends to reproduce the manners and mind of that century, he requires something more than acquaintance with one or two social facts like smuggling and kidnapping, and something more than the knowledge that men dressed differently from the style of the present day. Whatever may be the source of the attraction to the period when the original thirteen States of the Union were still colonies with the treatment of crown dependencies, or conquered provinces as an alternative policy, we are at liberty to say that writers proposing to treat of that time in fiction should remember their rivals.

Mr. Keightley gives us an entertaining book*—we think that he is a man of talent, though somewhat deficient in taste and knowledge—but the book no more belongs to the time in which the events are supposed to be laid than it belongs to the period "when Adam delved and Eve span," or the period "when Pan to Moses gave his pagan horn." We should have liked to see the influence of dress, a particular etiquette, and a particular opinion on the formation of character and conduct.

* *Heronford*. By S. R. Keightley. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

The mere shadowy vicar **does not** belong to the church which Fielding and Marlin, Swift and Sterne have made familiar to us. Lord Heronford, the elder, is borrowed from the mysterious white-coated gentleman in *The House by the Churchyard*, and made purposeless in the appropriation; the younger one is a very poor personation of the reformed rake who fills so large a place in the novels, the plays, and the matchless little papers—little essays on men and manners—of that century when English prose reached a perfection which places it nearest to the Attic of Plato and Xenophon. We have said the book is an entertaining one. We repeat this, and we add, the tone is honest and healthy; but to us it is perfectly plain the writer is not an Englishman, though he professes to be one.

Two recent books* of practical religious import deserve kindly mention. Father Cafferata has supplied us with a book of instruction which will be of great advantage in aiding converts to obtain clear primary notions of Christian doctrine. Its best feature is its being so adapted as to supply lay workers with all the requisites for thoroughly explaining such points as are likely to obtain most notice from inquiring non-Catholics. The simplicity of language, the clearness of detail, the frequent use of the Book of Common Prayer, and the sympathetic tone, make the volume a heartily welcomed addition to our growing list of "convert literature."

The explanation of the Mass, in the other volume mentioned, is likewise satisfactory. Its handy form, its cheap price, its thoroughly enjoyable paper and type serve as additional recommendations to the series of devout instructions on the meaning of the Holy Sacrifice. If any suggestion were to be advanced it might, perhaps, be that the deep personal significance of the great act of adoration may be somewhat obscured in the simple reader's mind by the detailed account of single parts and ceremonies.

Father Rickaby has brought together in this volume,† with some slight revision, the Conferences given by him to the Catholic undergraduates of Oxford and of Cambridge in the years 1897, 1898, 1899. We have already given notices of

* *The Catechism Simply Explained*. By Rev. Henry T. Cafferata. London: Art and Book Co.; St. Louis: B. Herder.—*The Christian at Mass*. By Rev. Joseph L. Andreis. New York: Christian Press Association.

† *Oxford and Cambridge Conferences, 1897-1899*. By Joseph Rickaby, S.J. London: Burns & Oates, limited; New York: Benziger Bros.

some of these Conferences as they appeared separately, and now welcome the publication of the complete collection. The only fault they have is their brevity. They appear to be rather notes than fully developed discourses. On this account they are the better suited for the studious, and for such they will be very useful; especially the Oxford Conferences, which treat of questions at present much discussed.

Father Rickaby shows intimate acquaintance not only with Catholic philosophy and theology but also with current writings, and seizes upon with a sure hand their real tendency and bearing. The following extract on the "subjective method of proof" gives a good idea of his attitude towards what is called modern thought, and his way of dealing with it: "What I call the 'subjective method of proof' consists in observing the sequence of ideas current among mankind, and arguing thence the sequence of events thereto corresponding, as though to know the ideas and the state of men's minds at any given epoch was to know the facts about which the ideas are conversant. On this method, if we wish to know whether a thing be right or wrong, we have only to inquire whether men nowadays generally hold it to be right or wrong: the conscience of mankind at this rate being the standard of morality. . . . We have but to mingle in society and read the literature of the day, and this knowledge of ideas will prove to be a knowledge of things. There are great advantages about this method; it is a vast saving of research, it enables us to make up our minds with little trouble. For instance: past ages believed in witchcraft; the present age does not believe in witchcraft; therefore there is no such thing as witchcraft. It will be observed that this method entirely dispenses with objective proof; . . . no science has demonstrated that such a thing as a real witch is an impossibility; the disbelief is declared to be the result, not of any series of definite arguments or of new discoveries, but of a gradual, insensible yet profound modification of the habits of thought prevailing in Europe. It is, it is said, a direct consequence of the progress of civilization, and of its influence upon opinions. . . . If we ask what new arguments were discovered during the decadence of the belief, we must admit that they were quite inadequate to account for the change. Still we have heard of rude awakenings of individuals, and even of whole classes and nations of men, facts breaking in upon them quite contrary to their established ideas. There is always danger in trusting to an idea, because

it is an idea, however common. It is not a scientific confidence. . . . It is not safe."

We commend this volume, and especially this Conference on the Subjective Method, to the attentive study of studious readers.

One of the articles in our last issue offers us the occasion for a few words about the appearance of Sir John Seeley's famous book.* 1882 was the beginning of the first formal teaching of a creed which since then has been repeated and varied in many places and under diverse forms, always maintaining its position as the Gospel of Natural Christianity. Vague and indefinite though it be, this new religion has won to itself some of the cleverest and most cultured of modern minds. It claims to be the Faith of the Future, and whether propagated under the title of Worship of Nature, Religion of Beauty, or the New Humanism, it professes a doctrine which in the main is ever the same. To know its tenets thoroughly, and their bearing on formal religion, as we term it, one has but to consult the classical pronouncement mentioned above.

In outline the creed is as follows: Science, it teaches, far from being hostile to true religion, is but a most admirable means to free it from bonds and shackles and exhibit it in its native grandeur. The God revealed to the modern worshipper is Nature, conceived as the grand totality of phenomenal existences. Faith in the progress of humanity and admiration of the visible world, these are the cardinal points in its profession, and the only infidelity it recognizes is lack of enthusiasm or an idle, selfish narrowness which refuses to contribute to the common treasury of united effort. This religion, its adherents maintain, is a real religion, its God an actual God, its bearing on human welfare an eminently practical one. In it, and in it alone, the artist and the scientist can find that common meeting-ground furnishing place for a world-wide religion which will be to all humanity what the Mosaic Dispensation was to the Jewish people. This, the Spiritual City of the universal civilization, is to be, as it were, a restored Hellenic culture, purified by Christian adaptation, elevated and widened and made lasting by the shaping hand of Science.

Now, the main point at issue in all this matter is the existence of the "supernatural" as commonly conceived. As commonly conceived, we say, because, under a cloud of phras-

* *Natural Religion*. By the author of *Ecce Homo*. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1886. Third edition.

ing and amid a dust of terms, the word supernatural is often presented as possessed of a meaning quite different from that in use among Christians. But it will, perhaps, make the issue clear if we specify as the precise points to be adjudged these two, the personality of God and the individual immortality of the human soul. These doctrines assented to, Natural Religion can be dismissed as a mere misnomer for a believing sect.

This is not the place to examine the *pro* and *con.* of the controversy concerning these matters. We allude to them as the really important considerations in the question at issue, that the inquirer may not be deceived by specious ambiguities, but may at once fix his eye upon the keystone of the edifice he is called upon to admire. His Christian integrity is unharmed, though in company with Neo-Pagans; he should love water and pine-trees, and the gleam of the rising moon, though he join in praying for "The Parliament of man, the federation of the world"; though he condemn as futile and untrue the childish notions of superstitious imaginations which some would represent as the kernel of Christian faith. But the forbidden ground wherein no Christian can tread securely is the discussion of the Divine Personality, and the character of the union held up as the final destiny of men. Therein, as Martineau has pointed out in comment on the volume before us, lies the negation of real religion. Given the truth of Christian teaching on these points, it is not a far cry to the building up of a complete system of Catholic doctrine. Hence it has seemed worth while to indicate the landmarks that stand at the parting of the ways, and to mention *Natural Religion* as the authoritative exponent of the system, giving us plain evidence of its characteristic weaknesses.

The author of this book,* although it was originally written in French for French readers, is an Englishwoman. The original has just received the singular mark of distinction of being crowned by the Académie Française. The style of the original is thus vouched for, while the translation is so well made that it does not seem to be a translation. The work is not the product of research in the same sense as Father Gasquet's *Eve of the Reformation*. Lingard has been followed in the general plan, and Challoner's *Missionary Priests* and Brother Foley's *Records* have furnished the matter for the account of the sufferings and lives of the

* *The Condition of English Catholics under Charles II.* By the Comtesse R. de Courson. Translated and amplified from original sources by Mrs. F. Raymond-Barker. London: Catholic Truth Society.

secular priests and of the Jesuits. For minor matters the author made use of old family papers to give the finishing touches to the picture, while the translator has made so much more extended a use of this hitherto unpublished material as to be able to say that the substance of the work has been gathered from many a quarry not always accessible.

So far as our knowledge goes this is the first continuous account of the sufferings of Catholics during the reign of Charles II.; the reigns of Elizabeth, James I., and Charles have been fairly or completely treated of by Father Morris and others. There is, unfortunately, an abundant record of suffering. The hopes of Catholics on the accession of Charles II. were dashed to the ground. Of the ten chapters seven are devoted almost completely to the account of trials and executions and persecutions of one kind or another. But it is a record calculated to animate the Catholic heart to work for the good of his country. Sometimes we hear of the better condition of Protestant when compared with Catholic countries. England was then more of a Protestant country than now. And yet immorality not only prevailed, but was practised with more ostentation and brought less disgrace than at any other period. "In all classes habits of gambling, intemperance, and profanity were rife, and in the political world there prevailed falsehood, intrigue, corruption. Alone, in the seclusion of their dilapidated manors, the impoverished Catholic recusants maintained intact, together with the ancient faith, their inherited tradition of fortitude and honor, the fear of God, and their own self-respect" (p. 218).

In the way of personal reminiscences and anecdotes of Cardinal Newman it is hardly possible to say too much, for his character was as fascinating as his writings. He seems to have lived in an atmosphere of intellectual and spiritual dignity that gave tone and beauty to his daily life, while it secured his habits and characteristics from the public eye. The world knew him well, indeed, through his soul-expressive writings, but could scarcely catch a glimpse of the domestic attractiveness that shone in his conversation and manner. Gladstone said of him that he illustrated better than any one else the truth of the saying, "The world knows little of its greatest men."

Some attempts have been made since his death to reveal his closer personality; the volume in hand* approaches the

* *Personal Reminiscences of Cardinal Newman.* By Caroline Vinton Henry. Illustrated: Chicago: T. S. Hyland & Co.

pleasant task with greatest sympathy and reverence. Mrs. Henry has learned her stories mainly from the lips of her husband, who enjoyed a particularly friendly relation with the great Oratorian, and her appreciation of her subject partakes evidently of the great affection and devotion that sweetened the intercourse between Mr. Henry and his spiritual patron, Dr. Newman.

For the sake of a possible future edition of the work, it may be remarked that the present edition is somewhat marred by careless proof-reading, Latin words and quotations having particularly suffered at the hands of the reader or printer. Otherwise the volume is very well and pleasantly prepared. The illustrations are particularly worthy of commendation.

AN ESTIMATE OF VOLTAIRE.

On the title-page the author of a *History of Modern Philosophy in France** appears as maître de conférences in the Sorbonne and professor in the École Libre des Sciences Politiques. His plan gives much place to men like Voltaire, who are not usually grouped among the "philosophers." The principle on which he has made his selection is the influence which a writer has had on the French Revolution either by promoting it, checking it, or deducing consequences from it. In such a method Joseph de Maistre must have a place. We regret that the author has not given due effect to the reasoning which led De Maistre to criticise the philosophic thought which led to the Revolution. Whether M. Levy-Bruhl has intended it or not, the impression produced is that De Maistre was a passionate declaimer. He was very far from this. He had indeed a scorn for shams, for intellectual vanity, for the superficial judgment that condemned as of no value everything that had been done for the enlightenment of mankind before the eighteenth century. He saw a philosophy which had led to anarchy as its practical results; but he was not content with looking at this consequence, he proved that it was impossible that anything but that consequence, anything but the disorders of the Revolution, could have sprung from the doctrines of the "philosophers." Now, this is in the highest sense the scientific treatment of that event. The necessary connection of causes and effects is seen and stated, and this adequate consideration marks the contrast between De Maistre and French-

**History of Modern Philosophy in France.* By Lucien Levy-Bruhl. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company; London: Kegan Paul & Co.

men like Guizot and Carrel, Englishmen like Macaulay and the Whigs of the *Edinburgh Review*. The fury of the Revolution these men looked upon as the best proof of the evils of the old authority in France, spiritual and temporal; and they took as a test of the correctness of their judgment the moderation of the revolution in England which began in 1641, and of the event usually called the Revolution which took place in 1688.

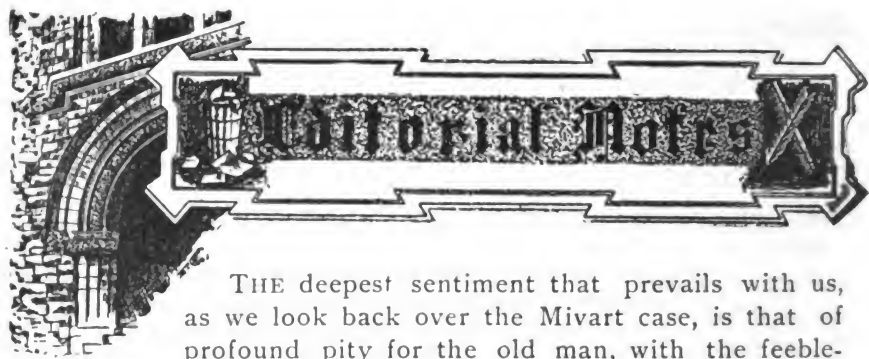
The fact is, that in England in 1653 God still ruled, even though as the Calvinistic Zeus of Milton, while in France there was no God, no influence except a fearful parody of the grotesque disorders of mediæval Abbots of Unreason. To all of the "philosophers" of the eighteenth century, in a greater or less degree, must be attributed the tragic mummeries performed in France in that awful time. Foremost among the pernicious influences were the scoffs of Voltaire. The author has given to Voltaire an exceptionally large place in his work. We do not think that because his philosophy was not reduced to a system he should be disentitled to the name of a philosopher. If it appears, though diffused over novels, historical works, plays and essays, it would entitle him to a place among philosophers; but even then there must be principles from which conclusions are deduced, if nothing constructive, at least a consistent criticism. There is nothing of the kind. Voltaire is throughout a free lance of the press, the greatest there ever has been, but a man who served one standard to-day, another to-morrow, like the condottieri of the middle ages, like the soldiers of fortune of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In his *Traité de Métaphysique* he insists upon the freedom of the will; in the *Philosophie Ignorant*, later on, he denied it. If this were the result of an unfortunate, though an honest, change of opinion, one could only regret it; but Voltaire had no regard for truth. Whenever he assailed Christianity he employed falsehood with an effrontery so confident that inexperienced readers thought his statements final. His ribaldry when he dealt with sacred subjects was of a piece with the loathsomeness of his private conversation. Pope, who had a tolerably strong stomach for indecency, was compelled to fly from a dinner-table in London on account of the grossness of Voltaire. It was more than suspected that Voltaire used to sell the secrets of the Jacobites, who trusted him because they thought he was a Catholic.

Before his religious and philosophical opinions could have an influence on contemporary judgment, he affected a regard for

authority, he exhibited Christian piety in an amiable light, and his sentiments were so just and delicate that the Pope condescended to accept the dedication of his "Mahomet." But he was biding his time; and when it came that matchless sarcasm of which he was possessed was directed against the most valuable truths, the most venerable institutions, the most generous sentiments. Therefore we are prepared to hear that "there is not a single ancient philosopher who now serves to instruct young people among enlightened nations," that the Middle Ages are a time of "Samoyeds and Ostiaks" who had "read Aristotle and Avicenna," that the Catholic religion is the soul of those ages, and they are described in the words ignorance, misery, and theology; that scholasticism, religious wars, plagues, famines, *autos-da-fe* are all branches of the same tree and, like branches, share the same life.

It has been said that Voltaire cannot be regarded as a formidable enemy of Christianity; that his recklessness, dishonesty, and utter disregard for truth prevented him from doing the harm done by such men as Hume, Gibbon, and Strauss. M. Levy-Bruhl does not seem to have seen that Voltaire was an unscrupulous liar; he seems, on the contrary, to regard him as a humane and singularly enlightened man, and that the reason he was not so successful an antagonist of Christianity as he might have been, is because he was a Theist. The fact is, Voltaire was as dangerous, through that withering irony which in his day blighted everything it fell upon, as any enemy of religion. The mind would have been a clear one and the will a strong one which, in a period of unexampled shallowness and irreverence, could be insensible to the mockery of that Mephistophelian smile.

It was no wonder when the reaction came that pure-minded men would strike at the wickedness, the folly, the inconsistency and pretension of a school the central figure of which was a man like Voltaire. They had before them, as we said, the excesses of the Revolution, its saturnalia of blood and lust, the hollow mouthings of its heroics, its unspeakable shames. That philosophy which stands in the eternal pillory of the crimes of 1793, that constructive power with its hundred constitutions living the life of summer flies—that philosophy even in its method was a false pretence. Nothing but experiment, experiment, experiment! And yet not one of the whole line or tribe or conspiracy against God and reason—not one had the patience to practise the experimental method.



THE deepest sentiment that prevails with us, as we look back over the Mivart case, is that of profound pity for the old man, with the feebleness of seventy years in his step, as he goes out from the church of his strength and maturity to wander alone among the stranger, with no priest to shrive him and no sacraments to comfort him. Not a few will offer up their prayers that he may bend the knee in submission before the end comes.

It is significant in this deplorable affair with what unanimity the non-Catholic religious press commended the church's strong attitude in favor of dogmatic truth. The *Outlook*, however, was an exception. Because Cardinal Vaughan required, in the name of the church, "a hearty and *intellectual* acceptance" of her teaching, the *Outlook* declares that this is requiring of Mivart "nothing less than an abdication of reason." It is not so; the act of faith is a highly intellectual act. It is the belief in divinely revealed truth, as presented by an unerring messenger, and it is the highest act of reason to yield submission to One who is the Way, the Truth, and the Light. This of a necessity places the final authority in matters of faith and morals not within the individual, but without him. To be consistent the *Outlook* must applaud Roberts in his polygamy, and consider him a martyr to his private judgment when the American nation turned him out of its legislative halls.

The discussion on the school question is again in an acute state. With more and more urgency are the professional educationists insisting on a religious element in education, and they are gradually familiarizing themselves with the idea of some way or other incorporating the religious feature into the common school. It is necessary that they solve the problem for themselves. They will not take our solution, labelled as ours, but if we give them time enough they will come around to it in their own way. We call special attention to the two school articles in this issue. The Regents stand for a feasible solution of the difficulty.

THE SUPREME COURT AND SECTARIAN INSTITUTIONS.

WE venture to publish the full text of a recent decision of the Supreme Court of the United States which, in our opinion, is destined to have a far-reaching effect in shaping the policies of the various states and municipalities towards the eleemosynary institutions within their gates.

Under the influence of a recent wave of bigotry many charitable institutions, which have been organized to do a purely humanitarian work of relieving distress or of succoring misery, though under religious auspices, have been often placed in sore straits through the refusal of the civil authorities to grant them the financial help they have needed to do the work of the municipality. And this refusal has been because they have ventured to call to their aid the comforts and consolations of religion, though they have secured the results the municipality has asked. This movement originated largely among some ardent Evangelical spirits, and was taken up by the Evangelical Alliance and continued by the soi-disant "League for the Protection of American Institutions."

The true inwardness of this movement was "shown up" by Rev. Alfred Young in a scathing article, entitled "The Coming Contest—with a Retrospect," published in THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE of January, 1894. The promoters of the movement, under a very thin disguise, first attempted to make Protestantism a state religion by securing an amendment to the National Constitution, the second section of which read as follows: "Each State in this Union shall establish and maintain a system of free public schools adequate for the education of *all* the children living therein between the ages of six and sixteen years inclusive, in the common branches of knowledge, and in virtue, morality, and *the principles of the Christian religion.*" Failing in this, they determined to completely secularize every school, hospital, or eleemosynary institution, or else deprive it of municipal or state aid. In order to secure this latter end the following clause was submitted: "No State shall pass any law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, or use its property or credit, or any money raised by taxation, or authorize either to be used, for the purpose of founding, maintaining, or aiding, by appropria-

tion, payment for services, expenses, or otherwise, any church, religious denomination, or religious society, or any institution, society, or undertaking which is wholly or in part under sectarian or ecclesiastical control." In this too they failed, but in their most desperate attempt to succeed they did create a whirlwind in which many institutions that were doing useful humanitarian work suffered. But now the end of all their machinations has come. The Supreme Court of the United States has for ever settled the matter in declaring it entirely lawful for the District of Columbia to enter into contracts whereby it can pay out moneys to institutions to do a certain work in accordance with its charter, notwithstanding the fact that the Directors of such an institution are clothed in a religious garb, and profess the tenets of a definite religious faith. Justice Peckham, writing the decision, says that "Whether the individuals who compose the corporation under its charter happen to be all Roman Catholics, or all Methodists, or Presbyterians, or Unitarians, or members of any other religious organization, or of no organization at all, is of not the slightest consequence with reference to the law of its incorporation, nor can the individual beliefs upon religious matters of the various incorporators be inquired into."

The complete decision should be carefully read. It is based on the most impartial reasons, and animated by a perfect sense of justice to all shades of religious sentiment. It constitutes the closing chapter in the history of one of the bitterest persecutions the Catholic Church has suffered at the hands of men who made it their boast that they were American citizens.

SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES.

NO. 76.—OCTOBER TERM. 1899.

Joseph Bradfield, Appellant,	}	Appeal from the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia.
<i>vs.</i>		
Ellis H. Roberts, Treasurer of the United States.		

[December 4, 1899.]

This is a suit in equity, brought by the appellant to enjoin the defendant from paying any moneys to the directors of Providence Hospital in the city of Washington, under an agreement entered into between the Commissioners of the District of Columbia and the directors of the hospital, by virtue of the authority of an act of Congress, because of the alleged invalidity of the agreement for the reasons stated in the bill of complaint. In that bill complainant represents that he is a citizen and tax-payer of the United States and a resident of the District of Columbia, that the defendant is the Treasurer of the United States, and the object of the suit is to enjoin him from paying to or on account of Providence Hospital, in the city of Washington, District of Columbia, any moneys

belonging to the United States, by virtue of a contract between the Surgeon-General of the Army and the directors of that hospital, or by virtue of an agreement between the Commissioners of the District of Columbia and such directors, under the authority of an appropriation contained in the sundry civil appropriation bill for the District of Columbia, approved June 4, 1897.

Complainant further alleged in his bill:

"That the said Providence Hospital is a private eleemosynary corporation, and that to the best of complainant's knowledge and belief it is composed of members of a monastic order or sisterhood of the Roman Catholic Church, and is conducted under the auspices of said church; that the title to its property is vested in the 'Sisters of Charity of Emmitsburg, Maryland'; that it was incorporated by a special act of Congress approved April 8, 1864, whereby, in addition to the usual powers of bodies corporate and politic, it was invested specially with 'full power and all the rights of opening and keeping a hospital in the city of Washington for the care of such sick and invalid persons as may place themselves under the treatment and care of said corporation.'

"That in view of the sectarian character of said Providence Hospital and the specific and limited object of its creation, the said contract between the same and the Surgeon-General of the Army and also the said agreement between the same and the Commissioners of the District of Columbia are unauthorized by law, and, moreover, involve a principle and a precedent for the appropriation of the funds of the United States for the use and support of religious societies, contrary to the article of the Constitution which declares that Congress shall make no law respecting a religious establishment, and also a precedent for giving to religious societies a legal agency in carrying into effect a public and civil duty which would, if once established, speedily obliterate the essential distinction between civil and religious functions.

"That the complainant and all other citizens and tax-payers of the United States are injured by reason of the said contract and the said agreement, in virtue whereof the public funds are being used and pledged for the advancement and support of a private and sectarian corporation, and that they will suffer irreparable damage if the same are allowed to be carried into full effect by means of payments made through or by the said defendant out of the Treasury of the United States, contrary to the Constitution and declared policy of the Government."

The agreement above mentioned, between the Commissioners of the District of Columbia and the directors of Providence Hospital, is annexed to the bill, and is as follows:

"Articles of agreement entered into this sixteenth day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-seven, by and between the Commissioners of the District of Columbia and the directors of Providence Hospital, a body corporate in said District, whereby it is agreed on the part of the Commissioners of the District of Columbia—

"That they will erect on the grounds of said hospital an isolating building or ward for the treatment of minor contagious diseases, said building or ward to be erected without expense to said hospital, except such as it may elect, but to be paid out of an appropriation for that purpose contained in the District appropriation bill approved March 3, 1897, on plans to be furnished by the said Commissioners, and approved by the health officer of the District of Columbia, and that when the said building or ward is fully completed it shall be turned over to the officers of Providence Hospital, subject to the following provisions:

"First. That two-thirds of the entire capacity of said isolating building or ward shall be reserved for the use of such poor patients as shall be sent there by the Commissioners of the District from time to time through the proper officers. For each such patient said Commissioners and their successors in office are to pay at the rate of two hundred and fifty dollars (250) per annum, for such a time as such patient may be in the hospital, subject to annual appropriations by Congress.

"Second. That persons able to pay for treatment may make such arrange-

ments for entering the said building or ward as shall be determined by those in charge thereof, and such persons will pay the said Providence Hospital reasonable compensation for such treatment, to be fixed by the hospital authorities, but such persons shall have the privilege of selecting their own physicians and nurses, and in case physicians and nurses are selected other than those assigned by the hospital, it shall be at the expense of the patient making the request.

"And said Providence Hospital agrees to always maintain a neutral zone of forty (40) feet around said isolating building or ward and grounds connected therewith to which patients of said ward have access.

"As witness the signatures and seals of John W. Ross, John B. Wight, and Edward Burr, acting Commissioners of the District of Columbia, and the corporate seal of the said The Directors of Providence Hospital and the signature of president thereof, this sixteenth day of August, A. D. 1897."

The contract, if any, between the directors and the Surgeon-General of the Army is not set forth in the bill, and the contents or conditions thereof do not in any way appear.

The defendant demurred to the bill on the ground that the complainant had not in and by his bill shown any right or title to maintain the same; also upon the further ground that the complainant had not stated such a case as entitled him to the relief thereby prayed or any relief as against the defendant.

Complainant joined issue upon the demurrer, and at a term of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia the demurrer was overruled and the injunction granted as prayed for. (26 Wash. Law Rep. 84.) Upon appeal to the Court of Appeals of the District the judgment was reversed, and the case remanded to the Supreme Court, with directions to dismiss the bill. (12 App. D. C. 453.) Whereupon the complainant appealed to this court.

Mr. Justice Peckham, after stating the facts, delivered the opinion of the Court:

Passing the various objections made to the maintenance of this suit on account of an alleged defect of parties, and also in regard to the character in which the complainant sues, merely that of a citizen and tax-payer of the United States and a resident of the District of Columbia, we come to the main question as to the validity of the agreement between the Commissioners of the District and the directors of the hospital, founded upon the appropriation contained in the act of Congress, the contention being that the agreement if carried out would result in an appropriation by Congress of money to a religious society, thereby violating the constitutional provision which forbids Congress from passing any law respecting an establishment of religion. (Art. I. of the Amendments to Constitution.)

The appropriation is to be found in the general appropriation act for the government of the District of Columbia, approved March 3, 1897. (29 Stat. 665, 679.) It reads: "For two isolating buildings, to be constructed, in the discretion of the Commissioners of the District of Columbia, on the grounds of two hospitals, and to be operated as a part of such hospital, thirty thousand dollars." Acting under the authority of this appropriation the Commissioners entered into the agreement in question.

As the bill alleges that Providence Hospital was incorporated by an act of Congress, approved April 8, 1864 (13 Stat. 43), and assumes to give some of its provisions, the act thus referred to is substantially made a part of the bill, and it is therefore set forth in the margin.*

** An Act to incorporate Providence Hospital of the City of Washington, District of Columbia.*

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That Lucy Gwynn, Teresa Angela Costello, Sarah McDonald, Mary E. Spalding, and Mary Carroll, and their successors in office, are hereby made, declared, and

The act shows that the individuals named therein and their successors in office were incorporated under the name of "The Directors of Providence Hospital," with power to receive, hold, and convey personal and real property, as provided in its first section. By the second section the corporation was granted "full power and all the rights of opening and keeping a hospital in the city of Washington for the care of such sick and invalid persons as may place themselves under the treatment and care of the said corporation." The third section gave it full power to make such by-laws, rules, and regulations that might be necessary for the general accomplishment of the objects of the hospital, not inconsistent with the laws in force in the District of Columbia. Nothing is said about religion or about the religious faith of the incorporators of this institution in the act of incorporation. It is simply the ordinary case of the incorporation of a hospital for the purposes for which such an institution is generally conducted. It is claimed that the allegation in the complainant's bill, that the said "Providence Hospital is a private eleemosynary corporation, and that to the best of complainant's knowledge and belief it is composed of members of a monastic order or sisterhood of the Roman Catholic Church, and is conducted under the auspices of said church; that the title to its property is vested in the Sisters of Charity of Emmitsburg, Maryland," renders the agreement void for the reason therein stated, which is that Congress has no power to make "a law respecting a religious establishment," a phrase which is not synonymous with that used in the Constitution, which prohibits the passage of a law "respecting an establishment of religion."

If we were to assume, for the purpose of this question only, that under this appropriation an agreement with a religious corporation of the tenor of this agreement would be invalid, as resulting indirectly in the passage of an act respecting an establishment of religion, we are unable to see that the complainant in his bill shows that the corporation is of the kind described, but on the contrary he has clearly shown that it is not.

The above-mentioned allegations in the complainant's bill do not change the legal character of the corporation or render it on that account a religious or sectarian body. Assuming that the hospital is a private eleemosynary corporation, the fact that its members, according to the belief of the complainant, are members of a monastic order or sisterhood of the Roman Catholic Church, and the further fact that the hospital is conducted under the auspices of said church, are wholly immaterial, as is also the allegation regarding the title to its property. The statute provides as to its property and makes no provision for its being held by any one other than itself. The facts above stated do not in the least change the legal character of the hospital, or make a religious corporation out

constituted a corporation and body politic, in law and in fact, under the name and style of the directors of Providence Hospital, and by that name they shall be and are hereby made capable in law to sue and be sued, to plead and be impleaded, in any court within the county of Washington, in the District of Columbia; to have and use a common seal, and to alter or amend the same at pleasure; to have, purchase, receive, possess, and enjoy any estate in lands, tenements, annuities, goods, chattels, moneys, or effects, and to grant, devise, or dispose of the same in such manner as they may deem most for the interest of the hospital: *Provided*, That the real estate held by said corporation shall not exceed in value the sum of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

SEC. 2. *And be it further enacted*, That the said corporation and body politic shall have full power to appoint from their own body a president and such other officers as they may deem necessary for the purposes of their creation; and in case of the death, resignation, or refusal to serve, of any of their number, the remaining members shall elect and appoint other persons in lieu of those whose places may have been vacated; and the said corporation shall have full power and all the rights of opening and keeping a hospital in the city of Washington for the care of such sick and invalid persons as may place themselves under the treatment and care of the said corporation.

SEC. 3. *And be it further enacted*, That the said corporation shall also have and enjoy full power and authority to make such by-laws, rules, and regulations as may be necessary for the general accomplishment of the objects of said hospital: *Provided*, That they be not inconsistent with the laws in force in the District of Columbia: *And provided, further*, That this act shall be liable to be amended, altered, or repealed, at the pleasure of Congress.

of a purely secular one as constituted by the law of its being. Whether the individuals who compose the corporation under its charter happen to be all Roman Catholics, or all Methodists, or Presbyterians, or Unitarians, or members of any other religious organization, or of no organization at all, is of not the slightest consequence with reference to the law of its incorporation, nor can the individual beliefs upon religious matters of the various incorporators be inquired into. Nor is it material that the hospital may be conducted under the auspices of the Roman Catholic Church. To be conducted under the auspices is to be conducted under the influence or patronage of that church. The meaning of the allegation is that the church exercises great and perhaps controlling influence over the management of the hospital. It must, however, be managed pursuant to the law of its being. That the influence of any particular church may be powerful over the members of a non-sectarian and secular corporation, incorporated for a certain defined purpose and with clearly stated powers, is surely not sufficient to convert such a corporation into a religious or sectarian body. That fact does not alter the legal character of the corporation, which is incorporated under an act of Congress, and its powers, duties, and character are to be solely measured by the charter under which it alone has any legal existence. There is no allegation that its hospital work is confined to members of that church or that in its management the hospital has been conducted so as to violate its charter in the smallest degree. It is simply the case of a secular corporation being managed by people who hold to the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church, but who nevertheless are managing the corporation according to the law under which it exists. The charter itself does not limit the exercise of its corporate powers to the members of any particular religious denomination, but on the contrary those powers are to be exercised in favor of any one seeking the ministrations of that kind of an institution. All that can be said of the corporation itself is that it has been incorporated by an act of Congress, and for its legal powers and duties that act must be exclusively referred to. As stated in the opinion of the Court of Appeals, this corporation "is not declared the trustee of any church or religious society. Its property is to be acquired in its own name and for its own purposes; that property and its business are to be managed in its own way, subject to no visitation, supervision, or control by any ecclesiastical authority whatever, but only to that of the government which created it. In respect then of its creation, organization, management, and ownership of property it is an ordinary private corporation whose rights are determinable by the law of the land, and the religious opinions of whose members are not subjects of inquiry."

It is not contended that Congress has no power in the District to appropriate money for the purpose expressed in the appropriation, and it is not doubted that it has power to authorize the Commissioners of the District of Columbia to enter into a contract with the trustees of an incorporated hospital for the purposes mentioned in the agreement in this case, and the only objection set up is the alleged "sectarian character of the hospital and the specific and limited object of its creation."

The other allegations in complainant's bill are simply statements of his opinion in regard to the results necessarily flowing from the appropriation in question when connected with the agreement mentioned.

The act of Congress, however, shows there is nothing sectarian in the corporation, and "the specific and limited object of its creation" is the opening and keeping a hospital in the city of Washington for the care of such sick and invalid persons as may place themselves under the treatment and care of the corporation. To make the agreement was within the discretion of the Commissioners, and was a fair exercise thereof.

The right reserved in the third section of the charter to amend, alter, or repeal the act leaves full power in Congress to remedy any abuse of the charter privileges.

Without adverting to any other objections to the maintenance of this suit, it is plain that complainant wholly fails to set forth a cause of action, and the bill was properly dismissed by the Court of Appeals, and its decree will, therefore, be *Affirmed*.

(True copy.)

**RHEUMATISM
AND Gout**

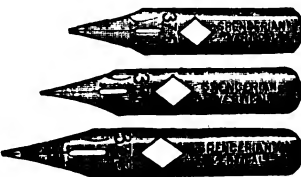
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